

UTOPIAS
OLD AND NEW
•
HARRY ROSS

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UTOPIAS OLD AND NEW

by
HARRY ROSS, M.A.



1938
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FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1938

*Made and Printed in Great Britain by C. Tinling & Co., Ltd.,
Liverpool, London, and Prescott.*

PREFACE

*I give you the end of a golden string ;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.
William Blake.*

THIS book is written for men and women who are interested in their fellow creatures and who sometimes wonder what they would do if they were suddenly given a free hand and told to put the world right. We all of us have found ourselves at some time or other laying down the law about some social, religious or political problem and I think we are all interested in what other men have thought about the best way of organising a community life. It is of course possible to treat such problems from the purely philosophical aspect, starting from first principles and elaborating abstract conceptions of Justice, Law, Sovereignty. When that is done it becomes a branch of philosophy and is sometimes called the Science of Politics. This book does not pretend to do that. What I hope I have done is to approach the problem from a very different and, I think, a more attractive angle and one which is, after all, nearer to reality than is to be found in the reasoned abstractions of philosophers. I have taken some of the most familiar Utopias of the past, together with some of the present, and interspersed a few of the less well-known Utopias and have presented them

for discussion. The book is intended for an adult class but it is in no way a textbook. It makes no claim to be exhaustive, for the number of Utopias known to exist runs into some hundreds. I have quite simply ignored many Utopias, as I did not wish to give a passing comment on what I had not the space to deal with adequately. The presentation is deliberately flexible. I have described in some detail the Utopias chosen, and added my personal views as I felt impelled. I make no pretence of being "impartial", as a Utopia is something that must appeal to or repel one's imagination. I may seem to have given fuller treatment to one than the intrinsic importance of either author or Utopia would seem to merit, but I have allowed myself to be guided by the interest that each evoked in me. If others are led by this book to read for themselves some of the Utopias referred to and to adventure further afield in search of Utopias I do not treat of, then the purpose of the book will have been achieved.

London, *March*, 1938.

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INTRODUCTION

*Vain, foolish Man ! wilt thou believe without Experiment,
And build a World of Phantasy upon my great abyss,
A World of Shapes in craving lust and devouring appetite ?
William Blake.*

A MAN'S country is his Arcadia. He knows of course that it is never perfect and he is quite prepared to criticise it himself, but if any foreigner dares criticise the Motherland and compare it unfavourably with any other then it assumes in his mind an almost Arcadian aspect that hides the obvious flaws. This is of course quite an irrational delusion, but it is so natural and so general that there must be a simple explanation for it. A man's affection for the place of his birth is normally so intense that its image is never far from his thoughts. Whenever he travels in strange lands and particularly whenever he hears his Motherland criticised he instinctively conjures up that ideal picture which for him represents the reality he means when he talks of " my country ". This picture rarely represents reality but is a kind of fairy picture containing only the pleasant aspects and hiding the unpleasant. Some such picture exists in the mind of almost every man ; this is not a peculiarity of any one race, nor is it confined to any one period of history. A feeling of identification with the social group to which he belonged is a characteristic of the Athenian in the great days of Pericles, of the Roman, whether of the Republic or of the Empire, of the mediæval thinker, of the inhabitant of a North Italian city, just as it is of a member of a modern nation-state. This feeling of oneness with the social environment to which a man belongs and from which he has sprung is a necessary part of man's make-up.

If a man does not feel at home with his surroundings, he becomes either a rebel or a madman. Such a spirit of rebellion, such a feeling of dissociation from one's fellow creatures, such a sense of strangeness breeds an antagonism, a resentment and a fierce hatred that may even result in a tangible protest against the functions and customs and ideas of his day. This protest sometimes takes the form of mere unconventionality, sometimes the form of active rebellion. Some individuals, however, while conscious of this incongruity between themselves and society, feel it intellectually rather than emotionally and then the tendency is for them to create in their own minds pictures of a future state which has all the pleasant and none of the unpleasant characteristics of the society to which they belong. But whether a man is satisfied in general with the existing state of affairs or whether he is dissatisfied, he nevertheless still produces for himself this fantasy-picture.


Dr. Karl Mannheim, in a tome of Teutonic portentousness has postulated a distinction between what he calls *Ideology* and what he calls *Utopia*. Ideology for him is the ideal plan or pattern underlying the existing state of affairs, a plan which seems in its general application to exist in practice. Thus the patriotic Englishman sees a plan of an ideal England in the social structure, customs, ways of thought, of English life. He obviously is deluded, because England is not an ideal England, and I doubt if it ever will be, but the necessary fiction has to be created if one is to preserve and not destroy all that social landscape which by custom has become so dear. When carried to excess this adoration breeds a bumptiousness and an arrogance that is insupportable and, in the last resort breeds national antagonisms. A Utopia, according to Dr. Mannheim, is the ideal plan transferred to the future. An Englishman who cannot accept, by means of the deception of Ideology, the England of his day will

form for himself a Utopian England which exists only in his imagination. This Utopia may, of course, have no relation to his action in politics or in social life ; he may certainly feel that he is not living in the best of all possible Englands, but he may not possess the will-power to become a possible rebel. For him the Utopia has become a way of escape. For others of a more robust character and for others of a more petulant egoism this same Utopia may become the criterion of action. In this sense the Utopia is not a way of escape but a plan for action. The two are frequently fused, for a man may draw a picture of a Utopia, the very drawing of which is his means of escape, but the finished picture may well be for others a clarion call to action.

It must not be thought that either Ideology or Utopia lies very close to the surface of the mind. These ideal patterns, of the present or the future, are usually hidden deep in the consciousness of man and it is very rare for them to rise to the surface. When they do, they show themselves as either rationalised explanations or as justifications of the present, or else as conscious pictures of the future. Some of these projections into the future are entirely unintellectual, entirely emotional in treatment and in content, and, for these, there is very little rationalisation, very little justification, there is only a "feeling" picture. Others are so intellectual as to be scarce a picture at all. These are rather in the nature of treatises and the ideal future is justified by a philosophical reasoning or by historical precedent or by a close analysis of existing tendencies and facts. It is rare, of course, for any one man to produce a completely pure example of the one or the other ; invariably there is a mixture. William Morris's *News from Nowhere* is, in essence, an emotional picture full of colour, full of movement, full of individuality ; it is a pageant of the future based upon the pageantry of Merrie England. But William Morris

could not avoid inserting some of his reasoning and to this extent his Utopia is intellectual. Plato's *Republic* is almost entirely intellectual; there is very little picture of the future and our imagination must supply those details which provide the very texture of the completed tapestry. In Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* there is an almost deliberate evasion of rationalisation; we are told the story as if it were a true story and, in fact, More himself hoped that it would for a time impose upon the public and be taken for a true story. Étienne Cabet in his *Voyage to Icaria* adopts the prosaic method of dividing up his volume into two parts, one descriptive and the other a theoretical exposition of the principles of his projected Commonwealth. Andreaë, in his *Christianopolis* is more concerned with preaching than painting; Bellamy deftly inserts into the course of the narrative the explanation and justification of what is described in his distant Boston. Mr. Wells in *A Modern Utopia* adopts a modified dialogue treatment based upon the Platonic method; in his *Shape of Things to Come*, however, the pictorial is incidental. It is true that the pictorial was extracted from the book to form the basis of the film *Things to Come*, but actually the book has very little to do with the film and the resemblance is very slight. Mr. Wells is preaching and teaching, although, of course, he never can resist inserting a dramatic element.

So varied are the methods which a writer may employ to sketch out these patterns of his imagination that it is very difficult for the chronicler to sort out the many books produced into tidy little piles each bearing its own label. There is such a fine gradation between satire and criticism, between Utopias and projected political programmes, between textbooks of theoretical economics and plans for the future, that we must be content with a very arbitrary division. From our many hundreds of books and pamphlets we must select some and reject



others as not fitting in with an arbitrary definition of what we mean by Utopia. Utopia I have taken to mean the picture of an ideal society in action, whether that picture is historical or not. It includes Hudson's *Crystal Age*, a Utopia which the author would have enjoyed living in; it includes also Tarde's *Underground Man* which is a satire upon the society which the author is mentally creating and at the same time a reflection in a satiric form of the society to which he himself belongs. *Altruria* is a Utopia although it exists only on the lips of the traveller from Altruria; the *Hesperides* and the World State of Mr. Palmer and of Mr. Aldous Huxley are Utopias, in my view. But I would exclude purely theoretical treatises such as Laurence Gronlund's *The Co-operative Commonwealth* or Ernest Poisson's *The Co-operative Republic*. I would exclude Ebenezer Howard's *To-morrow* and other books in which he discusses the future of housing, because, not only are his books intended as a direct guide to action, but they confine themselves to only a small part of what a Utopia must be. A Utopia must comprehend the whole of the social structure. *Rasselas* is not a Utopia and Dr. Johnson could never have drawn a Utopia. In spite of his devastating criticisms of Englishmen, he was too much of a Londoner to be able to write a Utopia and in *Rasselas* he has very cleverly implied that to write a Utopia is a waste of time and that to live in one would be a living death. Let us go with Dr. Johnson a little way and see what I mean:—

“Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.”

Rasselas, the fourth son of the mighty Emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course,

was, according to ancestral custom confined, until he should be called to the throne, in a palace secreted in a fertile spot called Happy Valley. There pleasure and delight was provided to gratify every sense. Bored with interminable entertainment young Rasselas became moody and wondered whether there did not exist some pleasure not yet introduced to him which might distract him. His old instructor tried to comfort him by telling him how much luckier he was than those who lived in misery in the outside world. Imlac, the poet, by descriptions of Europe and Asia increased his growing desire to escape and together they break a way out through a rocky chasm. Discovered by his sister, the Princess Nekayah, who too would flee "this tasteless tranquillity", he was forced to take her with him. They travel to Cairo where Rasselas is deluded by the appearance of gaiety and disgusted by the sensual pleasures of the young men, and Rasselas concludes that "perpetual levity must end in ignorance and intemperance." Then he meets a Wise Man in a Temple who ignores his own stoic precepts and is overwhelmed with grief when his only daughter dies. Rasselas is disillusioned of Rhetoric. Then he gets a glimpse into Pastoral Life and visits a hermit only to find that he is just about to abandon a solitude which has palled. And so it goes on. One after the other, every mode of life and every philosophy of life is discredited and Rasselas becomes more and more disillusioned with the outside world, where the surface is pleasing and where the reality proves contrary to every criterion of justice, beauty and happiness that he has been taught. He and his sister, like systematic American tourists, separate in order to divide the work of exploration and observation, and finally meet to compare notes. Pastoral life, life according to nature, family life, the wonders of the ancients, all bored or disgusted them. A further view of humanity is provided by Lady Pekuak who is seized captive by Arabs

when the party is visiting the pyramids. After being ransomed, she recounts her adventures and increases their disillusion; not even an Arab Sheik's seraglio is what it is painted. Then a very old man reveals the futility of old age, when every morning brings regret and every effort is left uncompleted. Finally, even the Astronomer who had discovered the means to regulate climate everywhere in the world, begins to lose his happiness thinking he can find no suitable successor who will as justly distribute the favours of sun and rain. Even he regrets having passed his time in study without experience. Imlac, the poet, adds a slight dissertation on the misuse of Reason and on the folly of Imagination and concludes with a more profound chapter on the Nature of the Soul. "Let us return," then said Rasselas, "from this scene of mortality", and the Princess decides to turn her mind towards Eternity. They resolve therefore to return to Abyssinia, Pekuak avid to become a prioress, the Princess to learn all the sciences and found a college, and the Prince anxious only to obtain "a little kingdom in which he might administer justice in his own person and see all the parts of government with his own eyes. He could, however, never fix the limits of his dominion, and he was always adding to the number of his subjects. Imlac and the Astronomer were content to be driven along the stream of life without directing their course to any particular port."

This is not a Utopia but, with a light touch singularly unlike that usually associated with the great Samuel's hand, Dr. Johnson has managed to convey the intolerable dullness of a Utopia based on pleasure and, at the same time, by contrast with the outside world, to make it appear almost preferable. The last chapter is appropriately labelled "Chapter XLIX. The Conclusion, in which Nothing is Concluded."

The absurdity of the present is best displayed by

placing a contrast against it. It is not difficult for an intelligent observer to look around the society of which he is a member or a society which he has observed as a traveller, and to lay bare the contradictory character and the illogicality of the assumptions upon which that society is based. Society, after all, is a non-rational thing, and custom is more important than reason in its composition. But, once a man starts out to satirise existing society by caricaturing it, he runs the danger of creating a new society which others in turn may caricature. Samuel Butler, perhaps the most unlikely man to wish to live in a Utopia, has himself in his description of Nowhere created a tangible Somewhere that might almost be called a Utopia. Butler is a cynic but he is a kindly cynic and his Utopian Erewhon is caricature at its best. Erewhon is the England of Butler's own day, an England seen through the wicked, mischievous spectacles of Butler. Erewhonians are ridiculous, they are stupid, their ideas are muddled, they are non-rational, they even seem cruel ; but for the Erewhonians the land of Erewhon is a Utopia. It is for them, at least, an attractive place and, to the traveller who comes to Erewhon under Butler's guidance, it is no grim spectre of an England " going to the dogs ", but a whimsical land, with a pantomime King, a comic opera Judge, a stage Parson and Schoolmaster and some rather attractive little leading ladies.

Samuel Butler was one of the very few Utopian writers who revisited his Utopia, but he did so, not with the intention of commenting further upon the people or their social organisation, but in order to produce a witty skit upon Christianity and to satirise some of the foibles of his own day.

The original story is not very well told ; there are too many philosophical asides for that. Perhaps Meredith was right when he informed Messrs. Chapman and Hall in 1871 that in his opinion they should not publish the manuscript. In his later preface, Butler is a little

apologetic, but, with that sly wit of his, remarks, "the blame, however, lies chiefly with the Erewhonians themselves, for they were really a very difficult people to understand. The most glaring anomalies seemed to afford them no intellectual inconvenience; neither, provided they did not actually see the money dropping out of their pockets, nor suffer immediate physical pain, would they listen to any arguments . . ." He disclaims any central idea for his book but the satire is too bitter for us to accept his disclaimer.

Erewhon is discovered by a young man of pertinacity who is looking for new sheep pastures in a British colony in the Southern hemisphere. He is captured, put in prison and promptly falls in love with the gaoler's daughter, Yram. He is later released on *parole*, given a small pension "in consideration of your meritorious complexion" (he happens to be fair with blue eyes), and finally falls in love with Arowhena, the daughter of Mr. Senoj Nosnibor. Finding Erewhon intolerable, he escapes with his love in a balloon and, after an exciting voyage, is picked up in the sea and returns to England. He cannot, like Marco Polo, even recount his experiences but he makes a comfortable living by writing good little stories for the magazines and for a tract society. In *Erewhon Revisited*, which was published in 1901, our hero returns and is shocked to discover that a perverted religion, bearing a faint resemblance to Christianity, has been built up on the legend of his ascent into Heaven. He disapproves, but the instinct of self-preservation forces him to leave the *Erewhonians* in their ignorance and he returns once more to London, after discovering that Yram is the mother of his Erewhonian son. The story ends with the projected journey of his other son, born in England of Arowhena, to visit his half-brother who has become Prime Minister of Erewhon. It is a slight story with an unconvincing love element, but an admirable

enough plot upon which to hang his biting epigrams and satiric inversions.

Erewhonians are dark, dignified, well-mannered, well-bred and full of health and beauty. They have, however, elevated into logic that hypocrisy which Butler saw as the chief characteristic of his fellow-countrymen. In his description of the way in which this Unreason is applied to life, Butler manages to satirise every social habit and institution of his own country. Sickness to the Erewhonians is a crime and the young consumptive is sentenced to penal servitude for life for his incorrigible ill-health. Moral weaknesses are condoned, just as we condone ill-health. An Erewhonian meets only with sympathy from his neighbours if he has committed a social misdemeanour. Mr. Nosnibor himself "is a delightful man but has suffered terribly from (here there came a long word which I could not quite catch, only it was much longer than kleptomania), and has but lately recovered from embezzling a large sum of money under singularly distressing circumstances ; but he has quite got over it." Such a misdemeanour, however, is regarded as a slight complaint capable of being cured, and a professional "straightener" is called in, just as we might call in a doctor. Mr. Jones endures all the rigours of a dietetic regimen such as might emanate from Harley Street, a regimen which takes the form of floggings, fastings and sermons. He endures it, as he thinks it is for his good. This attitude runs through the whole of Erewhonian social life ; when you are introduced, nobody enquires after your health with "How are you ?" but everyone enquires as to whether you are in a good temper or not. A similar inversion exists as to the facts of life and death. Our social taboos on the mention of such things as birth and sex are quaintly turned by Butler. In Erewhon it is not polite to mention the birth of a child, for such an unfortunate event is regarded

as almost a crime. Erewhonians argue that children insist on being born and, in a magnificent passage pillorying cant and ridiculing the Christian dogma of original sin, Butler describes how the new-born child is, by proxy, made to sign a confession of his depravity in insisting upon being born; society then presents gifts to the parents in order to console them for the injury done to them, while the child itself is upbraided and intimidated. Later, at the age of fourteen, the child signs a paper accepting responsibility himself, long before he is adult enough to understand. Education consists in an indoctrination of the art of Unreason and, in the colleges of Unreason, Butler satirises both the English public school and the hypocrisy which goes to justify every social convention. The climax of his satire is reached in his treatment of the "Musical Banks" which deal in a fictitious currency of no value, great banking houses built like cathedrals, frequented by few, and those mostly women, and where the ritual is as rich as any high churchman might desire.

The economic structure of the country is a mixture of primitive economy, from which all machinery has been banished, and of ordinary private enterprise with banking and profit-making and capitalism. Machines have been abolished because, many centuries previously, a learned professor had proved that in the multiplicity of invention man was ruining himself. So complicated, so animated, had machines become that they were in danger of acquiring life and the Erewhonians were convinced that, if they did not destroy machines, in no little time machines would destroy mankind. This section of the book was treated by some reviewers as a deliberate and wicked attack on Mr. Darwin. From this charge Samuel Butler exonerated himself, but his many brilliant criticisms of popular Darwinism lent credence to the charge. In Erewhon, profit-making is regarded as a social virtue and poverty is

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punished as a crime. The acquisition of wealth is regarded as a proof of social integrity and the degree of wealth determined a man's social position.

The development of reasoned arguments to their logical and ultimate conclusions (i.e. Unreason) dominated all the Erewhonians' ideas. Animals and vegetables were regarded as possessing rights in themselves ; they were the fellow creatures of man and, just as they ought not to molest man, so should they not be molested. In the end, the Erewhonians had become complete vegetarians. Luckily for their peace of mind and for the economy of the whole country and for the preservation of the race, a subtle unreason came to their assistance. It was found that the number of animals that committed suicide (for, of course, such an animal could legally be eaten), showed a startling increase ; the number of animals that would scent out a butcher's knife and run willy-nilly up against it was apparently due to the skill with which Erewhonians bred a special breed of beast that could not resist such a temptation nor the temptation of inciting dogs to kill them. In this transitional period, one unfortunate youth acquired the vice of eating meat. So improved was his health that he knew he had committed a grievous sin and that his life had been irretrievably ruined. He therefore hanged himself. In the last resort Unreason justified an occasional variation and, in the end, the philosophers of Unreason produced undeniable proof that animals and vegetables were first cousins ; that they differed from humanity in their life-matter, inasmuch as they could not understand mathematics or the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange ; that animals preyed on animals and that even vegetables preyed on vegetables. The conclusion was obvious ; there was no sin if man preyed on the lower animal and vegetable kingdoms.

When Mr. Higgs (for that is the inspiring name of our hero) returned to Erewhon, he discovered from

Professors Hanky and Panky that the new religion of Sunchildism was taking complete hold of the country. In a delightfully blasphemous passage, Butler recounts how his balloon escape had been turned into a legend of his ascending into heaven in a chariot drawn by black and white horses. (Apparently some storks had been attracted by the strangeness of his balloon.) Faint memories of Mr. Higgs' previous description of Christianity had survived, had been twisted into the most extraordinary statements by the natural forgetfulness of mankind, and had finally been woven into a more or less coherent religion which the Musical Banks had seized upon as a heaven-sent investment to save them from impending bankruptcy. With this new religion had returned the old science and a more earthly method of education, and indeed an attitude towards life that resembled nothing more than the convictions and conventions of contemporary England. Shops were full of try-your-strength machines; the countryside was desecrated by startling advertisements, the best being perhaps that of Mrs. Tantrums:

"Mrs. Tantrums, Nagger, certificated by the College of Spiritual Athletics. Terms for ordinary nagging, two shillings and sixpence per hour. Hysterics extra."

This was followed by the inevitable testimonials. The bookstalls were full of pamphlets upon the new theology; "The Sayings of the Sun Child" (the only authorised version of the Musical Banks), "The Sacrament of Divorce" (an Occasional sermon by Dr. Gurgoyle, President of the Musical Banks), "Hygiene, or How to Diagnose your Doctor," and, perhaps the nicest of them all, Dr. Gurgoyle's "The Physics of Vicarious Existence".

Mr. Higgs was a little perturbed by all those biblical glosses, but what could he do? All the Powers-that-be

had ordained that Sunchildism was divinely inspired and Professors Hanky and Panky threatened to annihilate him if he revealed that he himself was the Sunchild returned to Erewhon. He was shown some of the remarkable achievements of this new civilisation in the new schooling. A vague memory of a former remark of his about the greatest happiness of the greatest number had led the Erewhonians to discountenance anything that savoured of brilliance or sincerity, for it was quite obvious that "the greatest number are by nature somewhat dull, conceited, and unscrupulous." Mr. Higgs' earthly wisdom had apparently taken root and displaced the old Unreason of Erewhon and, in the schools, gambling, bookmaking and speculation were taught in order that God and Mammon might be served simultaneously; the boys were rigorously punished with the cane in order that they might learn not to say what they thought, and the necessary moderation of being neither too truthful nor too mendacious had been elevated into a principle of right conduct.

Later, on his way to the dedication of the new Sunchild Temple, Mr. Higgs met Mr. Balmy: "The expression on this man's face was much like that of the early Christians as shown in the S. Giovanni Laterano bas-reliefs at Rome, and again, though less aggressively self-confident, like that on the faces of those who have joined the Salvation Army. If he had been in England, my father would have set him down as a Swedenborgian." Mr. Balmy evidently disapproved of orthodox Sunchildism but his variation on the variation proved almost too much for Mr. Higgs who was only consoled by the fact that at least he had taught the Erewhonians the diatonic scale. During the sermon which Mr. Hanky preached at the dedication service Mr. Higgs slept.

Finally a compromise was reached; Mr. Higgs was permitted to withdraw to his native land without dis-

closing his identity and all parties concerned were forgiven by His Majesty to whom the whole story was told. So flattered was the King at being told anything, in fact of being treated as a reasonable man for the first time in his royal existence, that he decided that, although he could not canonise either Hanky or Panky just then, yet he would preserve Sunchildism. With an eminent reasonableness, however, he decided that the Musical Banks were going too far and, in order to prepare for the inevitable discovery that it was all a fraud, he started an aeronautical society.

George, son of Mary (Yram), writing many years later from his Prime Minister's office to his half-brother in England tells us how Erewhon fared.

"We are all well at Sunch'ston; so are my wife and eight children—five sons and three daughters—but the country is at sixes and sevens. St. Panky is dead, but his son Pocus is worse. Dr. Downie has become very lethargic. I can do less against St. Hankyism than when I was a private man. A little indiscretion on my part would plunge the whole country in civil war. Our engineers and so-called men of science are sturdily begging for endowments, and steadily claiming to have a hand in every pie that is baked from one end of the country to the other. The missionaries are buying up all our silver, and a change in the relative values of gold and silver is in progress of which none of us foresee the end.

"The King and I both think that annexation by England, or a British Protectorate, would be the saving of us, for we have no army worth the name, and if you do not take us over some one else soon will."

Neither *Erewhon* nor *Erewhon Revisited* is a Utopia, and Butler need have had no fears that he might be accused of copying Lord Lytton's *Coming Race* which appeared shortly before the first of Butler's volumes. In reality, Butler's two books make up a

double skit, the one on Utopias which so often tend to be but an inversion of the reality we know and the other upon the reality itself. Butler had a nimble wit and a biting tongue. He had no respect for any man or for any institution. Had he possessed a desire to escape from the world and to live in Fairyland, he would have produced such a Utopia as we all dream we might write were we possessed of sufficient leisure. But not even Mr. Bernard Shaw, who gratefully admits his debt to Samuel Butler, has succeeded, nor will succeed, though he live to be as old as Methuselah.

Of the same variety of satire, although the texture is different, is the *Crapulia* described by Joseph Hall in his *Mundus Alter et Idem*, published in the very year in which Virginia was first colonised. Just as Erewhon is the land of extreme moderation so is *Crapulia* the land of extreme immoderation. Government is democracy gone mad, democracy by all the people, with no one obeying, government only when drunk, government whose chief virtue is anarchy. He who eats and drinks most is regarded as the most noble and at his death his corpse is donated as a great delicacy for his servants to eat at a service to his memory. To be sober, to be moderate, to be reasonable, is a crime ; man is subject to woman, fatness is the only criterion of fitness for high office and the public schools are in reality public houses. With a directness that compares unfavourably with the insinuating monstrosities of Rabelais, Hall nevertheless satirises the weaknesses of human society very much as Rabelais himself. In *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, however, imaginative visits are paid to all parts of the globe and each visit is a further revelation of the foibles of mankind. In such a visit to the Abbey of Thelema what might almost be regarded as an imaginative utopia is briefly described. Here, however, delight replaces Hall's immoderation.

Every Utopist smiles in a slightly superior manner at the world he quits when he embarks upon his voyage to Utopia but he would be extremely offended if the story of what he had discovered was received with such overwhelming laughter as that of which Rabelais' twin giants are guilty. Rabelais could never have written a Utopia any more than M. Voltaire for he would have laughed his own fantasy out of existence, just as Voltaire would have suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders, that his own imaginative child was illbred.

In Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* is another famous satire, but whether Swift was satirising the inhabitants of England or merely those who belonged to one particular political party is uncertain. Perhaps Swift with the licence that shrouds genius from too exacting an investigation of motive was satirising the whole of humanity when he looked at it first through one end of a telescope and then through the other. Reasonable the creatures of Lilliputia and Brobdingnag are, but with the reasonableness of cruel stupidity. Such a satire is not Utopia. Nor are those imaginative descriptions of shipwrecked sailors who, assisted by bountiful nature and a plentiful supply of good luck, manage to eke out a tolerable existence in unfavourable circumstances. *Robinson Crusoe* is not only a good story but it is full of moral aphorisms directly or indirectly conveyed. It is very closely related to the legend of the simple life and the noble savage and, as such, it contains a notable element of satire. But Robinson Crusoe's island is not a Utopia though the shipwrecked hero found it a pleasant enough place. You cannot have a Utopia of one. Perhaps the *Swiss Family Robinson*, written though it is for the nursery, has more of a Utopian quality, but it ends in an atmosphere of such nostalgia for the Europe that the Robinsons are voluntarily abandoning, that it can scarcely be called a Utopia.

None of these fictitious voyages are Utopias and the idea of writing a satire upon the present by means of describing an imaginary community into which travellers from Europe are thrown by shipwreck is not new. Perhaps the most amusing, as it is also one of the earliest, of such skits is Denis Vairasse d'Allais's *Histoire des Severambes*.

The history of the Severambes opens with a short account of the author's life ; we are told how he studied law, went to Paris and how finally in 1655 he embarked at Texel in the *Golden Dragon* of 600 tons, 32 guns and 400 men bound for Batavia. After rounding the Cape a great storm struck the ship which was wrecked on unknown land. Three Hundred and Seven men, 3 boys and 74 women landed and Captain Sider was chosen as dictator of the shipwrecked party. After "some wantonness", a search party discovered a city. It was Sporunde, a kind of colony for deformed persons whom the Severambes had exiled to the borders of their lands. The travellers marvelled at the great marble buildings, the marble statues and the complicated irrigation system, and were pleased to discover that their unknown people believed in God. A more pleasing feature was their belief in "the preservation and happy being of every living creature and the propagation of the species," which induced them to lend the sailors a number of "very proper women". They were also informed that the only principle of citizenship was obedience to the Government which "ought to be established as much upon Human Reason as possibly can be, that every Member of that Society may freely enjoy his natural liberty and the moderate use of all those good things which Nature hath appointed for the welfare of Mankind." Marriage, at a certain age, was compulsory for all citizens and that is why the loan of women was made, but each sailor had to choose one woman, and there was given "no opportunity for

permutation " lest ambiguity as to paternity should arise. A stringent medical inspection was also insisted upon. A full description of the annual marriage ceremonies is given ; the young women chose their mates, although the men might refuse to be chosen. Those left over were given a second and a third year's chance and if then unsuccessful, they were despatched to a Senator's harem. Adultery was punished with whipping and sex relations before the age of 18 severely punished. Of the rest of the customs of these strange people we are not told more than that they did not use money.

Then follows "*The second part more wonderful and delightful than the first*, 1679." After suitable " refreshment " with women, the party was allowed to enter the country of the Severambes proper, where lasciviousness was taboo and where, so ascetic were they, the men break out into boils and scabs (especially their noses) " at the least entertainment of inordinate lust." The only remedy was washing at a yellow fountain which cleansed them of desires of lust and lechery. The sailors and party travelled (riding on unicorns) through this country from which lust and war and crime had been expelled. All criminal and disorderly persons were confined to the extremities of the Kingdom, no swearing and little talk was permitted and " men are forced to be abstemious against their wills." The origin of this state is interesting. After the Flood and the Fall of Man, a new pair, Chericus and Salmoda, had been created by God out of a metal mixed with gold and silver. Their eldest son established the Laws. Unfortunately one of the sons of Noah raped a Severambe virgin and so started the deformed race which the sailors had already met.

The country was so fertile that three or even four crops a year could be grown. They possessed a Divine Nectar that kept them young and lovely, gold and all sorts of jewels ; and their Philosophers were very skilled.

One, with a talisman, could conjure up visions of naked dancers, beasts fighting and dancing birds : and he could inflate a cat and play on a bag pipe. The government of the country was ridiculously simple. King Sevarminas ruled from his palace ; lawyers were locked up as mad in little cells inside the courts of Justice until they were required, and fornicators, knaves and fools were kept in prison either on islands or in the provinces. It was easy to tell a thief because when a man stole he immediately developed a black spot on the chin and cheeks. There was no capital punishment although the shipwrecked party had the delectation of seeing a wicked Governor whipped, smothered in honey and left to natural justice among the bees and wasps. The monarchy was hereditary and the King ruled through a Chief Moderator and thirty Chieftains of whom six were always at the King's hand at Court to give him advice. They inspected all public life and were assisted by public meetings. All magistrates had to give an account of their administration. Any who attempted to alter the government were exiled ; if they repented they might return. Of the economic system of this high-minded country we learn that " the Severambes have not that wicked custom of coining money and buying and selling, the root of all Northern evils." In religion they worshipped the Creator of all things and did not indulge in images ; public worship was compulsory twice a week and annually the people made a best gift to the Church. They believed in resurrection and therefore embalmed their corpses. A great " Gallery of Hieroglyphics " contained the record of all scientific knowledge, skeletons and pictures of all known creatures. Although they were not licentious this people was not oblivious of the higher joys, and painting, music, wines, and hunting with tame foxes whiled away their idle moments. Finally, the Land was kept free of all Devils by fear and

by an Aromatic Tree with magical qualities. After seeing these marvels the sailors returned home greatly wiser and yet more sorrowful, than on their departure from Europe. Thus does M. Denis Vairasse d'Allais write in 1672. The book was translated from the French into English three years later.

This skit is amusing enough in itself. It possesses, moreover, an additional interest to the historian of Utopias in that its author was obviously familiar with many Utopias. The Severambes' treatment of the problem of marriage seems to be a playful inversion of Plato ; their " Gallery of Hieroglyphics " recalls Bacon's House of Solomon and Campanella's Cabbalistic City of the Sun, while their treatment of lawyers is a reflection of More's contempt for the profession of which he was so distinguished a member. Finally, the simplicity of the Severambes' moral code is a broad satire on all the lucubrations of all philosophers who have ever been troubled by the problem of how to inculcate social morality without damaging the integrity of the individual. This book is not a Utopia but it could not have been written had others before Vairasse not written Utopias and in this respect it is an epitome of all social satire.

CHAPTER I

*Come, We are gods,—let us discourse as gods ;
And weigh the grain of sand with Socrates ;
Before we fall to kissing, and so to bed.*

Conrad Aiken.

ANCIENT UTOPIAS AND PLATO'S REPUBLIC

WE western Europeans, with a complacency that dominates all our thoughts, imagine that we alone have approached the problem of human society from the correct angle. We imagine that, outside our little western culture, no one has uttered thoughts worth recording on matters relating to the living-together of human beings ; we are dimly conscious that there were older civilisations before that of Greece and we sometimes surmise that there must have been men who thought about the things that concern us. Every year we are learning a little more about these men and their ideas. We are also conscious of the fact that men of the East had and have ideas about what we choose to call "politics" and, from time to time, we faintly savour their thoughts. But in our speculations we ignore both ancient civilisations before Hellas and other non-European ways of thought. Perhaps we cannot well do otherwise. We are largely ignorant of what they thought : we have little record of their words and we are biassed. The Renaissance, with its emphasis upon certain aspects of Greek thought, tended to drive out currents of thought that derived from elsewhere and Western Europe became Greece-conscious. Hellenism became both a birthright and a standard of values. For us politics were born in ancient Greece.

Strangely enough, we possess singularly little of Greek political speculation, and even that is mostly in an incomplete or distorted form. This is particularly true of that field of speculation concerned with the ideal future. That there were Greeks who planned Utopias we know, but of their actual plans we know next to nothing. Aristotle mentions Phaleas the Chalcedonian of the second half of the fifth century B.C. as being the first to discuss the necessity of an equality of goods if the state was to be happy. In the second book of *The Politics* there are some few details as to a similar proposition: it referred only to real property; there was to be state-control of labour; slavery was to persist. Obviously here we have an incipient or a completed Utopia, but we know little more about it. Aristotle was not greatly interested. Xenophon, too, in a treatise on the Revenue of Athens written in his old age propounded a series of practical suggestions of which the tenor was nationalisation; nationalisation of the silver mines, of inns and lodging-houses, but not a complete nationalisation. Of Hippodamus, the Milesian architect, Aristotle remarked that "he was the first of those who did not play a part in politics to speak about the best form of the state." He appears to have been the first armchair Utopist. His ideal polity was to be divided into three classes, those of industry, agriculture and war; the land was to be divided so that only one-third should remain in private possession and the rest was to be devoted to state purposes in a fixed quota. All public officials were to be elected. These snippets of information merely whet our appetite and it is, in consequence, this dearth of information that has elevated Plato's Utopian writings so high.

Plato's *Republic* is strangely disappointing; this book is and has been, without interruption, a beacon light to guide those adventuring the seas of thought in search

of Atlantis and this Republic has been copied many times, sometimes even has been virtually plagiarised, by enthusiastic admirers ; and yet, for us to-day, the *Republic* seems to have no immediate message. It may be, of course, that the message has been incorporated into other writings which make a greater appeal to-day than the original from which they derive ; it may be that the *Republic* itself contains elements that are unacceptable to-day or that it fails to contain elements that we would regard as essential ; it may be that the very loftiness of the ideal has bred in us a weariness, so futile has been the idealism of man to create a better Republic, so remote does Republican virtue appear.

It is, indeed, a little sad as well as strange to find so disappointing this, the first of Western Utopias, written with the most precise thoughtfulness, elaborate in its attempt to avoid misunderstanding, and capped by the ringing apostrophe :—

“ Unless it shall come to pass that philosophers are kings or that those who are now called Kings and potentates be imbued with a sufficient measure of genuine philosophy—that is to say, unless political power and philosophy be united . . . there will be no cessation of ills for States, nor yet, I believe, for the human race ; neither can the Commonwealth, which we have now sketched in theory, ever till then see the light of day.”

No philosopher can wholly dissociate himself from the times in which he lives ; no political philosopher can think save in terms of men and communities which he has seen or about which he has heard. Plato's *Republic* is a dialectical creation—a figment of imagination—of an ideal city state which shall avoid the evils which Plato himself saw in the Greek city state of his day. He saw that the rulers, whether monarch, aristocracy or democracy, tended to use power selfishly ; therefore his rulers must be philosophers in order to rule wisely,

for, "the multitude is incapable of philosophy"; they must be ascetics in order to rule unselfishly. Plato recognised that it was the union of political and economic power in the hands of a few that was at the base of political corruption and maladministration and of the consequent decay of civic interest. He was dismayed too by the pettiness and narrow parochialism of a self-centred family life, and, with a bold sweep, he proposed abolishing the family and setting in its place state-managed promiscuity of procreation. These observations, however, apply to only one part of the community, the important part, that is, the ruling class. It was the virtue of this class alone which he felt to matter and which he wished to prescribe and safeguard. The rest were of little importance; for him there was no economic question save one of efficiency and a philosopher-statesman, so he thought, would soon see to that.

The truth of the matter is that the *Republic* is a dull book, dull to ordinary persons, dull to those who feel that there is room for improvement in this world, dull especially to those who are looking for guidance as to how to redress wrongs or to find a way of happiness for themselves. The *Republic* was not meant for them; it is a philosopher's book written by a rather peculiar philosopher, with a pawky sense of humour, written partly to serve as an exercise for his students and partly to afford himself the intellectual delight of picking holes in his own premises. Plato is not unlike Burke who wrote and published speeches no one would listen to. Of course the *Republic* is dull. It is an intellectual exercise, it fails to consider men as human, it fails to consider women except as reflections of the more admirable male; it is disjointed, it is incomplete, it leaves unanswered almost every question that any earnest and intelligent man of to-day would ask as to the conditions of life in this the first Utopia.

Plato did not set out to portray an imaginary world of perfection ; he set out to convince his fellow-countrymen that unless they did something radical and did it quickly, the whole of Hellenism would vanish by reason of its own internal decay and of the imminence of external attack. He was right, but his *Republic* was no help in preventing the overthrow of Greek civilisation.

Plato saw that the Greeks were undisciplined and divided, that his own beloved Athens was in a state of moral chaos, political uncertainty and social strife and that all that was best in the Greek world was in danger of extermination. He felt convinced that he knew how to stop the rot, how to plan defence and how to save civilisation from itself ; he did not have to look very far for salvation ; he found it in himself. By philosophy society could be regenerated, reorganised, and be made the starting-point of further advances.

Plato was not a fool and he knew very well that to claim for philosophy such a saving virtue would not appeal to the ordinary Athenian citizen. He therefore clothed his didactic exhortation in the form of a fanciful debate, with himself, garbed as Socrates, as chief spokesman, surrounded and badgered by a group of men, young and old, representative of the ruling class of Athens. That he was not ignorant of the normal stupidity of the well-to-do and not unmindful of the ignorance even of those who rule, is clearly revealed in the arguments and personality of those with whom he argues ; Cephalus the old landowner, placid in his old age, content to be neither troubled by the passion of love nor avid for the pleasures of the table ; Thrasimachus, the rude young man who tried to prove that might is right, that the interest of the ruling class is always that of the city they rule, that the just man never enjoys justice ; Adeimantus who held that rank and wealth and birth were their own justification, that there was

a sanity in the ruling class that made them superior to the common folk and even to justice itself; finally Glaucon, his brother, reasonable, well-intentioned, a little stupid, yet eager to be told what to do.

Unfortunately the whole debate rings false. Conducted with the full decorum of a Philosophical Society, of interminable length, meticulously rational and almost inhuman in its priggishness towards ordinary human passions, the debate proceeds step by step from a discussion of what is justice to the slow elaboration of the imaginary city, the Republic.

Plato was no fool; he was essentially sane, serene and simple. Sincere and direct, he quite naturally with the naïveté of a child went direct to the root of the question, prepared and confident to solve it. Man, he held, was part reason, part spirit, part desire; his nature was to balance these three elements so that reason govern the whole. Therefore desire ought as far as possible to be eliminated or rendered socially innocuous. The family and property embody the very essence of desire, therefore away with them. The race must live, therefore the procreation of children must be managed by the state on scientific breeding lines. But even ascetic rulers must eat; therefore they must live an ascetic camp life owning nothing save in common.

Even if allowance is made for the fact that the picture is incomplete, that only the structure, education and regulation of the ruling class is dealt with and that, presumably, Plato intended to provide a similar analysis of the other classes, still the picture is unsatisfying.

Starting from the assumption that any city must provide for the natural wants of its people, that all the citizens must place their labour at the disposal of the city and that division of labour is necessary, in that best work is done best by the specialist, he soon arrives at the necessity of having a government of experts. These

guardians must be at once gentle and high-spirited, must therefore be of a philosophical temperament. They must therefore be specially bred, specially chosen, specially educated; they must be dedicated to the task of government and denied any luxury, pleasure or weakness that would distract them. Their power must be absolute. They may not be workers, craftsmen, merchants, because such labours degrade; they may not laugh, they may not have human passion, neither wife nor home. They were to be closely spied upon from their youth and chosen for their integrity, the tenacity of their memory, for their imperviousness to passion, corruption and laziness, and then as elderly gentlemen given the rôle of the Saviours of Society and the Prophets of the Future.

Beneath this body of guardians is to be the military class from which the guardians are to be chosen. These are to live a modified form of that Spartan life so well described by Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus. Bred, chosen and trained from birth for the purpose, these young men are to live in camps, entirely separated from the life of the rest of the community. They are to sleep and feed together in common, are to possess no private possessions and are to receive only their rations.

Plato recognises the curse of property and attempts to safeguard these Janissaries from the temptations of being able to afford mistresses or homes. Manliness is to be inculcated by the elimination of all legitimate emotion: fear of death is to be exorcised that they may be brave; upon them is to be imposed a regime of health and beauty for purely military purposes and every young man is to take the Pledge. Poetry, drama and music are to be censored lest they enfeeble these military stallions; the emotions must not be aroused and they are to hear only such music as teaches rhythm. No delicacies are allowed, nor a taste in Corinthian maidens;

their every action is to be regimented, their very style of hairdressing. Decorum in the presence of their elders and fortitude before the foe are their chief virtues.

To the reproach of Adeimantus that these young men are not going to be particularly happy, Plato excuses himself by stressing the subordination of the individual to the state. And yet Plato's suggestions as to the communal life of the ruling class and as to state-breeding are but casual subsidiaries to his general plan. As one reads the *Republic* one cannot help feeling that Plato has dropped community of wives and of property as a casual suggestion and then, like a well-trained dialectician, when pressed as to whether he meant what he had said, refused to disown the idea and proceeded to weave around it the "imagination which makes sport of us". But he is subtle and, once he is faced with the necessity of providing a procreative basis for the ruling class, he turns his breeding plan to advantage ; he gives it a civic value and proposes to unite this ruling citizen class into a brotherhood built on a physical basis by which all men born in a given year regard themselves as brothers, by which all men regard themselves as parents of all the youth of the State and by which all the women are no longer private but public property, each owing a duty to the State and to posterity instead of possessing rights, each seeing in each child, her child.

Adeimantus appears wiser than his master ; the guardians are not made for happiness, the warriors may not be happy, even the citizens may not find happiness. For the guardians there remains only the task of guarding. The Republic, starting as an ideal, ends as a mechanical toy which cannot stop and which nevertheless has no reason why it should go on. Plato forgets that "fellowship is life . . . and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them." Morris shows us a community where fellowship is an art

and art is good fellowship. Plato relies on educating our rulers to wisdom. Philosopher-Kings may give us Liberty, and Equality, but Fraternity cometh from within.

Thirty years later Plato produced the *Laws* in an attempt to reconcile some of the contradictions and to fill some of the gaps that were apparent in the *Republic*. Here we have, not a fanciful Utopia, but a model constitution for practical men and a guide to the principles of jurisprudence and statecraft. Once more the ultimate good of the state is assumed to lie in the creation of an atmosphere in which natural goodness will triumph ; once more education is regarded as the prime function of the philosopher-statesman, once more precept and coercion proceed hand in hand. Again the setting is that of an imaginary dialogue ; the argument is still interminable, logic and reason again triumph over passion. The state is still to be the absolute judge of what is good and bad in art, in music, in poetry ; the vulgar are still not regarded as having any right to their unphilosophic judgment. Plato, even in his old age, still retains the childish belief that what seems good to a philosopher can be imposed upon a community within the brief period of a single generation ; not yet has he visualised the difficulties implicit in the task of teaching men how to judge. It is true that he enjoins upon his governing class the duty and expediency of carefully explaining the purport of their every injunction to the people in order that they may see the reasonableness of what they are compelled to do ; his governors are like doctors who prescribe treatment and give a simple explanation to the patient. But in their hands is a ruthless inquisition and the patient who fails to conform is summarily dealt with. The possibility of a clash between the individual and the prescribed order of society is scarcely visualised because Plato, at heart, is an inevitabilist. He is a reasonable fatalist and such

are the most dangerous of men because they identify their own conception of what is right with natural justice ; they assume that all men will automatically see the same justice as they do and consequently they both justify the use of force and assume that it will not have to be used.

At heart, too, Plato believes in the essential goodness and reasonableness of man ; he believes that the generality of men will be sober, decent, obedient citizens and that even when they feel inclined to kick against the pricks a little judicious stimulation will suffice. Encouraged to compete in practising the virtues of citizenship and induced to make a reasonable calculation as to the superiority of the pleasure of obedience, uniformity and of law and order over the pains of rebellion, non-conformity and anarchy, the individual will sacrifice his petty objections. An impersonal God, the God of reason, of order, of predestined harmony is for Plato the sole *raison d'être* of human existence, and such a God in the form of External Justice rules the world. Hence his justification of coercion, of censorship of the arts, of his eugenic selective breeding of men ; hence, too, his fatalistic grouping of men into those who are by nature leaders and those who are born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Thus has Reason bred intolerance.

Plato is not, however, altogether unmindful of human reality and his stress upon the necessity of a balanced Constitution, his selection of magistrates, his regulation of land-ownership, his rather feudal attitude towards servants, above all his views on punishment, all provide suggestive lines of approach to problems that are still with us.

Legislation, for Plato, forms no part of a government's function ; all the necessary legislation will have already been laid down in the original constitution ; Plato is the

sole legislator. To preserve the purity and permanence of these fundamental laws the Areopagus, the Athenian House of Lords, is recreated ; some three dozen gentlemen of between 50 and 70 years, elected indirectly from the tribal units, are to supervise the working of the constitution, to act as the supreme court of appeal and to black-list income-tax defaulters. Administration is in the hands of a chamber chosen in a complex fashion with the deliberate purpose of confusing the electors lest they become class-conscious in their selection of representatives. The most interesting part of this model constitution is the treatment of the economic and social foundations of society. It is assumed that stability is the chief requisite of a well-organised community and, in order to prevent class warfare, the family peasant proprietorship is taken as the unit and bolstered up by a series of expedients. Adoption, in the case of too few children, and emigration in the case of too many, will keep population stable ; a rough equalisation of allotments can be preserved by forbidding commerce, credit, usury and speculation, and by stipulating a minimum of inalienable property. The inevitable inequality of human endeavour is accommodated to the social system by the recognition of four classes. Here, of course, the whole problem is raised in its original dilemma ; how is stability to be ensured if inequality is permitted ? Plato shelves the question by assuming that the wealthiest classes must always have the greater share in government and by attempting to prescribe equality, as between classes, in the choice of magistrates and in the enjoyment of fundamental rights. The whole treatment of the subject reveals Plato's limitation ; it was not Macedonian conquest that destroyed Greece, but internal disintegration, largely consequent upon economic strife, for which the best of Athenian thought had no solution.

Education and marriage regulations are dovetailed

into the system. Here individualism stands aghast and even high Anglicanism or Papal consistency would swoon. For the first ten years of married life, conjugal relationship is to be regulated by an outside board of matrons chosen by the magistrates. Apparently occasional lapses are to be exonerated but perpetual adultery, sterility or interminable quarrels will result in divorce. One is left in the dark as to whether a domestic inspectorate is to intrude upon privacy, but certainly no privacy is to be permitted to the wife ; public meals, public inspection and, above all, the assumption that marriage and procreation are a public duty, make marriage a farce. Similarly, education is but organised regimentation from the cradle to the grave. Engendered by the Principles of the Constitution, weaned by Act of Parliament, educated by Order in Council, the child grows to be a judge, a soldier or a plough-boy, and is expected to devote his life to the State. Oddly enough, the principle may be bad, but part of the practice is good. Although children are denied a maternal upbringing, yet in their public crèches they are given a wholesome physical education, spoiled only by the militarist utility of their games and exercises. Intellectually, of course, they are swaddled ; emotionally they are stunted. Music is a danger, tragedy is banned and poetry must have a moral and a civic significance. This moral purposiveness pervades the choice of all reading matter and the planning of the school curriculum ; science and morality, not literature and the arts, are the basis of wisdom.

The legal section of the *Laws* is less relevant to our purpose although it enunciates many sound principles of jurisprudence ; perhaps the most illuminating suggestion is that the unsuccessful persistent litigant should himself be punished, while Plato's classification of prisons into first, second and third grades is an interesting anticipation.

The general character of the society envisaged both in the *Republic* and in the *Laws*, is similar. In both, systematic regimentation and the over-importance of the state is emphasised; in both, the preservation of the *status quo* is given an emphasis that it does not deserve; in both, the possibility and necessity of philosophic planning is assumed, and, in both, citizenship is identified with a kind of cosmic virtue. Utility to the whole and not to the individual is the keynote; everything is subordinated to the plan and no theoretical claim of the natural equality of men, no argument based upon the frailty of men (much less, indeed, of women), no recognition of the right of an individual to self-development and self-determination, is permitted to mar the simple symmetry of this mad, ascetic philosophy. Just as, in the *Republic*, the producing class must obey the warrior class and the rulers be bred to rule, so in the *Laws*, the Atheist, the religious impostor and the heretic are condemned to solitary confinement for life or to death. There is to be a rigorous publicity from the cradle to the grave, human emotions are to be subordinated to the public service and in both the *Republic* and the *Laws* the ruling class is perpetuated by its right of co-optation. Plato does not give an answer to the question we must ask of every planned or unplanned dictatorship: how can the rulers be prevented from becoming corrupt and selfish? Plato has contempt for the question itself; he begs the question at the outset by postulating the choice of perfect philosophers as oligarchs and, although he provides a profound dissertation on the necessity of making a constitution conform to the physical environment and moral qualities of a people, yet he has failed to understand the very elements of humanity.

No living person lives in Plato's Utopia, none but disembodied ideas. "I doubt," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, "if anyone has ever been warmed to desire himself a

citizen in the *Republic* of Plato." True, there is wanting in this academic discussion something of the warmth and romance we find in *News from Nowhere*, in More's *Utopia* or even in *Men Like Gods*. There is planning and reason in plenty, there is sanity and reasonableness but no humanity. The whole picture lacks atmosphere. Why is this? I think the answer is to be found in William Morris's dustman in the gold-embroidered coat. Plato produced a Utopia with neither personality nor any real compensation for its absence. Plato was so immersed in the idea of the good life that he forgot to translate it into terms of active normal life. His treatment of communism illustrates this point. His is a communism not of plenty but of poverty and, although a voluntary partnership in poverty may be possible, has in fact existed in certain human societies, yet a compulsory asceticism with no compensation or incentive is probably the most unnatural basis of government. The elimination of the family, justifiable on logical grounds, when coupled with the veto on parental affection leaves a crude animalism which even Plato recognises, for he attempts to consecrate it by state hymeneal festivals and by doling out mating licences to successful soldiers. There is, of course, no reason why the family should be the necessary unit of society. That it was so in the beginning is doubted by many anthropologists, that it has to be is not yet proven. Certainly it is no argument for Dr. Jowett in his Platonic commentary, out of the fulness of his knowledge, to declare, "One man to one woman is the law of God and nature." One wonders what he knows of nature, even if one dare not dispute his knowledge of God. When, however, he adds that "all the children born in his state are foundlings" he has certainly hit upon one of the most disputed points in Plato's *Republic* although perhaps one day the public crèche will be the normal prelude to the public school.

A still more penetrating criticism is Father Amerton's denunciation—"A Human Stud Farm." What are the ethics and the politics of state eugenics? It is a doubtful point whether any one generation is sufficiently wise to be allowed to dictate the type of man who is to be posterity. It is certainly true that we even yet do not know enough to be certain of success in mass breeding. We can produce fast racehorses by selective breeding but it is not certain that we can produce "moral" men from selected parents. We can perhaps breed towards physical and certain psychological tendencies; we could probably produce a race of drones or lusty warriors, but to think we could produce wise men in mass is absurd. Besides, it is arguable that mankind will not tolerate such breeding and that, even if it would, no justifiable certainty exists as to the consequences. Is man prepared to forego the choice of a mate? Why should we eliminate the weak, the eccentric? Perhaps to fix the type would be to preclude the possibility of progress. In his endeavour to escape from the intolerable dilemma of philosophic realism and political reality Plato seizes on the principle of dictatorship and provides it with a rationale. It is true that, in the process of reasoning, democracy, rights, representations, election, public education, communism, eugenics, and the moral life are touched upon; but in every choice, he plumps for the despot, for regimentation, for coercion, for the inquisition. In every case his representative machine is a fake; always it is weighted in favour of the ruling class; in every moralising upon virtue, virtue itself is denied because he assumes both that it is present in every man, and that it can be evoked by compulsion. Perhaps the most significant of his asides is that in which he deals with the art, the necessity and the duty of propaganda; I venture to suggest that none of the dictators of the past or the present have so fully understood the pathology of

propaganda as Plato. Plato has been called a Communist and Aristotle's criticism of the Republican Community in wives has been invoked by good socialists and proletarians alike, but it would be nearer the truth to say that Plato is, in reality, the first Fascist.

CHAPTER II

THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH

It is not difficult to find in any social organisation of the past features that appeal to the would-be reformer and indeed it is usual for a man who is dissatisfied with the present first to look back to the past as to some Golden Age when things were better, men and women happier and when the complexity and turmoil of life was less apparent. This historical myopia has not even yet been completely cured and, just as the men of the Middle Ages seemed always to be looking backwards to the age of Pericles, to the Rome of the Republic or to the Age of the Antonines, so have later men seen in the Middle Ages nothing but the age of Merrie England, the benevolent feudalism of the manorial system and the charm and grace of Chivalry.

But it is very difficult to find in the writings of mediæval thinkers any genuinely Utopian thought. In the first place the backward-looking and the absence of any concept of ordered progress militated against Utopianism ; in the second place their Kingdom of Heaven was not of this earth ; and lastly their ecclesiastical system provided for a practical harmonisation of the rebellious mind with the existing structure of society.

Christian thought had adopted the Stoic view of a universe permeated by the Divine Spirit and all mediæval systems of thought postulated an integrated harmony in which every man, every animal, every institution had its appointed place. It was therefore denied to men to visualise a future organised differently ; they were bound

to accept the *status quo*. Similarly the spiritual was regarded as of more importance than the material; the flesh was frail and fleshly sin the most grievous, even though it was the most natural. God and the organised church, however, had provided a remedy. Asceticism and the punishment of the frailty of the body by spiritual weapons and by the fleshly practice of penance provided an antidote, while spiritual exercises provided a way of escape for the imagination. On the one hand, mysticism, religious ecstasy, the out-pouring of love songs, on the other hand, the practical symbolism of the church, were the channels whereby the spiritual discontent of a person with himself and with life itself was led away from hard facts or inward torments into the deeper channel of that stream of Christian experience which ran through the whole of Christendom. A spiritual channel alone could not suffice, and in the ordered symmetry of the ascetic life and in the subordination of a religious community even the most disordered, the most rebellious could find ease and harmony.

It is indeed in the monastic life that the men of the middle ages found their best escape from the unpleasantness of existing circumstances and, in the organised serenity of monastic seclusion, made a practical Utopia.

It has generally been assumed that monastic life was entirely ascetic, that the poor human flesh was tormented by fasts, by spiritual exercises in the still cold hours of the night and by tasks of hard manual labour. It is true that from time to time the presence of so-called abuses, the lapse from the original severity of a religious Order, the decay of monastic virtue, caused a reformation that usually took the form of the setting up of a new Order and the promulgation of new rules and regulations that attempted to enforce the injunctions of St. Benedict. But so frequent were these reform movements, so multitudinous the contemporary criticism of monks and

nuns for their laxity, that we may rest assured that the monastic life speedily reverted from undue asceticism to a more normal and happy communal life. A few extraordinary men and women delighted in the hair shirt, the wasting fast, the interminable labour, the spiritual regimentation, and these abnormal spirits found a compensation in such a masochism. The major part of any monastic community however must have been normal and for them a tempered regulation was developed. When we read, for example, of the great days of Cluny, although we tend to-day to pick upon the minute regulation of every petty act or item of conduct as illustrating the unhuman side of monastic life, there is sufficient evidence to show that the monastic life had its very real compensations. The very amount and standard of the creative labour of the monks proves that within the great walls was provided a variety of means of self-expression that is denied to most men in our own day. The artist carved and painted and illuminated, the scholar studied and copied and commentated and the man of detail became a business manager of one of the many activities of the monastery. Above all, the ordinary man was given a regulated existence, free from the irksome burden of responsibility or of planning and was given a sufficiency of routine work, both mental and physical to keep him reasonably happy. For the exceptional man the way was open to promotion and, within the orbit of European monasticism, there was adequate scope for the greatest exercise of statesmanlike qualities. The General of an Order or the Abbot of a great House was frequently a man of genius, personality and judgment and he had a responsibility and a scope for his energy that probably no other society has ever provided. Mediæval monasticism, far from being inhuman, provided in an age of feudal anarchy a refuge for the lost, an escape for the rebel and scope for the brilliant or energetic.

Roughly speaking there were two main types of organisations blessed by the Christian church that catered for a man's desire to quit the world in order to live a spiritual life. First there was the monastic proper, based on the principal of patriarchal obedience and communism. Secondly there was the hermit type based on the principle of individual anarchy. The former is better known and we are familiar with the spectacle of the Abbot as the father of his flock, gently chiding the slothful, punishing the unruly and praising the zealous. To him, under the Papal Father, was given authority over his junior and any monk might reprimand and even chastise any youth in the Order whom he found in the act of disobedience or sloth. The only safeguard against abuse of such authority was the integrity of the leader of the Order, an integrity based upon the might of Christ. The fact that such an autocracy could work at all is a tribute to the power of religion as a social sanction ; it is quite obvious to us that the excellence of the monastic system rested less upon the original plan than upon this sanction of religious obedience that was older than the system itself. Had not Christianity with its penitential system, its hierarchical obedience and its assumption of the spiritual excellence of obedience existed, the patriarchal monastic Utopia could not have developed. Similarly in those anarchistic forms, the hermit type, where the individual monk was, within limits, a law unto himself, had there not already existed an ultimate sanction in the Church, not even the voluntary character of the association would have prevented its disintegration.

There are, therefore, certain fundamentals that were common to all such monastic Utopias. In the first place, the community was based upon voluntary association for a spiritual purpose that was accepted as prior to and superior to every materialistic consideration. The individual soul was of prime importance and any but

the barest material needs of the individual were held to have little claim. Thus was made possible obedience without coercion, because the coercion was spiritual and because the individual had already recognised the need of coercion for his own spiritual freedom. Fundamentally, subordination of the individual (personified in the frailty of his flesh to obey and the inadequacy of the rational mind to comprehend) was the starting-point and the means to salvation. Authority was held to rest outside the individual, to reside in the co-operative experience of the Church. Speculation and criticism were therefore limited but within that circle all activity was good, as it resounded to the Glory of God and to the fulfilment of His purpose.

Activity was therefore secondary to authority and in this way the individual was released from the trammels of authority. The third, and, from the point of view of the student of Utopian thought, perhaps the most important characteristic, was the limitation placed upon the individual by the veto on sex. No monk or nun could be a complete human person by reason of this sexual restriction. To imagine that a normal individual could find happiness in such a crippled existence is beyond our comprehension. Even if we make allowances for the release made possible by spiritual ecstasy or artistic creation, we must still be convinced that this aspect of the monastic system is both undesirable and impracticable as the base of any social reorganisation. The sexual impulse may have been partly sublimated in mystical adoration and craftsmanship but even the intellect of Plato or the austerity of More gives sex a part in human society. Biologically, it is obvious that no social continuity is possible without it and though Luther might blandly remark that if he had been consulted by the Almighty he would have arranged the mode of procreation differently, yet he was one of the first to assault the citadel of celibacy.

On the other hand it must be admitted that monastic brotherhood, even without the homosexuality that was at times present, gained from this very absence of normal sexual activity. The so-called *esprit de corps* of the barracks and of the barrack-like residential public schools of England, bears a strong resemblance to the corporate spirit engendered in Sparta and sought by Plato. This corporate spirit was the chief social feature of monasticism and its real social cement.

The fourth characteristic of monastic society was the voluntary universal poverty of the individual. On the lips of St. Francis it became a *Te Deum* and poverty itself became a Goddess at once beautiful and autocratic. Here there is a real recognition of the dangers of individual property, the same recognition that made Plato deny private property to his guardians and permit it only to the economic drones who made society possible. In the monastic Utopia property was communal and the corporate society became rich while the individual was denuded of personal possessions. This was coupled with a rigid and excellent organisation of the economic structure of the monastic life. Monasteries became self-sufficient in a world based upon the self-sufficient village unit; communal labour, except in certain cases, was a necessity for the majority of the monks. In the anarchistic groups the piety of the outside world supplied the individual monk or friar or hermit with the charity of food or with the board and lodging of the wandering preacher. But these were exceptions. For the patriarchal Order communal economy was the rule. This in turn was only made possible by the subordination of the individual to the whole and by the subordination of the material to the spiritual. It is at first sight odd that Christendom should be able to comprehend both this communistic principle and the principle of private ownership that Aquinas defended and which, on a

contractual basis, ran through all feudal society. The explanation, however, is easy to find ; Christianity never, in theory, defended an unrestricted right in property ; all property was a trust and feudal ideas of property did not cover the absolute right to property that, for example, modern English law permits. Natural justice was called in to restrict privateering in property ; usury was anathema and ownership was paralleled by obligation ; every right was offset by a duty. Christian thought held that, ultimately, all things belong in common, and that to the individual was given only the use of property, in trust. The Schoolmen only accepted property as an expedient and gave it no ultimate validity. The principle of trusteeship in property is perhaps best illustrated by the emphasis laid on the duty of alms-giving, the giving of the superfluous to the poor and by the refusal to regard as ignominy the acceptance of alms. Indeed every Christian writer, from the Fathers to the Schoolmen, held it to be a mortal sin to withhold alms when the possessor had more than was needed and when there were others in want, on the ground that, in the last resort, all property belonged to God from whom it came. The Socialist reformer eagerly seizes upon phrases of Jerome, Augustine, Aquinas, Occam, but nowhere can be found in Christian philosophy a socialist Utopia ; the urgency of things of the spirit and the unimportance of human physical needs render such a concept impossible.

But in many individual preachers, sects and groups in the middle ages this essentially Christian theory of Communal ownership is more fully treated and something akin to a mystical Christian Commonwealth allied to practical economic communion can be found in the teachings and practices of many of the mediæval mystics.

CHAPTER III

*What poets sang in Atlantis ? Who can tell
The epics of Atlantis or their names ?*

Gordon Bottomley.

THE BIRTH OF MODERN UTOPIANISM : SIR THOMAS MORE

THE beginning of so-called modern times presents the historian of Utopias with a terrifying problem. He feels called upon to explain just why at that period so many persons felt constrained to commit to paper their pictures of an ideal state. That there are enough to bother the historian the mere enumeration of the names of More, Bacon, Campanella, Winstanley, Harrington, Hall, Bellers, Hartlib, Plockboy, the Diggers, the Quakers and the Puritan Fathers is a sufficient proof. So beset is the historian with his self-appointed task of unravelling cause and effect that he feels obliged to attempt an explanation of this sudden outburst of Utopist writing and experiment. Perhaps there is something to be said for the complementary question as to why it is that so many of these writers were Englishmen ; that in itself is an odd fact. It may well be that when men are enlightened in their political view, they become so dissatisfied with the present that they either revolt or project themselves into the future. On the other hand, this provides no explanation for More's *Utopia*, Bacon's *New Atlantis*, Campanella's *City of the Sun* or Andreæ's *Christianopolis* ; for these gentlemen at least their Utopias were rather in the nature of a literary exercise in elegance. For these, the planning of an ideal state was a very unimportant part of their

thought. Personally, I feel that the historian might well abandon his belief in periods and abandon the attempt to periodise causality; let More stand as a man and let him speak for himself. It is true that he lived in England of such and such a time and that this fact is reflected in his *Utopia*, but there are so many things in his *Utopia* that are unrelated to his English experience that one cannot be dogmatic. Moreover, all the efforts of biographers to reveal the man, reveal but a puppet, a bigot or a jingling assortment of virtues that has no life in it.

Sir Thomas More, a great lawyer, a great scholar and a man capable of charming a royal Henry or of amusing a delicately pornographic Erasmus, made his *Utopia* when on a holiday in Holland in 1515. It was very much read at the time in Europe, although it was not published in England while Henry VIII lived for fear of offence, and it has played an important part in the history of Utopias for the simple reason that it was the first one written after the introduction of mass printing. It has been read by most Utopist writers and is supposed to provide a model and inspiration to many. In turn, *Utopia* owes much to Plato, something to England but most to More himself.

Utopia was meant to be a charming skit rather than a serious discourse and the lightness of touch, implicit in the title, is emphasized rather deliberately by the opening sentences, and by the name of the Portuguese Philosopher into whose mouth More puts his fantasy; the name means the picker up of learning's crumbs, the Trifler. But irony is a two-edged sword and, in the hands of even so skilful a humorist as More, it forced him from time to time to abandon his pose and come out into the open with a few direct thrusts at abuses he knew to exist in the England of his day: at the noble drones that subsisted on other men's labour, at the new

landlords who forced mild sheep to devour man and so prevented poor men even from buying clothes they used to make ; at the houses of low repute that bred criminals and at the injustice of a system of justice which then punished criminals produced by such a system. As a statesman, a lawyer and a courtier he was reluctant to do more and in the opening pages he reveals how divided he is between his own realisation of what was just and his own timidity in the face of a system and a king who would permit neither change nor criticism. Philosophers should be Kings, as Plato had said, but More, who knew himself to be both Philosopher and Statesman, would no more bring himself to speak home truths to Henry, save as to religion, than he could permit the court to be deprived of his decorative though reluctant presence. With a spurious pose of social indignation, he uses as his justification what has become a revolutionary watch-word " I must freely own, that, as long as there is any property, and while money is the standard of all other things, I cannot think that a nation can be governed either justly or happily." Consider his admirable quip that his own *Utopia* is the only Commonwealth that deserves the name, in that " In all other places it is visible that while people talk of a Commonwealth, every man only seeks his own wealth ; but, there where no man has any property, all men zealously pursue the good of the public." Or again, " For what justice is there in this, that a nobleman, a goldsmith, a banker, or any other man, that either does nothing at all, or at best is employed in things that are of no use to the public, should live in great luxury and splendour, upon what is so ill acquired ; and a mean man, a carter, a smith or a ploughman, that works harder even than the beasts themselves is employed in labour so necessary that no commonwealth could hold out a year without them, can only earn so poor a livelihood and must lead so miserable a life, that the condition

of the beasts is much better than theirs. . . . Therefore I must say, that as I hope for mercy, I can have no other notion of all the other governments that I see or know than that they are a conspiracy of the rich, who on pretence of managing the public only pursue their private ends, and devise all the ways and arts they can find out ; first that they may, without danger, preserve all that they have so ill acquired, and then that they may engage the poor to toil and labour for them at as low rates as possible, and oppress them as much as they please."

This is magnificent and you will call him a socialist. Every man and woman in his *Utopia* has to learn a trade and work a six-hour day ; all produce is pooled regionally, and distribution between town and country is carefully planned ; tenancy replaces ownership in land and in the means of production ; there are no rich and no poor ; gold and wealth are despised and the idler is severely punished ; only a special magistracy or a permit to study may exempt from manual labour. Similarly the individual is provided with everything he needs, house and furniture, public dining-halls, public services, materials for making clothes and medicine ; private property is virtually abolished.

It is true that no pedantic economic plan is allowed to come between Sir Thomas More's desired perfection and ugly necessity ; he blandly dismisses economic planning with the words, " the chief end of the constitution is to regulate labour by the necessities of the public " and by designating magistrates to plan supply to meet demand. His sly simplicity leads him to " wonder much to hear that gold which in itself is so useless a thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed, that even men for whom it was made and by whom it has its value should yet be thought of less value than this metal."

Just as he seems to be a socialist, so he seems to be a

democrat. All magistrates and even all priests are elected by secret ballot and the Prince by indirect election. But in reality More is neither socialist nor democrat; his so-called communal use of property was dictated by his own personal pusillanimity; he just could not bear the strife of competition himself and he transferred his personal timidity to his ideal state. It was not to attain the end of social justice that he denied private ownership of the means of production, but simply to remove a cause of social friction. Similarly, although the political system of Utopia is characterised by a series of concentric secret elections, annual magistracies and equality of candidature, its essence is benevolent despotism and Utopia is very far from a full-blooded democracy. For More, the turbulence and vitality of popular interest in politics was hateful; all he wanted was a quiet life in which to cultivate the things of the mind and he made his Utopians in his own image, taking a negative rather than a positive interest in work and in government.

“The magistrates never engage the people in unnecessary labour, since the chief end of the constitution is to regulate labour by the necessities of the public, and to allow all the people as much time as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists.” This emphasis on leisure is admirable although the phrase “improvement of their minds” is a little priggish; and this is significant of More’s attitude. Government for him was a necessity even in Utopia where men were governed by Reason, but it was no more. The normal man, More thought, was not interested in government and would surely be content to be governed. The Prince therefore “is for life, unless he is removed upon suspicion of some design to enslave the people”, while “the chief and almost the only business of the syphogrants (or magistrates) is to take

care that no man may live idle, but that everyone may follow his trade diligently." Free speech and toleration are not part of More's philosophy. "It is death for any to meet and consult concerning the state unless it be either in their ordinary council, or in the assembly of the whole body of the people." Thus More hopes to prevent intrigues, parties, sedition and revolution. Similarly in religious matters, though "there are several sorts of religion, not only in different parts of the island, but even in every town and in spite of the ancient Utopian Law that no man ought to be punished for his religion", yet any zealous advocacy of a particular religion was severely punished as sedition in that it would awake bitter controversy. Reasonable persuasion was permitted—but no enthusiasm. Any man however who even thought that the immortality of the soul was false was deprived of all citizen rights. Above all, "They take care indeed to prevent their disputing in defence of these opinions, especially before the common people." It is a little difficult to discover just how much More is being gently sarcastic at the expense of Christianity, but his own religious austerities, his own antipathy to toleration and even the splendour of his death seem to prove that More had less regard for freedom, in spiritual matters, than for the nice precision of an harmonious Fellowship of reasonable men.

Social discipline is the chief characteristic of Utopia. Certainly his Utopians work only a six-hour day, but from the glare of public life there was no relaxation; communal dining-halls were provided where the young waited on their elders in docile silence, listened to improving lectures on morality and to the older men's tedious comments afterwards. He or she who violated marriage by adultery was condemned to slavery and never permitted to remarry. The Utopians despise treaties, diplomacy and war, but all are conscripted to serve if

necessary, men, women and children. In everything the desire for symmetry based on reason is to be observed. All wear similar clothes and fashion is dead ; the cities are town-planned ; hunting (like Plato's fife) is banned as it was held to " tickle the senses " in a way ignoble to the Thinking Man. The whole graciousness and spaciousness of Utopia disappears when we turn to its educational system. " The education of youth belongs to the priests, yet they do not take so much care of instructing them in letters as in forming their minds and manners aright ; they use all possible methods to infuse very early into the tender and flexible minds of children such opinions as are both good in themselves and will be useful to their country. For when deep impressions of these things are made at that age, they follow men through the whole course of their lives, and conduce much to preserve the peace of the Government, which suffers by nothing more than by vices that rise out of ill opinions." The Humanist has anticipated Fascism. He not only fails to see the inconsistency between this regimentation and his postulate of a reasoning people, he wantonly justifies his obscurantism. " Thus you see that there are no idle persons among them, nor pretences of excusing any from labour. There are no taverns, no alehouses, nor stews among them ; nor any other occasions of corrupting each other, of getting into corners, of forming themselves into parties : all men live in full view, so that all are obliged, both to perform their ordinary task, and to employ themselves well in their spare hours." If a man under twenty-two years of age or a woman under eighteen make love before the prescribed age " they are severely punished and the privilege of marriage is denied them unless they can obtain a special warrant from the Prince." More tries to hide his cold hatred of natural emotions under a little joke, a joke with a sting in its tail. The reason of punishing this so severely is, because " they think that

if they were not strictly restrained from all vagrant appetites, very few would engage in a state of matrimony in which they venture the quiet of their whole lives, by being confined to one person, and are obliged to endure all the inconveniences with which it is accompanied."

There are, in this Commonwealth, however, some interesting minor features that distract from the essential wrong-mindedness of *Utopia*. Music is always an accompaniment to meals and fruit is served afterwards ; "insufferable perverseness" is a ground of divorce ; cremation, not burial, is the rule ; priests are married ; houses have gardens and the streets are wide and fresh ; incubators have been invented. These do not, however, remove the blemishes. All the unpleasant work is performed by slaves ; these are recruited either by aliens voluntarily preferring slavery in Utopia to freedom in Middlesex or else by the degradation of Utopians convicted of a political offence or of any major civil crime. If the "slaves rebel, and will not bear their yoke and submit to the labour that is enjoined them, they are treated as wild beasts that cannot be kept in order, neither by a prison, nor by their chains, and are at last put to death."

This aspect of *Utopia* has been completely misinterpreted by many scholars who have been dazzled by More's reputation, his wit, or the excellence of his other writings ; but More's *Utopia* is no place for intelligent men of to-day. Kautsky, it is true, holds that *Utopia* was no mere scholastic exercise and that it was designed to exert an influence on the nation's "destiny", but the fact that it was written for private publication only and that More was so chary of being thought a revolutionary that he even told Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, that *Utopia* was published without his consent or knowledge seem to prove more than his timidity. What is more to

the point is that the first part to be written was the actual descriptions of Utopia, written at his leisure in Europe ; it was only on his return to England that he wrote the early part of the book with its economic survey and criticism of existing economic conditions. Moreover, the very names used were chosen so as to deceive or pretend to deceive a credulous public that Utopia was an authentic description : “ *Utopia* ” was substituted for “ *Nusquam* ” as being less obvious, “ *Amaurote* ”, the dim or phantom city, “ *Anyde* ” the waterless or never-never river. It was not until 1551 that Ralph Robynson first translated *Utopia* into English, although the 1516 Louvain edition, that of Paris of 1517 and the Froben edition of the following year had been followed by editions in Latin for most of the great European printing presses and later by translations into French, Italian and Flemish. Kautsky can write “ His socialism made him immortal ” yet he admits that More’s socialism was reactionary in his attitude towards machinery and in his emphasis upon the necessity of frugality in order that the citizens might work less and so have more leisure for intellectual pursuits and in his presentation of the *patria potestas* so disliked by Socialists. It is in his sweeping aphorisms that More seems to point the way to something better than even his *Utopia* dare admit.

Sir Thomas More assumed that by the mysterious workings of Providence men would finally arrive, as it were, without conscious prevision at that blessed state of Reason and Godliness in which Utopia would be born, but very few writers after his day had such a belief in the inevitability of Divine gradualness. It was nearly a century later in England that another great lawyer first clearly saw that if Reason was to conquer, then Reason must be sought and sedulously cultivated. It was a delicate plant and needed the nurture of education

and the application of all the gardener's art that the skill of man could devise. Only by scientific research could this be obtained and it was the task of Francis Bacon to urge that Utopia could only be produced in a laboratory equipped with every source of knowledge and staffed with a specially selected body of experts.

CHAPTER IV

THE BIRTH OF MODERN UTOPIANISM: BACON, CAMPANELLA AND ANDREÆ

SIR FRANCIS'S *New Atlantis* is the work of an old and unsuccessful man. It is but a fragment and it betrays all the defects of its origin. Bacon was a typical scholar-statesman who was convinced that he possessed the knowledge and the experience to set right all the defects of his England, but who was so interested in a multitude of scientific, historical and philosophical problems that he never had the time nor the inclination to deal adequately with any of the subjects that engaged his mind. *The New Atlantis* is but a by-product of his more specialised political speculation; it is unfinished and it deals only with part of the ideal community that he set out to describe. What he has written is, however, significant of his way of thought. He starts with what he regards as the most important thing, namely, the inculcation of a really scientific attitude of mind in the general populace, for he was convinced that if a people could be educated to regard every problem from the impersonal, almost mathematical, point of view, then there would be both harmony and happiness in the state.

The book opens with the description of a voyage from Peru and a storm that drove the ship off its course until the island of Bensalem was sighted. This Utopia differs little in its general structure from that of existing contemporary states. The economic difficulties are either not envisaged or are evaded by the simple proviso that Bensalem

is a self-sufficient island that does not require economic contracts with other states ; for the rest, the method of agriculture and industry is not touched upon. The whole state has been planned by the inevitable benevolent dictator of nearly two thousand years previously, by name Salomona, who established fundamental laws which are so perfect that they need never be changed. The form of government is that of a patriarchal democracy, although the details are tantalizingly vague. The family is the essential unit and the head of the family wields almost absolute power. The family is preserved by rigorous laws as to marriage and by being consecrated to a civic purpose by the institution of the Feast of the Vine. Polygamy is forbidden, stews, courtesans and houses of ill repute are non-existent and chastity is enjoined. After a passing reference to More's proposal for would-be couples to see each other naked before marriage, Bacon substitutes an inspection of each by a friend of the other. The Feast of the Vine is a ceremonious panegyric upon procreation and every head of a family whose progeny exceeds thirty persons is feasted by the state and each descendant takes an oath of allegiance to the head of the family who in turn rewards with a blessing and a distinguishing robe his two favourite sons. The whole thing is very childish and, in the absence of details, quite meaningless to us.

The friendly way in which travellers to this ideal community are received reflects the toleration which is such a marked characteristic of Bensalem ; even Jews are tolerated (a surprising suggestion at the time) although the mass of the people are Christians. In general the religion is humane and enlightened. The chief virtue is self-respect and one gets the impression of sanity and unhurried reasonableness in all their doings. The fundamental is orderliness and stress is laid upon things of the mind rather than upon things of the body or of

other material considerations. It seems a very disembodied existence that these folk live.

The greater part of the book is taken up with a full description of a visit which the travellers pay to Salomon's House which is the corner-stone of society. This is the Palace of Art, of Science and of Knowledge, the College of a Society of men who devote their lives to the pursuit of Truth. "The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things ; and the enlarging of the bounds of the human empire, to the effecting of all things possible." Bacon is still in that naïve mood which permits the identification of knowledge with wisdom and which sees in ordered knowledge the clue to orderly conduct. Bacon seems to have thought that he and his contemporaries were well on the way to the discovery of the real underlying causes of all things and to have believed that if only a society could organise itself so as to devote sufficient attention to the cult of the intellect among the very few, then it would discover and, what is more doubtful, practise, the way to complete happiness. The House of Salomon is a mixture of a fairy palace, the headquarters of a Peruvian potentate and a mediæval alchemist's secret laboratory ; over all is the atmosphere of a university. There are countless laboratories, caves, experimental lakes, parks of strange beasts, "dispensatories" or shops of medicine, breeding houses for worms, flies, animals and plants, breweries and herbalists' shops, mechanical shops, astronomical observatories, all organised and magnificently furnished. There is a special research staff to collect and collate observations and a very special staff to plan out future work. What we want to know is how these men are chosen and trained, what they hope to find and how their discoveries are to be employed in the region of practical politics. We are never told. It is amusing to read that his Bensalemians have already discovered the arts of

flying and of building submarines, the secret of perpetual motion and a variety of tricks of deception that would to-day make a conjurer's fortune, but it is all very silly. It is tempting to read that these clever people are able to breed, brew and fabricate any kind of food, drink or material, but no mention is made as to how this fantastic knowledge is to be employed. Bacon apparently thinks that a multitude of riches will automatically increase the sum of human happiness. It is obvious that this is but a childish dream of a man who was happiest when he could escape from the world of reality and spend his time dabbling with scientific experiments and collecting scientific data. In political and in economic matters, Bacon had not travelled beyond the assumptions of his day. He was an obscurantist absolutist in governmental matters and to the problem of the welfare of the people he gave no heed. His is not so much a Utopia as a little essay on the necessity of organising experimental work on a large scale. His sole contribution was the stress he laid on the necessity of organisation and planning.

Bacon's emphasis upon the importance of learning and the necessity of planning was given greater force by a Utopia written by one of the most tortured spirits of his age. Contemporary in conception and produced by a man who was, at least in the worldly sense, as great a failure as Bacon was a success, this strange Utopia has the same unearthly sanity, the same certainty in the ultimate victory of reason and the same ordered harmony as the *New Atlantis*.

Rare is it that the revolutionary heretic, after years of torture and incarceration, emerges with brain and heart intact, and still preserving a belief in God and in the possibility of human progress. Yet such a man was Tomasso Campanella. This Dominican monk, in the certainty that the end of the world would come

on the first day of the year 1600, had sounded the tocsin (hence his nickname Campanella) of social revolution in Southern Italy against the tyranny of Spain. He had stirred the people to revolt and finally he fell into the hands of the Inquisition. Accused of unmentionable heresies, he was put to the Question, suffered hours of torture in a spirit of masochistic ecstasy and was flung into prison. Emerging twenty-seven years later at the whim of a Pope, he met disillusion in Rome and finally escaped through the good offices of Naude to take refuge with that Machiavelian cardinal, Richelieu. In prison he had written his *City of the Sun*. In France he hoped to recreate his fantasy in practical shape but the grim statesmanship of the cardinal refused to entertain such a chimera and Campanella died trying with spells to ward off the Devils of his own imaginings.

The book, contemporary with Bacon's *New Atlantis*, was not given to an apathetic world until 1637. It is in the form of a dialogue between a Grand Master of the Knights Hospitallers and a Genoese Sea Captain, his guest. The Captain happens to recount how he visited Taprobane on the Equator and, under the spur of the Grand Master's questions, he describes all that he saw. Campanella's Utopian state is a pantheistic City State reminiscent of Athens and of the great cities of Northern Italy but resembling none of them. It is the by-product of an age when Mediæval scholasticism was meeting the new science and in the City's government are to be seen traces of the discipline of both Rome and Geneva together with the arts of Athens and Florence.

The government is a centralised absolutism under the direction of an elected Philosopher King, the *Hoh* or *Metaphysicus*, supported by a triumvirate of princes and a hierarchy, democratic in election but aristocratic in qualifications and powers. The *Hoh* is the most exalted

man of morals and science that the state possesses and is what one historian has called a "sort of industrial Pope". He is fundamentally a High Priest who, in addition to his other qualifications should "understand metaphysics and theology . . . he should know thoroughly the derivations, foundations and demonstrations of all the arts and sciences." The Captain who tells the story had been told by the Solarial inhabitants:—"We, indeed, are more certain that such a very learned man has the knowledge of governing, than you who place ignorant persons in authority, and consider them suitable merely because they have sprung from rulers or have been chosen by a powerful faction." That is why *Hoh* must know "the likeness and difference of things; necessity, fate, and the harmonies of the Universe; power, wisdom, and the love of things and of God; the stages of life and its symbols; everything relating to the heavens, the earth and the sea; and the ideas of God, as much as mortal man can know of Him." Apparently there is no difficulty in discovering who it is that best fulfills these rather magnificent requirements and once he is chosen he remains *Hoh* for life. Under him are the three princes, *Pon*, or Power, who acts as minister for defence, *Sin*, or Wisdom, who acts as minister of culture and propaganda and *Mor*, or Love, who is secretary of state for Health, Production and Reproduction. These four together nominate all other officials but the three Cabinet Ministers are themselves elected by the people from a panel of persons with the necessary ability, potentialities and training. All four must have been suitably trained for their function from their youth up. The government of the city is an amalgam of despotism, of an aristocracy of intellect and character, and of democracy.

There is a very large democratic element not only in the practice of government but even in military

matters. Harmony is preserved in this very mixed constitution inasmuch as every person is exactly fitted for the function which he performs. The simple solution to the Platonic problem as to how to secure right performance of function has been found by the Solarians in the study of the stars. The horoscope of every person is cast and according to his "inclination" so is he educated and set to work. To the stupid objection of the Grand Master that some individuals might object to this functional compulsion the Captain sensibly remarks that he does not know much about it but that "they burn with so great a love for their fatherland as I could scarcely have believed possible". Psychologically, therefore, every person is suitably adjusted to his status and his job while the organisation of the social system removes any possible theoretical grievance.

"The principle of property does not grow up within us naturally. It arises from the fact that we have our own homes and families. Hence egoism. . . . Again, those who are powerless, poor, or of low origin, are in danger of becoming avaricious, mean, and hypocritical." Here Campanella is talking as much of men of his own day as of the citizens of the Sun and to prevent the evils arising both from property and from lack of property where others have much, he refuses to let his Utopians possess any private property at all. Everything, however, is provided for them; public meals and dormitories, education and medical attention from the cradle to the grave. No Dominican Utopist would underestimate the importance of education and for Campanella and for the City of the Sun, education is the basis of statesmanship. Education is common to all, even to women, and only state-education is permitted. From the age of three it is compulsory and it is a combination of mental, physical and practical

training. Knowledge, he holds, can only be obtained by sense perception and his suggestion that children should be taught by a visual process anticipates some of the most modern of our educational experiments. The importance of physical training is perhaps obscured by its being employed to train both boys and girls for war, but throughout the city the care of the body is ever insisted upon. Practical work forms an essential part of the curriculum and every child is taught to be useful; the elements of science are made the basis of future practical work and everything the child learns is related to the function which he or she will later be expected to perform.

The economics of this community are a little primitive and although we are not fully told how it is managed, we learn with pleasure that no one works more than four hours a day. Everyone, however, must work very hard and, we are told, enjoys it as much as he enjoys his leisure. Work is usually done in small groups under the guidance and encouragement of natural leaders. The City is self-sufficient and no commerce is allowed for fear of its corrupt effects; money is only used for trade with the outside world and this in turn is strictly controlled. "But in such a state of things no one would work, since everybody would depend on the labour of the rest for his own maintenance, as Aristotle has already objected to in Plato's scheme." Thus argued the Grand Hospitaller; to whom the Genoese naïvely replies once more, "I cannot well continue this discussion having never learnt to argue. I only assure you that the patriotism of these people is beyond all conception, and do we not know from history that the Romans despised property in proportion to their devotion to their country?" However that may be, everything is common in the City of the Sun, "arts and honours and pleasures are common

and are held in such a manner that no one can appropriate anything to himself . . . they are rich because they want nothing, poor because they possess nothing ; and consequently they are not slaves to circumstances but circumstances serve them." No slaves are permitted nor are there drones ; no one possesses, no one therefore wishes to possess, all are provided for, and all provide for all and so in this Benedictine community plenteousness and righteousness go hand in hand.

Not even children are privately possessed ; they all belong to the state which not only educates, trains, employs and provides for all its children but controls the very production of future children. Systematic state-breeding is imposed in order that the right number and kind of future citizens may be born to cultivate and defend the fatherland. Monastic celibacy is abandoned but free choice in mating is prohibited. None but specially selected persons are permitted to breed. Physical, mental and psychological qualities of the highest order alone will ensure a breeding licence. Brother Tomasso is not disturbed by the possibility that those citizens who are not allowed to breed will be jealous or that those who must breed will object to have their mates chosen for them, for "the love born of eager desire is not known among them ; only that born of friendship." Such is the standard of feminine beauty, owing to the sensible physical education women receive, that every permitted male would willingly lie with any permitted female. The woman who dyes her face to appear more beautiful or uses high-heeled boots that she may appear tall and wears a long robe to cover her wooden shoes is condemned to capital punishment. Platonic love may still exist and a man might give the woman he loves a poem or flowers, might talk with her, might love in fantasy but, except the state ordains, may not have her for his

mate. Perhaps such a regimentation is possible and even desirable in a community where everything is provided by the state and where no homes are possible, but one could wish for more details as to those "philosophical rules" according to which the principle of eugenics is applied in the City of the Sun.

National hygiene and the ideal of physical fitness are of twin importance in this state with the erudition necessary for its government, and the principle of eugenics is supported by a practice of state-medicine and sanitation that is far in advance of anything that Campanella could have seen in Europe of his own day or indeed would find in any great city of the modern world. City sanitation, a complete state medical service, public crèches, public hospitals and a code of personal cleanliness are the foundations upon which the physique of the republic is laid. All food is medically planned and prepared by food experts who give the right amount of the right food at the right time. Particular attention is paid both to the food and to the physical exercise of mothers. So scrupulous is the standard of cleanliness that natural manure may not be used in the fields and cremation replaces burial. Symbolically enough, within the city all the citizens wear white robes. So advanced is their scientific knowledge that they have discovered the secret of renewing youth and the citizens live to be one or two hundred years old. Inventions have been made; they have learned to fly, they move over the seas in ships with neither sail nor rudder and they listen to the music of the spheres.

Brooding over the City of the Sun are the Stars which determine the course of every man's life, predetermine his inclination and are the source of all knowledge. Mysterious signs are painted on the city's temples and on the pillars of its government offices.

Astrology has provided the secrets of psychology and the wisdom of statesmanship. In the revelation of the stars is the only wisdom and it is the God of the stars that they worship. Campanella died haunted by devils which no cabalistic symbols could exorcise but his *City of the Sun* lives in virtue of the brilliant deductions to which his stars had led him: economic communism, a sensible physical life, an intelligently planned educational system, and a public spirit based upon devotion to a common purpose and made possible by the adjustment of every individual to his place in the state. For astrology many would now replace psychology and Campanella's genius is nowhere better displayed than in his insistence that his city state is planned in order that his citizens might intelligently enjoy their leisure. Four hours every day a man must work, "the remaining hours are spent in learning joyously, in debating, in reading, in reciting, in writing, in walking, in exercising the mind and body and with play." If a man errs he confesses to a magistrate; he is not tortured and there are no prisons. He walks about in crowds and has neither the privacy of a private home nor the intimacy of natural love; but he is a finely balanced citizen in a city meticulously planned and elegantly proportioned. We perhaps might not like to live in that "excessive light" but that is because we are incapable of aspiring to become Citizens of the Sun.

Even more certainly would we shun the excessive light and obligatory virtue of *Christianopolis*. Campanella may have believed in the potency of the stars to affect human nature but at least he realised that human nature makes society and that it must be guided rather than coerced. He, a Catholic priest, had suffered the full rigours of the Inquisition but had emerged preserving an essential tolerance. Andreæ, a successful

Protestant preacher, flourished his intolerance from the pulpit and preached it in his Utopia.

In a pedantic Introduction, in the best German manner, Professor Held ascribes to Andreæ's *Christianopolis* a greater importance in the history of Utopias than perhaps the book warrants. Apart from the claim that here is to be found the first use of the shipwreck *motif*, Andreæ is important because he so strongly asserted that state-education was necessary in a community where men were naturally evil and emphasised the right of the community to exact from each individual the necessary services, contributions and obedience.

Although derived in part from the *New Atlantis*, *Christianopolis* is a much broader and more complete survey and had a very great influence on Samuel Gott, the author of *Nova Solyma* (1648), and on Hartlib and the founders of the Royal Society in England. In the eighteenth century Andreæ was dragged from oblivion by German translations from the original Latin and Herder particularly approved of the work. Andreæ had seen Campanella's manuscript and was of course familiar with Plato and More, while his visit to Geneva in 1610 showed him a community disciplined in action and provided him with practical arguments for his own Utopia. *Christianopolis* remains, however, the work of a scholar and a moral reformer; the delights of leisure are almost unknown in his Utopia, while for economic planning Andreæ displays a supreme contempt. He is primarily concerned with man as the sport of the great struggle between Christ and Anti-Christ, and spiritual rectitude is more important than material happiness.

Andreæ himself was a preacher and a teacher contemporary with Luther whom he admired and he had early outlined in his *Fama Fraternitas* a plan for an educational college that would reform the whole world.

In his practical experiment as a priest at Caley he attempted to spread "community" ideas, with the Church as a social centre. Among the town-workmen he founded a trade union but his work was ruined by the Thirty Years' War.

Christianopolis opens with a wordy diatribe against Anti-Christ and then proceeds with the description of the author's supposed journey on the good ship Phantasy through the storms of the Ethiopian Sea and his shipwreck, when, clad only in an undershirt, he was precipitated upon the island of Caphar Salama in the Antarctic. The island was fertile and isolated from the rest of the world. After examination by the authorities as to his spiritual integrity, he was guided round this Godly Utopia. The heart of the republic was a well-planned city, strongly fortified, salubrious, provided with excellent sanitation and grouped around the civic buildings, a Temple, Council Room and College.

The government was simple—aristocracy was preferred as being apparently most Christian—but the less of it the better. A triumvirate of Presbyter, Judge and Education Minister, each with an assistant, respectively a Deacon, a State Economist and a Chancellor, administered this city state with the assistance of a Council of 74 elected by citizens equally from the three orders in the state. The economic organisation was equally simple. All had to work, had to perform certain public duties such as militia service, helping in the harvest and factories and building roads and bridges; thus hours were short and no labour, however menial, was despised. The State Economist divided up the harvest equally among the inhabitants, provided the workmen with the materials for work and each family with provisions. No money was permitted for "to money is due public corruption; with it the heavens are sold, the soul is fettered, the body bound, hell

bought," but the state preserved a treasury of coin for foreign trade. Slavery was not permitted and, except to assist the aged, the sick or expectant mothers, no servants were employed; the consequence was that all the citizens were forced to a very practical equality for each family had to do its own housework. Andreæ does not approve the system of public meals for two reasons; primarily the family unit is too important to be submerged in collegiate living and secondly he seems to hate the disorder of communal feeding. Each family was lent a house by the state; each house was exactly like its neighbour and very modest it was, nothing but bathroom, bedroom, kitchen, small cellar and garden. All the simple furniture was lent by the State and the only interesting features were the systematic sanitation exemplified in the bathroom and the central heating by furnaces. All lived exactly alike and simply; no man possessed more than two suits of clothing.

Education was the chief instrument to social perfection in Christianopolis. The sole criterion of conduct was godliness. At the age of six every child was transferred from home to school where he lived and learned though his parents might visit him. The school was a miniature of the greater republic, and to teach godly citizenship was its purpose. The school itself was a delightful place, "roomy and beautiful beyond expectation . . . ; here all is open, sunny and happy;" the teachers were "not men from the dregs of society" but "the choice of all the citizens". Boys and girls were educated separately by the teachers and their wives. Good food, good dormitories, cleanliness and healthy exercise were insisted on. The syllabus was a little overcrowded, commencing with Grammar, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Oratory, then proceeding through Logic, Metaphysics and Theosophy, to Arithmetic ("the

very home of subtlety ") to Music, Astrology, Astronomy, and so to Natural Science to which is allied History ; then Ethics and Citizenship lead finally to the study of Theology. Andreæ is sceptical of the unrestrained study of the sciences although his state is well provided with laboratories. Similarly, although Music is such a feature of the Christianopolis, Andreæ will not permit " the madness of dancing, the frivolity of vulgar songs " any more than " the wickedness of roisterers ". He prefers the psalms sung by orderly choirs of boys and girls and accompanied by all the instruments of the Old Testament. Modesty, temperance and purity crowned the educational edifice. With such an admirable training in citizenship and with a state permeated by religious feeling and free from economic inequality or property there was no need of lawyers : judges and magistrates ruled by persuasion and capital punishment was rare. Coercion however was latent in all matters pertaining to religious or social life. Of rewards for good conduct and as an incentive to work, there was nothing save the consciousness of well-doing ; as to penalties, they fell heaviest on miscreants against God's work, less heavy on misdeeds against man and least heavy for offences against property. Men were permitted to marry at the age of 24 and women not before 18 but the consent of the parents was necessary ; each couple was " set up " by the state and priests and relatives combined to settle the minor discords of conjugal life. Infidelity was seriously punished and the " passion of Licence " was regarded as a disgrace. Childbirth was the crowning accomplishment of a woman's life and domestic work her normal duty. Three short daily services, at which attendance of all was compulsory, were supplemented by a Sabbath service from the Presbyter and a Wednesday service from the Deacon. The creed, which Andreæ gives

in full, is that of a Protestant Christianity and is comparatively broad and tolerant, but it is made quite clear that unorthodoxy, blasphemy or unbelief would not be tolerated.

Perhaps the chief redeeming feature of this otherwise narrow and uninteresting commonwealth, other than the interest in education, was the emphasis laid upon right leisure, of which all the citizens have a considerable amount, owing to the obligation of all to work and to the salubrious climate and fertile soil. As Andreæ puts it, "by the grace of God or the generosity of nature there is always abundance since gluttony, drunkenness are entirely unknown." The citizens liked their work; "the men are not driven to a work with which they are unfamiliar, like pack animals to their task, but they have been trained long in an accurate knowledge of scientific matters." They were consequently interested in what they did; the conditions of work were good and "while among us one is worn out by the fatigue of an effort, with them the powers are reinforced by a perfect balance of work and leisure so that they never approach a piece of work without alacrity." When the necessities had been provided, the craftsmen were permitted to produce more, each indulging his own fancy; so that "the little spark of divinity remaining in us may shine brightly in any material offered"; thus Andreæ in his intelligent attitude towards work approaches Morris. Moreover "their artisans are almost entirely educated men". This, together with their youthful training, resulted in an intelligent use of leisure, not "the sporting of fools", not "the noise of aimless wandering" but "a relaxation of the mind intent upon some subject, and especially a recollecting of things that pertain to the care of the future life." The College, "the innermost shrine of the city", with its facilities for learning provided them with a place of recreation proper to a civilised, sober and

Christian proletariat, while their love of art and their scientific laboratories ("Here the ape of nature has wherewith it may play") indicate the breadth of their leisured recreation.

Thus in a city based upon the three principles of "equality, desire for peace and contempt for riches", the good citizen could live the Good Life. Planning and the beneficence of nature had combined to provide material necessities; education and religion had created the desire to serve and a supervising priesthood of magistrates constrained the evil in their nature. The uniform monotony of their existence and the coercion in moral and social matters (they feared the temptations of nudity in their public bathing places) and their narrowness would displease us. Despite their love of learning, they allowed only the Scriptures and strictly educational books to be printed; no book that called the established religion or the accepted code of morals in question could be printed. Within narrow limits this Utopia is enlightened, but for individual freedom there is no room.

Perhaps the most striking feature of these four Utopias of Bacon, More, Campanella and of Andreæ, is their almost complete omission of any treatment of the political problem of government. In an age when English parties were forging the first substantial links of political democracy, such an omission by continental writers is not so extraordinary; Europe was the home of despotisms and such Utopias as emanated from Europe bore the stamp of political despotism. Sir Thomas More was the good servant of the Tudor despotism and Bacon the subservient tool of the first Stuart; neither the court of Imperial Henry nor the court of James, King of the United Kingdom by Divine Right, was a suitable place to foster ideas of political liberty. But after 1642 the problem of liberty could not legitimately be evaded by any English writer. Hobbes might step in Filmer's

footsteps and see *Leviathan* writ large on the page of History, but the problem of political obedience and the necessary assent of subject in the will of the Sovereign could no longer be evaded. In Harrington's *Oceana* the problem is faced for the first time in any Utopia.

CHAPTER V

*The strength of a Nation is not in the Magistrate, but
the strength of the Magistrate is in the Nation.*
Algernon Sidney.

A CONSTITUTIONAL UTOPIA: HARRINGTON'S OCEANA

IN this sphere of political speculation the seventeenth century may be regarded as an age of transition between enthusiasm and reasonableness. Whereas Bacon represents the triumph of pure reason and the Diggers that of religious emotion, in James Harrington is combined a pedantic love of reason with an almost mystical ecstasy. The man who could study the philosophy of religion under Chillingworth and yet charm the captive King Charles I, who could befriend Petty and Venner and be himself befriended by Lady Claypole, was suspect by zealots and politicians alike and, after years of arduous imprisonment, emerged with health and reason frail. Yet ever in his tortuous mind material utility and spiritual values were interwoven. For a full score of years amidst the political upheavals of England he worked at his political treatise which was to provide a panacea for all her ills. When, in 1656, after the lucubrations of years, the *Oceana* was published, it was confiscated by a suspicious government and only by the personal intercession of the Protector's daughter was the beloved child of his mind restored to him.

The book is long; stiff reading and encumbered, to modern eyes, with innumerable historical examples and unending political arguments; scattered miscel-

laneously throughout the pages are such apparently unnecessary details as a table of figures representing, down to the last 2s. 5d. a week (for three drummer boys), the cost of the essential services ; long lists of officials to be elected ; a minute description of the Parliament Chamber ; all interspersed with broad philosophical generalisations. In an aside, he suggests colonising Ireland with Jewish colonists for profit ! Here, there is an intricate diagram giving precise details as to how the ballot was to be used, where the ballot boxes were to stand and exactly what the recording officers were to do ; following closely upon it is the verbatim report of a grand Parliamentary debate with eloquent politicians citing antique examples and justifying a speculative programme with weighty arguments and minute appeals to human selfishness. Each proposition is fully stated, supported by countless examples and quotations and at the end justified with a ponderous oration.

Beginning with " An Epitome of Ancient Prudence ", *Oceana* is a veritable treatise of comparative political institutions. Loth to end the description of his imaginary ideal state, Harrington appends an " Epitome " and to this attaches a corollary containing a few scattered details as to the sort of legislation which such a state would produce and finally concludes with a grandiloquent epitaph on the fictitious founder of his Commonwealth, identifiable with Oliver Cromwell, who is supposed, like a Roman patriot, after he has performed his task, to lay down his authority and be offered a crown by a grateful people :

GRATA PATRIA
Piae et Perpetuae Memoriae
D. D.
OLPHAUS MEGALETOR
LORD ARCHON, AND SOLE LEGISLATOR
OF
OCEANA
PATER PATRIAE

Invincible in the Field.
 Inviolable in his Faith.
 Unfeigned in his Zeal.
 Immortal in his Fame.

The Greatest of Captains.
 The Best of Princes.
 The Happiest of Legislators.
 The Most Sincere of Christians.

Who setting the Kingdom of Earth at Liberty,
 Took the Kingdom of the Heavens by Violence.

Anno Aetat. suae 116.
 Hujus Reipub. 50.

Harrington was not oblivious of the first principles of political wisdom and, despite his love of reason, had a lively sense of reality. "Men, like flowers or roots being transplanted, take after the soil wherein they grow." The political and social structure of the country must therefore be so framed as to prevent corruption, permit efficiency and promote happiness. Political power and economic power are linked together and a Balance of Power must exist in the state so that each class is fully represented in the organ of government. This can best be achieved by a series of mechanical devices. First, the Agrarian Law which limits the individual ownership of land to an estate producing no more than two thousand pounds *per annum* and which restricts the free right of bequest. "Equality of estates causes equality of power and equality of power is the liberty not only of the Commonwealth, but of every man." The second device is what he calls "the exquisite rotation of the Senate" and indeed of all offices of State. Harrington had travelled extensively and observed assiduously, and Venice appeared to him to provide the best model of a balanced and workable constitution, although he was not oblivious of its real defects. Harrington was no theoretical democrat, "for where there is not a nobility to hearten the people they are slothful, regardless of the world and of the public interest of liberty, as even those of Rome had been without their gentry." In the Senate and in his plan for "class" representation, as in his project for

forming a militia with the gentry as cavalry and the common people as infantry, he made full provision for giving the gentry an adequate share in the government. And yet he was conscious of the necessity of identifying the people with government ; in the people he saw a fund of good sense that must be employed. " Taking them apart they (the people), according to Cunaeus are very simple, but yet in their Assemblies they see and know something. . . . Whereas the people, taken apart, are but so many private interests ; but if you take them together, they are the public interest. The public interest of a Commonwealth, as has been shown is nearest that of mankind, and that of mankind is right reason ; but with aristocracy (whose reason or interest, when they are all together, as appeared by the patricians, is but that of a party) it is quite contrary ; for as, taken apart, they are far wiser than the people considered in that manner, so, being put together, they are such fools, who by deposing the people, as did those of Rome, will saw off the branch whereupon they sit, or rather destroy the root of their own greatness." His belief in the people makes him even exclaim " This free born nation . . . is herself King People." Free democratic discussion is the essential of political liberty for " the reason of mankind must be right reason. . . . If the interest of popular government come the nearest to the interest of mankind, then the reason of popular government must come the nearest to right reason." Rarely has belief in democracy been so cogently demonstrated. " A commonwealth is but a civil society of men : let us take any number of men (as twenty) and immediately make a commonwealth. Twenty men (if they be not all idiots, perhaps if they be) can never come so together but there will be such a difference in them, that about a third will be wiser, or at least less foolish than all the rest ; these upon acquaintance, though it be but small, will

be discovered, and, as stags that have the largest heads, lead the herd ; for while the six, discoursing and arguing one with another, show the eminence of their parts, the fourteen discover things that they never thought on ; or are cleared in divers truths which had formerly perplexed them." " Truth," says Harrington in words that echo Milton, " is a spark to which objections are like bellows."

A perfect constitution is one of Balance and one that is especially planned for the People, as by an Architect. " An equal commonwealth . . . is a government established upon an equal Agrarian, arising into the superstructures or three orders, the senate debating and proposing, the people resolving, and the magistracy executing, by an equal rotation through the suffrage of the people given by the ballot." Thus the twin principles of rotation of office and election by ballot constitute his second device. His third device is that of indirect election, but here again he distinguishes between the gentry who elect directly and the people who elect indirectly. The former elect a Senate of 300, a natural aristocracy of gentry, whose task is not to govern or legislate but to raise and debate questions of national importance and to keep the people informed by public orations and discussions every Tuesday upon all current topics. The people are represented in an assembly of 1050 who vote upon the senatorial propositions and decide.

A planned toleration and a planned educational system complete the picture. " A commonwealth is nothing else but the national conscience " ; hence a national religion is necessary, but regimentation is undesirable and all sects enjoy equality except that Roman Catholics and Jews are barred from political power and the professions. Otherwise no ban exists on account of religion ! Each congregation elects its own pastor, but

priests are not to meddle with politics ; rather are they to educate the children.

Education is for him, as for most Utopists, all important, but, although he premises a system of almost completely free compulsory education, Harrington tends to regard education less as a means to develop individual potentialities, than as a means to inculcate sound political and social habits. He mistrusts parental education and, while he permits an only son to be educated at home, all other children from the age of nine to fifteen must attend the state schools which are provided *gratis* for the poor. After fifteen years of age, the child must choose a trade or profession—a voluntary choice, but the professions are reserved for the gentry. Even here he qualifies that privilege by expelling from the university any youth of eighteen who has not yet chosen a profession. From 18 to 30 military exercises and games are compulsory and in these a system of youth representation encourages the emergence of natural leaders. Thus in practice almost a Fascist educational indoctrination and a universal conscription are adopted. Education he calls “the plastic art of government”.

Thus Harrington's political Utopia is both the child of his age and the work of an eccentric genius. In economic matters he is a pure mercantilist with all the economic prejudices of that school. Agriculture is the basis of society and of the state. “Agriculture is the bread of the nation ; we are hung upon it by the teeth ; it is a mighty nursery of strength, the best army, and the most assured knapsack ; it is managed with the least turbulent or ambitious, and the most innocent hands of all other arts. Wherefore I am of Aristotle's opinion, that a commonwealth of husbandmen, and such is ours, must be the best of all others.” In political matters he manages to combine a strong prejudice in favour of the gentry with an intellectual appreciation of the virtues of

the people. His constitution is dictated to the people by the *Archon* but the people are left, in theory, sovereign. Odd devices reveal his rather freakish mind—such as those which provide state annuities for spinsters and double taxation on both bachelors and childless parents. Strumpets are whipped and profanity both in poetry and on the stage is severely punished ; but state censorship is offset by a subsidised theatre and a poet laureateship based on a popular vote, while sports and dancing of a modest character are encouraged. Local government is entirely democratic although the government of the capital, in its resemblance to the aristocratic government of seventeenth-century London, reveals the same compromise between popular and privileged control.

Fundamentally, Harrington believes in the victory of pure Reason tempered by commonsense ; “ a commonwealth is a monarchy ; to her God is king, inasmuch as reason, His dictate, is her sovereign power.” Commonsense creeps in when he adds that “ the best rule as to your laws in general is, that they be few.” Harrington did not set out to write an elaborate Utopia although his thought is entirely Utopian. It was the rigour of the Commonwealth censorship that forced him to put into the form of a Utopia his projected constitution for a New England. He intended his suggestions to be taken seriously and he published them not only in the form of *Oceana* but also in a number of pamphlets and even in poetical dialogue form. His plan was discussed in the Rota, a debating club formed for the purpose and intimately described by Aubrey ; it was even mooted to the commonwealth parliament and many political figures gave it their support ; but it was stillborn and it was left to a later generation of constitution makers in America and in France to make use of parts of his plan. The essence of the scheme was its practicability. Perhaps this is due to the fact that despite Harrington's obvious

mysticism he never advocated a device which had not already been successfully employed in some state or city. In both the Carolina Constitution of 1669 and that of Pennsylvania which followed, many of Harrington's ideas were adopted and it has been held that the French constitution of the year VIII was at least in part Sieyès' copy of *Oceana*, adapted and adopted by Bonaparte who so resembled the Oliver Cromwell that Harrington had in mind.

That Harrington was no socialist is clear from his opening words : " To hold, that Government may be founded upon the community, is to hold, that there may be a black swan, or a Castle in the Ayr." But Harrington had anticipated one of the fundamental premises of socialism, that political power depends upon the distribution of economic power. Despite his belief in Reason, Harrington felt in some obscure way that community in selfishness was possible. Towards the end of his book he suddenly breaks out into an appeal to the people of England to adopt his political devices if they would be saved from political destruction :

" My dear Lords, Oceana is as the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley. As the lily among thorns, such is my love among the daughters. She is comely as the tents of Kedar, and terrible as an army with banners. Her neck is as the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers and shields of mighty men. Let me hear thy voice in the morning, whom my soul loves. The south has dropped, and the west is breathing upon the garden of spices. Arise, queen of the earth, arise, holy spouse of Jesus ; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth, the time for the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, I say, come forth, and do not tarry :

ah ! wherefore should my eyes behold thee by the rivers of Babylon, hanging thy harps upon the willows, thou fairest among women ?

Excellent patriots, if the people be sovereign, here is that which establishes their prerogative ; if we be sincere, here is that which disburdens our souls, and makes good all our engagements ; if we be charitable, here is that which embraces all parties ; if we would be settled, here is that which will stand and last for ever.

If our religion be anything else but a vain boast, scratching and defacing human nature or reason, which, being the image of God, makes it a kind of murder, here is that empire whence 'justice shall run down like a river, and judgment like a mighty stream.' Who is it then that calls us ? or, what is in our way ? A Lion ! Is it not the dragon, that old serpent ? For what wretched shifts are these ? Here is a great deal ; might we not have some of this at one time, and some at another ?

My Lords, permit me to give you the sum, or brief

EPITOME OF THE WHOLE COMMONWEALTH."

Harrington was one of the earliest to feel the evils of political instability and injustice, and although he spoke with the tongue of Locke, he felt with the heart of Blake.

CHAPTER VI

To sequester out of the world into Atlantick and Eutopian politics, which can never be drawn into use, will not mend our condition ; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably.

John Milton.

SOME MODERN FANTASIAS: MALLOCK AND HUDSON

WITH Mallock's *New Republic* we depart from reality and enter the realms of Victorian fantasy. In 1877 there came from the pen of the nephew of J. A. Froude the *New Republic* which, in the form of a Platonic dialogue in a Victorian setting, satirised his contemporaries. His later books were to prove that he was completely oblivious of the real trend of events in the industrial and political spheres and that he hoped to put back the hands of the clock with his rather ornate pen. The *New Republic* seemed however to bear a better promise. Dedicated to "Violet Fane", authoress of *The Queen of the Fairies*, it starts at a very elegant country house party, with an interminable discussion of what is the end of society, what is culture. It has some excellent *bon mots* such as Miss Merton's assertion that "a man of the highest culture is a sort of emotional *bon vivant*" and the sad dinner-table utterance of the historical professor, "What a terrible defeat that was which we had at Bouvines !" to which the lady replied that she had not yet seen it in the papers. Laurence, the host, who quotes his own translation of the Faust prologue, and who "don't care two straws about Liberty", but whose mind "is often set aglow by a good ode to her",

is a dilettante who is an incurable aristocrat ; he feels that " it requires certain natural advantages of position to look at or overlook life with that sympathetic and yet self-possessed way, which alone can give us a complete view of it." He quotes with approval his father's " Such a life of wisdom is, of course, only for the few. The wise must always be few, as the rich must. The poor must make fine food for the rich to eat. . . . We cannot all be happy in a natural way. It is at least best that some of us should be. . . . I had once hoped that the Middle Classes—that vast and useless body who have neither the skill that produces their wealth, nor the taste that can enjoy it—might prove themselves at least of some use by preserving the traditions of a sound respectable morality ; that they might have kept alive the nation's power of being shocked and scandalised at wit, or grace, or freedom. But no, they too are changed. With awkward halting gait they are waddling in the footsteps of their betters and they will soon have made vice as vulgar as they long ago made virtue." We might be listening to an Oscar Wilde comedy. Mr. Sanders, the young man from Oxford who is believed to be very clever and advanced, is a realist, perhaps even a positivist, who hopes for " the utter banishment, the utter destruction of all mystery and all mysticism, and consequently of that inscrutable difference between right and wrong. . . . Emancipated man will know no wrong save unhealthiness and unpleasantness." At dinner, Mr. Rose, the Pre-Raphaelite clergyman, who speaks in a dreamy undertone usually about self-indulgence or art, gives us his dream of a new London, all artistic, a renaissance of the old, " free from the presence of human vulgarity or the desolating noise of traffic ; nor in every spare space will your eyes be caught by abominable advertisements of excursion trains to Brighton, or of Horniman's Cheap Tea." This is 1877 ! " We shall

have houses, galleries, streets, theatres such as Giulio Romano or Giogio Vasari, or Giulio Campi would have rejoiced to look at ; we shall have metal works worthy of the hand of Ghiberti and the praise of Michel Angelo. We shall rival Domenico Beccafumi with our pavements." An exquisite fountain, a statue, a bust of Zeus, a Hermes or an Aphrodite glimmering in a laureled nook, a *Mater Dolorosa* looking down from her holy shrine. " Such a city would be the externalisation of the human spirit in the highest state of development that we can conceive for it." The architecture is not to be of one style but a renaissance of all styles. But it is all dream stuff. Dr. Jenkinson, who is Broad Church, reminds him that " We mustn't leap at Utopias, either religious or irreligious," and Mr. Luke justifies the present complacency by remarking that " the Cultured minority is infinitely in advance of the Philistine majority—which alone is, properly speaking, the present ; the minority being really the soul of the future waiting for its body, which at present can exist only in a Utopia." Lady Ambrose, who comes of an old but poor family and who had married a millionaire M.P., is very definite ; servants and the poor should not be allowed to sham culture. " We must put a stop to all this imitation of ourselves . . . it comes very much from giving our maids so many of our old clothes to wear," and she even suggests that the upper classes should speak a different language. Mr. Herbert, who hates factories, adds a poignant touch ; he would have the dead chemically treated so that they gave off a gas jet before which their sorrowing relatives might worship. He is engaged at the moment in collecting money to found a Utopia where Order and Justice are one.

The discussion broken by dinner and a sentimental interlude in the garden, centres round the suggestion of Leslie that they should verbally construct a Utopia.

All the guests contribute comments but none of them are capable of constructive thought. Fundamentally they all accept existing society with its class divisions, and even Professor Stockton of the Royal Society can do no more than call upon Science to lead.

Enough of this book. There is a lot of stimulating talk and simulated zeal. However, it is an admirable reflection of the attitude of many intelligent people towards social reform and the possibility of changing the present into a Utopian future.

Mallock is really only flirting with the idea of Utopia ; Hudson in his *Crystal Age* is thoroughly in earnest, but earnest with the light touch of genius.

A *Crystal Age* is as delightful as it is slight. It is essentially a poetic vision without too great an emphasis upon material necessities. Hudson himself calls it a "Romance of the Future" and, years later, observes that he was "amused at the way it is coloured by the little cults and crazes, and modes of thought of the eighties of the last century. They were so important then, and now, if remembered at all, they appear so trivial." It is true that the hero of his little Romance wore the knickerbockers of his age and that the inhabitants of his imaginary Utopia were happy in an environment that was nothing more than a translation into practice of some of the then advanced ideas on art, morality and politics. The fact, however, that the book is "dated" does not derogate from its value. The book itself is written with that persuasive lucidity that marks all Hudson's works and is so full of pleasant pictures that it deserves a little shrine all for itself in one's Utopian heart.

Stunned by a fall among the rocks on a botanising expedition our young hero comes to his senses, like a mole coming to the surface of the earth, to find himself in a pleasant land of rolling hills. Gradually and

very deftly the reader is made aware that we are in a strange land ; the very animals seem surprised at the invasion of such a stupid human, the very nuts seemed strange to taste. Then a typically *fin de siècle* incident : a simple funeral cortège with its bronze censer and its members dressed in the best Burne-Jones style. They are the original Anglo-Saxons and the men of the future, the old man, tall and spare and majestic, snowy-white beard, straight as an arrow, free in his movements, clad in a deep yellow robe embroidered with flowers ; the younger men in tunic over a shirt and long stockings cross-gartered, the women lovely in their sleeveless tunics. All their garments are bright with variegated colour. This same colourful quality pervades the book. The inevitable young girl, so lovely, so lovable, so noble, is the symbol of the whole. She wears a dress that neither hampers her liquid movements nor wantonly displays her charms ; green eyes, wonderfully pure, her hair falling in tendrilled abandon to her shoulders, golden black in colour ; her forehead is broader and deeper, her nose a bolder feature, her lips more slender and the whole colouring more vivid than in ordinary mortals. We are in an artist's studio come to life ; we are about to see a pageant Utopia.

Our hero is discovered, tells his story and of course is not believed ; no one has ever heard of England ; no one can believe anybody ever had such a name as Smith or wore such uncouth clothes, and so thick is his speech that he is scarce understood. He is treated courteously and soon begins to discover the strangeness of his surroundings. Not only have these charming people never heard of Eve, Plato or the Duke of Wellington, but they have never even heard of cities. Luckily, of course, the lovely girl—Yoletta is her lovely name—is at hand to mitigate the worst of his conversa-

tional misunderstandings. When they talk together it is "like men calling to each other in a high wind, hearing voices but not able to distinguish words." They come to the House. Of reddish grey stone, it seems hewn out of the rock itself; it is a dwelling place of but one floor, weather worn in its antiquity, noble, ivy clad. The House is the very core of this simple sincere society. The House is eternal; it was never built, it is never changed, it is the mother of them all and the old man is their common Father. In appearance it, too, is dated: stone and bronze, inlaid with lovely metals, coloured with mosaics of no precise pattern, statuary holding the eye at relevant points, a stained glass window of an exquisite naturalness that William Morris alone could have envisaged. Smith—and Hudson cleverly preserves for us his boorish culture—is impressed by the magnificence but oblivious of the subtlety and meaning of his surroundings. The evening meal is the centre of the day and its vegetarian dishes are sweetened by conversation; but he soon finds himself in difficulties. Even the birds that fly to every table avoid him because, as he is told, they are disturbed by his outlandish appearance. He offers to buy some of the rich mysterious clothes and this again shocks everyone into a deathly silence and then sudden laughter. Money does not exist among them; and he must work if he is to be rewarded with clothes. As he is unable to create artistically he perforce becomes a manual labourer. The evening is concluded by communal singing or by a reading from one of the beautifully illuminated books that only such a society could produce. The occasion provides Hudson with an opportunity to inform the reader (and Mr. Smith) of a little of the past history of the community and their philosophy. Riches, power, domination, the spirit of aggression, the killing of animals for food, ambition, all these are anathema;

only the simple life in natural surroundings is good. The unit of society is the country mansion full of lovely things, peopled by lovely creatures who co-operate with nature in reaping the harvest and who live together in amity a collegiate life under a patriarchal governor.

Smith starts the next day well with a bathe in company with the rest of the household. Sent into the fields to plough he is a little perturbed to find the plough horses magnificent beasts who respond to a whistle and who seem as intelligent as he. He is more perturbed in the evening when his best singing is treated as a cacophonous insult, but he soon learns to appreciate the haunting music that comes from the revolving brass spheres, music resembling that of the Spheres. However, he is like a butterfly in his new clothes so admirably fitting and so carefully harmonised to set off his appearance and he soon begins to learn the language, taught by the fair Yoletta. Soon, however, he again becomes conscious of his own stupidity. As the days roll on he naturally falls in love with her, but, of course, fails to realise that everyone here loves everyone else in a strangely deep but un-animal fashion. Finally, he learns that only a disciplined emotion is acceptable and that bitterness or mere desire are hateful. The real ruler of the House is the Mother whom all worship and whose word is Law.

Then come thirty days of desolation. Yoletta in anger tears a page of the Book of the House and has to suffer, for any injury to the House is severely punished. The only punishment is seclusion from the rest of her fellow creatures and for thirty long days Smith does not see her. It is then that he learns the full secret of happiness of this people from the lips of the old men.

“At night we sleep ; in the morning we bathe ; we

eat when we are hungry, converse when we feel inclined, and on most days labour a certain number of hours. But more than these things, which have a certain amount of pleasure in them, are the precious moments when nature reveals herself to us in all her beauty. We give ourselves wholly to her then, and she refreshes us ; the splendour fades, but the wealth it brings to the soul remains to gladden us. That must be a dull spirit that cannot suspend its toil when the sun is setting in glory, or the violet rainbow appears on the cloud. Every day brings its special moments to gladden us, just as we have in the house every day our time of melody and recreation. But this supreme and more enduring glory of nature comes only once every year ; and while it lasts, all labour except that which is pressing and necessary, is unseemly, and an offence to the Father of the world."

Perhaps poor Smith's oddest experience is when he learns that he is to be punished for being ill. He has pined during Yoletta's imprisonment and on the day of her release slaves at tree felling until he falls into a fever. At first he resents the threat of punishment but is soon persuaded that he really has committed an offence against the community in that he has caused it distress. Happily he is pardoned by the Mother who cannot but approve his over-great love for Yoletta. His illness leaves in him a languor in which his passion abates but remains as constant.

The story ends in a magical oblivion. Smith, unable to bear the thought of never having Yoletta to wife, drinks of the cold magic yellow liquid that brings relief from pain ; slowly strength ebbs from him, his limbs grow cold and stiff ; sounds cease in everlasting silence.

Such is the picture of the Crystal Age which Hudson presents ; it is as lovable as the author, as transparent and full of that love of all the beauties of nature which characterises every word he uttered. The picture, it is

true, reflects the spirit of a particular age and as such it has a very limited appeal, but the reader's interest is preserved until the very last minute ; during the last few pages the suspense is almost intolerable and in its melancholy ending it adds an element of surprise to the fairy-tale beatitude of the rest of the story. The balanced sincere language and the evident care with which it is written marks *A Crystal Age* as a little gem of literature. The central characters are sympathetically and admirably done and an air of reality is given to this fairy-land community that almost shocks us to-day. Given the hypothesis, then every sequence follows naturally ; but to-day this hypothesis would not be acceptable. We can ignore or we can admire the setting, the rich colouring and romanticism of the sartorial and architectural background ; we are prepared to accept the possibility that a collegiate community of this kind might well function in such beautiful surroundings under such a benevolent patriarchal government and with such charming people. We might even be prepared to waive the question as to the exact economic basis of such a community but in its essence the story rings false. We are led to understand that the normal human passions have been sublimated in artistic creation, artistic appreciation, and community of fellowship based upon function. Every individual in this model community finds, as of nature, his right function to perform ; no coercion is applied except to prevent injuries either to the spirit of the community or to its material treasures. When that coercion is applied every individual accepts punishment without question. Allegiance is based upon affection, but it is at this point that the modern critic would protest. What lifeless affections are these that every young man and every young woman feels but a brotherly or sisterly affection, that none of the human passions is given scope and that the natural mating of human society is replaced by a

selective preference? Mating is only for those few individuals who are able to pass the moral test which is too stringent for that worldling Mr. Smith intruding upon this gossamer-like spirituality. Throughout the story the personality of the Father is over-shadowed by the spirit of the Mother which broods over the whole household. Smith is tortured by his inability to discover whether normal human passion and mating is permitted. When at last he discovers that it is permitted only to those few who can bear with equanimity the torment of a self-imposed discipline in passion then he loses heart and seeks relief by drinking the fatal potion. Such an unreal basis of society cannot be tolerated by us for one minute to-day. The gossamer web has been broken and fairy-land is seen to be the fairy-land comparable only to one of those richly coloured illustrations which the artists of the 'eighties produced with such care for the fairy tales and mediæval romances that were then the fashion. Hudson appears to be more concerned with the moral aspect than with the Utopian. From time to time the story is held up while a little moral sermon is preached and the ending reflects the tragedy of a man of this world who is unable to accommodate himself to this ethereal world of fantasy. But Hudson is too great an artist ever to preach the sermon direct to us and we are left to derive the moral ourselves: that unless the materialism and unbridled desire of modern life are subordinated to spiritual values of more delicate quality, then Utopia will never be discovered.

CHAPTER VII

UTOPIAS UNDERGROUND: LYTTON AND TARDE

THE Victorian fantasies of two so different men as Mallock and Hudson reveal a way of escape for sensitive minds, escape from the grim reality of the industrial age that seemed to be overwhelming the niceties of life in the Western World. Mallock escaped by accepting and Hudson by rejecting the existing structure of society. Others reconciled themselves to the inevitable economic process by comparing the present with a fictitious future springing from the present. In two such Utopias which I have chosen as typical from the mass of contemporary flights into prophetic fancy, the two possible modes of treatment are exemplified. The author must draw such a picture of the future as will either cause a feeling of revulsion to arise in the mind of the reader or engender in him a gentle sense of superiority. In either case the ultimate effect is the same; the reader emerges from the story more ready to accept the present and to agree that perhaps this is not such a bad old world after all. Lytton's *Coming Race* is quite a clever variation on the theme in the former mode and Tarde's *Underground Man* in the latter. Lytton cleverly lets an impression grow in the reader's mind that this Coming Race has built a worthy civilisation, has at its command devices besides which the mechanics of Western Europe are children's toys, and has produced men and women who over-top the puny mortals of nineteenth-century England by all the wisdom of the ages. Gradually, however, this sense of

our inferiority dies and we see, just as the hero felt, that these mortals are inhuman and that their realm is no place for mortal man. M. Tarde has a grace of phrase and a dancing imagination that makes Lytton's book appear a very prosaic effort, but he is in reality saying the same thing. In *Underground Man* a superior race, produced by the inverted process of elimination, is seen posturing in a world free from material appliances and contemplating its own cultural navel in a truly Gallic fashion. But we laugh with him and return to this sad grim world refreshed, as by a holiday abroad, and content once more to be content with the humdrum material existence and spasmodic culture that our own world offers. The two books have, in addition, another element of similarity, although it is quite irrelevant; both these inverted Utopias are underground.

Butler, in his preface to the second edition of *Erewhon*, went out of his way to declare that he had had no knowledge of *The Coming Race* when he wrote *Erewhon*. To us it would appear that there is scarcely a point of similarity between these two books, the one the product of a caustic cynical wit and the other of a successful and prolific novelist. Lytton plunges into his story with no philosophical musings. By the eighth page the hero had learned of an underground world, had made a descent into the bowels of the earth, seen his companion dashed to death and consumed by a "prehistoric" beast who emerged from the rocks, and unexpectedly found himself deserted in an unknown world. The quality of this underground civilisation is symbolically expressed by the picture of the first underground man that he sees. "It was the face of man, but yet of a type of man distinct from our known existent races. The nearest approach to it in outline and expression is the face of the sculptured Sphinx—so regular in its calm, intellectual beauty." These men had not only discovered mechanical marvels

which permitted them to fly with artificial wings, to control electrical discharges and to construct functioning robots to slave for them, but they had also discovered the secrets of telepathy, hypnotism, and had perfected what we might call a practical form of psychiatry. With a single rod, which children could use, they were able to destroy great monsters at a distance and perform huge tasks of labour without distress. With their psychological technique they could change the mood of a person, and send him to sleep for protracted periods, could induce affection, could inculcate ideas and knowledge.

It took our hero a little while to discover these things ; luckily he had been discovered by one of the superior persons in this strange world and was kindly treated as a curiosity. At first the community was inclined to exterminate him as alien and a possible danger but he was lucky enough to win the sympathy of his host's small son. He was gradually permitted freedom to observe the economy and habits of this society and as he learned the language he won the affection of the daughter, Zee.

He learned that these people had a legend that once upon a time they had lived above ground but had been forced by a great Flood to take refuge in caverns ; some survived but could never return owing to cataclysmic changes and they gradually adapted themselves to their new environment. At first, there was perpetual competition and conflict but when once they had discovered " Vril ", conflict ceased. Vril is that essence of matter of which so many alchemists have dreamed ; with it they performed all their mechanical and psychological marvels. The importance of the discovery is best seen in the fact that so destructive was it that for two armies to meet, each so armed, meant mutual annihilation. These people therefore abandoned conflict and concentrated on fighting underground nature. To do this to

best advantage they decided to keep the communities small in size by regular emigration, to elect a dictator and to establish equality of status without establishing equality of wealth. Lord Lytton is a little naïve in his treatment of the major problems of economics and of politics. The dictator, or "Tur", was given no honours to distinguish him from the rest of the citizens and, it was argued, no man would covet his position. There was no crime and in fact no law save an occasional amicable arbitration; the possessor of a Vril Staff could never be coerced and a general law-abiding spirit prevailed. Anyone who differed from the community could emigrate; no one was so poor as to feel resentment. The economic system is not very fully described. Competition did not exist, no speculative transactions marred the stability of the group, every family was originally granted a share of the common resources and, besides, the rich always responded to an appeal for help. The State provided both power and light from vast central stations; no servants or labourers existed, for all labour was performed by children who with the help of a Vril Staff could manage complicated machinery, destroy pestiferous reptiles, perform household tasks, farm, and even staff those services that protected the State from the threat of fire, flood and windstorms. An odd inversion of the problem of poverty was practised by this community. The children who did all the work (they even ran the shops) were so well paid that when they came of age they had no further economic worries. There was no incentive to accumulate more wealth because every luxury was at their disposal and wealth did not carry power. If any unfortunate got rid of all his wealth, and had either alienated the generosity of his friends and relations or refused to emigrate, then he was put in an asylum as a man out of his mind, provided with every luxury, and pitied by all. The normal man

hated that as much as he hated the burden of too great a house or possessions.

The architecture and domestic arrangements were bizarre ; exotic singing birds, crystal furniture, tessellated jewelled walls, cushions and divans in oriental splendour, all fragrant with gold censers burning ; hanging balconies and a profusion of flowers completed a typical room. Such a description prepares the reader for the exceptional position which women occupied in this strange underground world. Women possessed full equal rights with men. Girls had the same education as boys, performed the same state functions and were equally remunerated. There followed a period of segregation until they reached marriageable age. Perhaps the most interesting of Lytton's contributions to the problem of sex is contained in his suggestion that equality and rights between the sexes can only come when the woman is physically superior to the man. These women certainly were ; they attained in maturity a larger stature, they were harder in sinew and muscle, they were more ruthless in will-power and, above all, by their greater sympathy with the Spirit of Vril they had acquired great control over its emanations. They were consequently superior in a physical sense in that they possessed greater control over the destructive Vril stick. No husband would be likely to anger a wife possessed of so potent a weapon. Moreover, this sympathy with Vril gave to women a greater subtlety of mind and enabled them to display a more profound agility in the speculative sciences and a fuller command of those psychological powers associated with Vril. By the fortunate application of common sense many centuries previously, the women of this state bound themselves and their successors never to use their Vril superiority in conjugal matters. Long ago a woman had killed her husband ; whereupon the entire male population had emigrated. This of course left all the

women husbandless. They had therefore destroyed the murderess and then taken this female pledge. Here Lytton reveals his consummate skill as an author, in combining a naïveté of suggestion with a convincingness that is picturesque. The incident related is amusing; the solution is agreeable and the reader is persuaded not to probe below the surface of the argument. But let us be heretical and read between the lines. In this little story is to be found the real secret of the success of this strange society. It is solely by their intuitive and collective reasonableness that they had been able to avoid the mistakes of those human societies with which the author and his readers are familiar. No explanation is given, but we are led to assume that by virtue of a common familiarity with Vril all the members of this community were *au fond* reasonable creatures, capable of intelligent co-operation in the interests of the community both immediate and in the future. Lytton proceeds; this incident altered the marriage customs. Marriage ceased to be a permanent tie and became a contract for three years only, at the end of which period either party might divorce the other. At the end of ten years the husband might take a second wife and the first might retire if she pleased. This permissive polygamy and easy divorce was, however, rarely employed, for either prospect apparently intimidated the superior female who learned to restrain herself and to be a devoted wife, while the male, being a creature of custom, did not really desire a change. Women retained their privilege of taking the initiative in wooing; it was they, not the young men, who proposed and when in search of a husband they would wear grey to indicate their colourless state. As a consequence and as a result of the women's superior command of the mysterious Vril, no old maids existed; every maiden was handsome, bold, and possessed magic powers and could in the long run conquer any male she

desired. They argued that unless she got her man no woman could be either happy or good, but that a mere male was easily diverted from one young woman to whom he had taken a fancy and was really quite happy provided he was well cared for, being a creature of comfort and less interested in conjugality. Finally, once the woman had won the man she set her heart on she was content to abandon her wings and spend the rest of her life obeying him. Thus illicit unions never existed. These unusual ideas provide the author with his plot, slight as it is. Zee had set her heart on the stranger and, defying her community instinct and the definite injunctions of her parents and the community, she even dared indulge in treason and finally assisted the hero to escape back to a more normal world.

Before he departed, however, he was to learn many things ; it was while learning the language that he was given a little political dissertation by the fair Zee. He learned, also, that the Vril word for government by the masses was "Koom-Posh", which signified a most complete contempt, that "Pah-booh" was the contemptuous description of un-utilitarian philosophic speculation, that there was no genitive case, that "Zoo" was the diminutive of affection, as for example "Zoo little pet" which a mother might croon to her child. He, himself, was called "Tish", which meant literally a froglet or little barbarian.

The Vrilya worshipped God the architect of the Universe, the emanation of Vril, which is in turn to be found in every man and woman of their community. They worshipped in public and in private but never at great length and they believed in the immortality of all matter. They were therefore vegetarian except that they drank milk. Hence too their joyful attitude towards death, which signified a return to essential matter after the unpleasantness of life. Their religion was com-

pletely correlated with their social organisation. The amount of Vril a man possessed determined his ability to acquire wealth, to be a useful member of society and so to attain a social status. Thus there was equal rank in that all possessed Vril, but a gradation of wealth and function. As all possessed Vril co-operation was easy. The use of Vril had superseded machines ; no factories were worked by mass labour and Vril made the development of the resources of their world an easy matter. Trade was carried on with distant communities but the chief occupation of the community, other than the provision of communal lighting and power for use in the home, was agricultural. There were cities and the bulk of the population lived in them but worked on the land, thereby enjoying both the urban and the rural life. The cities were magnificently planned and reminded our hero of the architectural paintings of John Martin. Great squares, terraced gardens, broad streets, fine shops. The problem of city traffic did not arise because all used wings for swift locomotion. Every house was luxurious and the entire population seemed to live in an atmosphere of mechanical music. They were dainty in their food and drink and innocent in their pleasure. As the work of the community was performed by the children and as wealth was assured to all, the men became increasingly lazy and contented and the countenances of all presented an appearance of unworried sweetness and beauty. Happiness was indeed the ultimate purpose of the community and it was the function of the best endowed to guide the many to that happiness.

Tish discovered that all his ideas of democracy were regarded by these people as nonsense. They had memories of the time of Koom-Posh when democracy reigned and how it had resulted in endless conflict and finally in the indescribable chaos of war, civil war and inter-community war. This chaos had resulted in

despotisms which in turn had been replaced by a regulated aristocracy under the Tur. He was dictator for life, nominated by his predecessor. He it was who allocated all administrative posts and no one felt able to refuse the burden of such a nomination. The men were lazy and therefore devoid of political ambition. Hence there was no competition for power.

Their time was divided into "days" of twenty hours, for eight of which they slept; they worked another eight, and four were left for pleasure. The climate was naturally unchanging and this, together with their social environment and habits, had prolonged the duration of life; few died before they were a hundred years old and all enjoyed good health to the last. They were vegetarians, total abstainers, were free from competition, free from economic anxiety and were surrounded by affection. In artistic matters there was nothing very inspiring. Literature and drama, except for repetition from antiquity and the production of utilitarian scientific literature, was non-existent. A state of social and political perfection had been reached and there was no incentive to create a political literature; as equality had been achieved there was no impulse to individual ambition; as the Vrilya had satisfied themselves as to the nature of God and the Universe there was no philosophic speculation. History was for them, as for Gibbon, nothing but the record of the stupidities of the past, and the old passions of war and lust had no appeal. There were in fact no outstanding virtues, for such as existed, the social virtues were common to all. Poetry was dead save for descriptive verse. Melodies and the harmony of chords sufficed to satisfy all their poetic craving. They preserved past literature, a little illogically it seemed, and all might read it, but apparently it had lost its vicious power to arouse emotions. No political societies existed or would be tolerated and any who

presumed to revive past emotions or habits would be promptly exterminated for the good and peace of the community.

The story continues. Tish, to his horror, discovered that Zee is falling in love with him. She had made several voyages to distant parts, as was the custom among the young women, to discover a suitable husband but had found none and now was concentrating on poor Tish. He knew the authorities would not permit her to marry him and he was not over-pleased at her advances. He knew that if Zee exerted her charms he was helpless and so appealed to her father. Alph-Lin was not very helpful. He merely remarked that if Zee got her way, Tish would be reduced to a cinder by the community and all he could do was to prevent Zee proposing to him. After all, she could not compel him to marry but only entice him.

When Lytton has exhausted the oddities of this community he has to remove his hero and bring his story to a close. He does it neatly. Zee was made jealous by the attentions of the daughter of the Chief Magistrate, a young maiden who was not displeasing to the sentimental Tish; Zee rudely snatched him away from the party and ignominiously put him to sleep. He awoke and immediately began to wish he were back in a more normal world. In came Zee, Tish chided her only to learn that she would do anything for him and he was promptly very miserable. He was even more miserable when he learned from the magistrate's son that he had been ordered painlessly to destroy this young barbarian with whom his sister had fallen in love. Tur was adamant and finally in the depth of night Zee helped him to escape back to the world above and herself returned to unhappiness below.

The book ends with our hero suffering from an incurable disease and taking the opportunity of telling

the world the strange things he has seen and which he feels sure no one will believe. His community might be ours. Earlier he had thought that "The exquisite politeness and refinement of manners among the Vrilya, the generosity of their sentiments, the absolute leisure they enjoy for following out their own private pursuits, the amenities of their domestic intercourse, in which they seem as members of one noble order that can have no distrust of each other's word or deed, all combine to make the Vrilya the most perfect nobility which a political disciple of Plato or Sidney could conceive for the ideal of an aristocratic republic." Later he began to feel that, "Whatever our dreams of perfectibility, our restless aspirations towards a better, and higher, and calmer sphere of being, we, the mortals of the upper world, are not trained or fitted to enjoy for long the very happiness of which we dream or to which we aspire.

"Now in this social state of the Vrilya, it was singular to mark how it contrived to unite and to harmonise into one system nearly all the objects which the various philosophers of the upper world have placed before human hopes as the ideals of a Utopian future. It was a state in which war, with all its calamities, was deemed impossible, a state in which the freedom of all and each was secured to the uttermost degree, without one of those animosities which make freedom in the upper world depend on the perpetual strife of hostile parties. Here the corruption which debases democracies was as unknown as the discontents which undermine the thrones of monarchies. Equality here was not a name; it was a reality. Riches were not persecuted, because they were not envied. Here those problems connected with the labours of a working class, hitherto insoluble above ground, and above ground conducing to such bitterness between classes, were solved by a process the simplest—a distinct and separate working class was dispensed with

altogether. Mechanical inventions, constructed on principles that baffled my research to ascertain, worked by an agency infinitely more powerful and infinitely more easy of management than aught we have yet extracted from electricity or steam, with the aid of children whose strength was never over-taxed, but who loved their employment as sport and pastime, sufficed to create a Public-wealth so devoted to the general use that not a grumbler was ever heard of. The vices that rot our cities, here had no footing. Amusements abounded, but they were all innocent. No merry makings conduced to intoxication, to riot, to disease. Love existed, and was ardent in pursuit, but its object, once secured, was faithful. The adulterer, the profligate, the harlot, were phenomena so unknown in this commonwealth, that even to find the words by which they were designated one would have had to search throughout an obsolete literature composed thousands of years before." And he finally concludes that "If you would take a thousand of the best and most philosophical of human beings you could find in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, or even Boston, and place them as citizens in this beatified community, my belief is, that in less than a year they would either die of *ennui*, or attempt some revolution by which they would militate against the good of the community, and be burnt into cinders at the request of Tur."

Not only would such a community fail to breed a single genius, not only would such a society destroy individual initiative but any attempt by mere mortals to participate in such a life would be doomed to failure on account of their very virtues and their very vices.

Gabriel Tarde's *Underground Man* is at first sight so different in texture and in content that to place it side by side with *The Coming Race* may appear ridiculous and unfair to the latter; but the essential similarity is there.

“ The whole of Tarde is in this little book.

“ He has put into it along with a charming fancy his genialness and depth of spirit, his ideas on the influence of art and the importance of love, in an exceptional social milieu.

“ This agreeable day-dream is vigorously thought out. On reading it we fancy we are again seeing and hearing Tarde. In order to indulge in a repetition of the illusion, a pious friendship has desired to clothe this fascinating work in an appropriate dress.”

The whole of M. Tarde may indeed be in this book but after all the fuss Mr. H. G. Wells makes of it in his preface the book appears a very slight thing indeed. Tarde “ pursues a course of elusive ironies ; sometimes he jests at contemporary ideas by imagining them in burlesque realisation, sometimes he jests at contemporary facts by transposing them into strange surroundings.” So writes Mr. Wells who complacently dares to suggest that there is some slight comparison between the Last Man of M. Tarde’s *Underground World* and his own Grand Lunar in the *First Men in the Moon*. The book is slight with that Gallic slightness that is a sign of grace of mind.

Towards the end of the twentieth century a fortunate speeding-up of the refrigeration of the world occurred and whole civilisations that had previously felt immune from the onslaught of the glacier and the snowdrift were overwhelmed in a night. The intelligent and cultured few—the young, be it noted, for the old had perished at the first icy blast of destruction—with that biological urge for self-preservation that distinguishes the higher ape migrated, with all the treasures of culture and art they could lay their hands upon, to Babylon and the warmth of the desert. Still the cold descended and there was left but one hall full of elegance and wit to defy the

silent destruction of humanity. Then up spake Miltiades, a wound-scarred adventurer, half Slav, half Breton, who had come to save mankind. After having had the joy of engaging in fight a highly primitive tribe of savages who spoke English and read the Bible, after having escaped the lunatic asylum only by the subtlety of his psychological adviser and after having crossed on foot the Atlantic frozen solid, he had arrived in Babylon to protract man's struggle against an inevitable destruction. Speaking as if from the rostrum he broached his suggestion.

"The situation is serious," said he, "nothing like it has been seen since the geological epochs. Is it irretrievable? No! (*Hear! Hear!*) Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. An idea, a glimmer of hope has flashed upon me, but it is so strange, I shall never dare to reveal it to you. (*Speak! Speak!*) No, I dare not, I shall never dare to formulate this project. You would believe me to be still insane. You desire it, you promise me to listen to the end to my absurd and extravagant project? (*Yes! Yes!*) Even to give it a fair trial? (*Yes! Yes!*) Well! I will speak. (*Silence!*)"

Finally he pronounced his solution.

"There, below, far below, lies the promised Eden, the abode of deliverance and of bliss: there, and there alone, are still innumerable conquests and discoveries to be made! (*Bravos on the left.*) Ought I to draw my conclusion? (*Yes! Yes!*) Let us descend unto these depths; let us make these abysses our sure retreat. The mystics had a sublime presentiment when they said in their Latin: 'From the outward to the inward.' The earth calls us to its inner self."

With a wealth of detail he pointed the way to the Neo-Troglodytism which was to be inaugurated in the deliciously gentle warmth of underground where inex-

haustible supplies of power and light would be provided free.

Preparations were made for the descent (we are not told who performed these Herculean tasks), and finally the small band of elegants descended to find in magnificent caverns and grottos all the treasures of the world displayed for their delectation. Inexhaustible supplies of frozen food could be obtained merely by burrowing upwards to the markets and warehouses of old towns. Thus the survivors buried themselves in order to rise again and to promote a civilisation totally divorced from material cares. In the luxurious spaciousness of these endless catacombs, the remnants of humanity could devote their entire energies to the arts of pleasant conversation, the excavation of fantastic grottos in which to live, the pleasures of companionship and the exotic joys of mathematical calculation. The incomplete mathematical formulæ of centuries remained to be completed by generations of students who had nothing else to do. So skilled did they become that their scientists discovered a practicable method of steering balloons and they actually reproduced by phonographic record in this underground elysium the very sounds and sights of the former outside world. (The nightingale was a disappointment, an unmelodic cacophony to these delicately attuned spirits.)

With the end of utilitarian activity was discovered the secret of human happiness. All living matter, animal and vegetable, mankind only excepted, had been eliminated. The cold had killed all germs, habitation was available for the mere carving out of a new cavern, food supplies available with the minimum of effort from the outside world. Economics had died unlamented and society had become so purified that it consisted of nothing but the mutual exchange of reflections. "Henceforth . . . society reposes not on the exchange of services but on the exchange of admiration or criticism, of

favourable or unfavourable judgments. The anarchical regime of greed in all its forms has been succeeded by the autocratic government of enlightened opinion, which has become supreme."

So free was this new society that it dispersed into natural groups to form a city of painters, a city of sculptors, a city of musicians, of poets, of physicists, of psychologists, cities of every description save one. Unfortunately owing to the importunity and unsociability of professional psychologists no city of philosophers could be formed. A group of philosophers, however, used to meet in a grotto sitting on granite blocks beside a petrifying well.

Art flourished but it was the art of interior decoration, for the architect could no longer regard the outside as the formal, but with an excavating machine and with the help of stalactitic nature he performed wonders of interior artistry. Symmetry was abandoned for a phantasia reminiscent of the pillared hall of Karnak. All life was urban in this the most civilised form of life. Every individual lived among those he admired, artists admiring artists, physicists physicists and in this geniocentric republic harmony inevitably prevailed. Culture, pleasurable intercourse and the social graces were preserved by the single threat of ostracism or expulsion to the realms above. Patriotism was dead for the corporate spirit had exterminated it. Family ties had died with the freeing of love. Finally the realisation of the inelasticity of their food supply forced this society to restrict the population. Unlawful procreation was punished. (Offenders for the second time were thrown into a lake of petroleum.) The social sense of the community soon provided a sanction for this compulsion and it became "unheard of . . . for a woman in love to abandon herself to her lover before the latter had under her inspiration produced a masterpiece which is adjudged and proclaimed as such by his rivals. . . .

The right to have children is the monopoly and supreme recompense of genius." Genius was therefore evoked by biological instinct and a child could only be produced for every work of art.

These people could when necessary be ruthless. The little burrowing Chinese had also sought safety in the interior of the earth but, shamelessly giving themselves up to ancestral cannibalism and with infinite pains raising underground diminutive vegetables in diminutive beds of soil, they had neglected to bring with them their treasure of culture. When our Neo-Babylonians made contact with them and discovered the barbarousness of the Chinese they sealed up their galleries and abandoned them to their fate.

Unfortunately their scientific zeal outran their discretion and when it was proclaimed that bread could be made from stones the population began to increase and the number of masterpieces proportionately to diminish. The account ends with the delightful insinuation that when finally the sun once more appeared it would be the more stupid and less artistic part of the population that would return to the surface of the globe; the more intelligent would remain below.

Tarde thus completes his circle of cynical satire. He was a professional lawyer and an amateur philosopher and psychologist. Throughout his life he had observed man in action under a microscope and in this delicate fantasy he has satirised the spiritual by eliminating the material and has suggested that a Utopia in which the inhabitants do not keep their feet firmly on the earth would encourage its members to dissipate their energies in an auto-erotic admiration of their own cleverness. Utopists have usually been accused of carrying their heads too high in the clouds. By a mordant inversion M. Tarde relieves all future Utopists of the necessity of replying to the charge.

CHAPTER VIII

*And is the goal so far away ?
Far, how far, no tongue can tell :
Let us have our dream to-day.*

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson
(from an Ode sung at the Exhibition, 1862).*

*L'avenir, c'est nous mêmes.
Saint-Simon.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN SOCIALIST UTOPIAS : CABET AND PEMBERTON

FROM the end of the middle ages until the advent of Industrialism, Utopia sought to create either a society founded on will-power, reason, godliness or one devoted to the simple life of nature. It is superficially strange that the eighteenth century, the Age of Reason, should contain so many men who fled from reason and who thought to find happiness in a life such as was enjoyed by the Noble Savage ; but the explanation is not difficult to find. It is, indeed, just when the rational aspirations of man are high that the most despondent disillusion is possible. So elevated were men's ideals that the futility of ever achieving them appeared the more certain. The Age of Reason was, even in the most advanced European states, an age in which Reason was worshipped but not obeyed, in which Reason was cultivated by the leisured few but unknown to the practising many. The eighteenth century was an age of political despotisms ; it was more, it was an age of inefficient despotisms. Frederick of Prussia alone could claim that his word was law ; elsewhere in Europe, Kings were in theory omnipotent but

beyond the palace walls all was muddle and inefficiency. Catherine of Russia knew nothing of the people she ruled and left her government to nobles ; Charles of Spain or John of Portugal might seem vested with the sceptre of authority but on the hills and in the valleys crime ran unchecked and the tax-collector was fortunate if he returned safely with even a small bag full of pieces. Italy was anticipating Mr. Gladstone's journalism and erecting into a system the negation of government ; Germany was a medley of hierarchies and dynasties in competition and there was a heavy discontent at the ineptitude of government. Even Joseph of Austria, who at least had a tidy mind, found he could destroy, but with difficulty reconstruct. Everywhere men were deceived by foreign adventurers and charlatans ; everywhere the glorious reason of mankind was impotent. It is not strange therefore that men turned to fantasy and, with that incorrigible determination to be always right that distinguishes civilised western man, they fled from reason and yet maintained they were seeking it. They turned to the fiction of the single, happy, unhurried, unexploited life of the Noble Savage and declared that in his instinctive knowledge of how to live was to be seen the grand Law of Nature that overshadowed Aristotle's *Politics*, was the essence of the Stoic Universe, was the finest savour of Roman jurisprudence and that in mediæval Christendom found its fullest expression. Nature would give men back their reason. This revulsion from organised civilised society produced a host of fanciful essays many of which can truly be called Utopias. They are, however, so similar that a brief word can describe them all. Complete naturalness is their key word ; the naturalness of a simple life in simple surroundings free from the cares of a complex world ; the naturalness of the emotions released from the vexatious restrictions of social conventions, and the naturalness of thought that

would turn to know God and cause man to love his fellow creatures. This desire to escape has rarely been so fully and freely expressed and it led to some ridiculous conventions or symbolic escapes, such as the affectations of dandies at Court or the more useful but rarely more sincere affectation of wearing a Wedgwood carved brooch of a negro's head as a challenge to slavery. Greek and Latin would be quoted in extenuation of this affected simplicity and learned treatises dissected human nature to discover the natural roots of action.

Rousseau's *Emile* and the Swiss educationalist school pointed to the same Utopia. The *Journey to the Hebrides* is as much an escape as a voyage of discovery made by the greatest Natural Man to investigate the noble savagery of England's northern barbarians. Fénelon in *Les Aventures de Télémaque* could combine a nostalgia for simplicity with an Attic salt to ridicule the pretentiousness of Louis XIV and to satirise a culture that had sacrificed virtue to luxury. He is unique in consciously employing a picture of the primitive as an object lesson without being himself deluded as to the nobility of the Savage he describes. The age is full of an affected savagery that indicates the impotence of men and women of culture in the face of political incompetence.

With the destruction of old institutions by the French Revolution and twenty years of war, came a liberation of the mind and feelings that displayed itself in fine schemes for the regeneration of mankind. The restoration of 1815 put back the old regime with a difference unnoticed at the time; once more the impotence of the cultured turned to fantasy. It was then that Romanticism gave birth to a bastard child; men began to imitate Gothic, to prostrate themselves before a ruin illumined by the dying sun, to love the spurious antique and the relic that had never possessed a sanctity of its own. Men dreamed dreams of a happier and better past in

which they saw the only hope of a splendid future. Such were the dreams of William Morris, and many dreamed with him. This longing to recreate the past is in reality a proof of the inability to create a future. Only Morris himself possessed a clarity of vision and an understanding that gives to *News from Nowhere* a significance that is lacking in other Utopias of this type.

There were, however, some robust minds that enjoyed the hustle and the dangers of Revolution and from them might have been expected some striking Utopia. We would be disappointed if we sought for Utopias from such men of action and it was not until there was added the economic to the political revolution that revolution gave birth to Utopia. It is one of the most striking things about the French Revolution that Property as such remained inviolate. Monarchies, aristocracies, merchant privileges fell, even God Himself was overthrown, but Property was protected; even Robespierre, who gave a ritual and a priesthood to the God of Reason, yet protested that property was sacrosanct. Retif de la Bretonne published his *Andrographie* first in 1782 as a complete communist Utopia but revised it in 1789 to give a place to private property. Only one small voice murmured; in Babeuf modern socialism was born. The Babeuf conspiracy of 1796 was an attempt to prevent the inevitable bourgeois reaction after the fall of Robespierre and although it expressed communist principles it was a rebellion of a minority of desperate men interested more in practice than in ideas. It was ruthlessly suppressed. Spasmodic outbreaks in Lyons and elsewhere followed but these were mystical in their approach to the problem of government and were anarchist in principle. It was from Babeuf that the later socialistic movement sprang. In his Society of the Pantheon is to be found the full programme of socialist principles: the common ownership of land, the socialisa-

tion of industry and of foreign trade together with universal compulsory labour and education. He envisaged a Utopia to be attained only after the bloodshed of the class war and after a transitional period of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The *Communist Manifesto* of 1848 derives from his theories and both Lenin and Trotsky have acknowledged their obligations to Babeuf's theory and failure. The *Communist Manifesto* of 1848 and *Das Kapital* of 1867 have little to add to Babeuf save amplification and illustration.

But before Babeuf's Utopia was revived as Marxism other forms had sprung up in France and in England and won a large measure of popularity. In England Robert Owen and in France the Saint-Simon School drew pictures of a more pleasant future state in which the workers would enjoy a large share of the benefits of production. Both evoked such enthusiasm that men actually prepared to sacrifice the immediate present for so glorious a distant future.

Robert Owen (1771-1868), like the French Physiocrats and Rousseau, believed in the essential goodness of man but, being a self-educated man, he could not hold this view with the detachment that enables a thinker to avoid the consequences of his assumptions. Rising from the ranks of the newly created proletariat, Owen as manager of the New Lanark Mills was faced with terrible conditions of labour. His socialism was, in its essence, a practical attempt to remedy the local evils of his own mills, but he was soon led to realise that both the evils and the remedies were general rather than local and he developed a theory, or rather a set of principles, to explain the causes and to justify his experiments. Some of them are startling enough. The year after Waterloo, Owen reduced the working day of his mill hands from 16 to $10\frac{3}{4}$ hours, refused to employ labour under ten years of age, and established a co-operative

store in his village. A sick-fund, savings bank, schools, (where what was rather quaintly termed "moral geography" was taught) improved houses, all were established by him. In the field of politics he attempted to preach Factory Legislation and indulged in propaganda to popularise his pet theories.

These were based upon the idea that character is shaped by environment and that, as ploughboy or priest, duke or dockhand, must have sprung from the same original stock, equality of opportunity must be given to all. He believed that Reason could overcome every difficulty; he becomes positively apocalyptic in his desire for a Rational Bible and Rational Hymns and in his moral platitudinousness. He systematically kept a card-index of the records of his factory hands and of every detail of his business. Reason and righteousness went hand in hand and proved to be profitable.

Owen is a fantastic oddity, but the very fact that he was led by the resultant defects of the Industrial Revolution to advocate a thorough-going local communistic regime makes him an important figure in the history of British and European Socialism. Described by Leslie Stephens as "one of those thorough-going bores which are the salt of the earth", his communistic theories were tried out mainly by cranks, in Hampstead, on the Mississippi, and in Mexico. His own experiment in labour exchanges failed it is true, but the reasons for this failure were largely extraneous: he was distrusted as an atheist because he gave public lectures on political economy in theatres on the Sabbath; his attempt to eliminate the exploitation of the consumer by the retailer failed because he did not appreciate the subtle delight of shopping. But, as an employer and capitalist, he was successful and his social reforms helped him. This approach is a rather round-about way to Utopianism and, in fact, the experiments of Owen were all carried on

within the Capitalist System and are comparable to the modern developments of Lever Bros. and Cadbury. Owen essentially did not advocate a class war: his purpose was moral and his means economic; he believed that co-operative production and distribution together with a currency based on units of labour time would increase wealth for all and reform mankind. In 1839 Marx visited England and made a study of Owen's ideas.

Saint-Simon was very different. He was a nobleman of the old school who turned to social problems at the age of 57. In periodicals such as *L'Industrie* (1817) and *L'Organisateur* (1819) and in his *Du Système Industriel* (1821) he expressed the current discontent with industrial conditions. His *Catéchisme des Industriels* (1823) supplied a popular schedule of inquiry and his *Le Nouveau Christianisme* (1825) developed Christianity as a purely social ethic. Vague and unsystematic as he was, Saint-Simon was convinced that science was the universal panacea. Government by business men and systematic scientific research in the interests of all would bring prosperity to every class. He planned to set up three governing assemblies, respectively Houses of Scientists, Examiners and Administrators. He shunned the idea of class warfare and his religion of Humanity was to weave the classes together in a pattern of mutual harmony and benefit "to realise and maintain the association of all the men on the surface of the globe, in which each shall be placed according to the capacity that he shall have received from God, and rewarded according to his works." He summarised the principles of his economic Utopia in words that have become a political slogan: "à chacun selon sa capacité, à chaque capacité selon ses œuvres." Production was to be controlled, not owned, by the State and distribution was not necessarily to be egalitarian; in point of fact Saint-Simon would

have eliminated the *rentier* and great land-owning classes and would have relied on the great industrialists. Accomplished yet naïve, sincere yet practical, Saint-Simon by the eloquent analysis of existing conditions and by his enthusiasm for the "exploitation of the globe by co-operation" which made him exclaim on his death-bed "the future is ours" had an enormous influence. His coherence and constructiveness appealed and he was almost worshipped by his disciples. These, however, quarrelled as to the details of his scheme and while Bazard (1791-1832), lecturing at Paris just prior to the 1830 revolution, became a socialist and advocated a gradual expropriation of the means of production and distribution, Enfantin (1796-1864) set up a community at Merilmontant that was finally brought to an end by the intervention of the police. Community of goods, free love and a cessation of productive labour were its chief characteristics. Enfantin later became as wealthy as his master had been poor. Saint-Simon lost two fortunes through ill-luck and mismanagement but produced a coherent theory; Enfantin made a fortune and was content with an ephemeral religious emotionalism.

Saint-Simon had been optimistic. Believing in a cycle theory of history, he was convinced that the day follows the night and that inevitably *laissez faire* would be followed by Socialism. Fourier rescued French radical thought from this aimlessness, though he was as erratic as could be desired. Proudhon put the stamp upon it by his denunciations.

Fourier was a Frenchman of a very different type from Saint-Simon but the author of a similar Utopia. He is particularly interesting to us because there were attempts to put his ideas into practice both in France and in America. Charles Fourier was the son of a Burgundian draper, an even more undistinguished commercial traveller than most and an old maid of a man :

he loved cats, flowers, good living, uniforms appealed to him and bands fascinated him. He especially disliked children for their inability to appreciate order and symmetry. He was the last man one would expect to criticise institutions. But apparently commercial travelling had eaten into his kindly soul ; competition, exploitation and middle-men were anathema to him and, in his solitary lucubrations, he developed a Utopia of escape against a society apparently impregnable. His writings are voluminous ; not all were published. In his *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements* (1808) he states what he has observed to be the motive-force in human affairs—what he calls “*attraction passionnelle*”. By this he does not refer to the *crime passionnelle* beloved of journalists but the natural appropriateness of certain things to each other. His vanity was not clouded by the knowledge of his many forerunners and he could exclaim in the epilogue “I ALONE shall have confounded twenty centuries of political imbecility and it is to me alone that present and future generations will owe the initiative of their boundless happiness. Before me, mankind has lost several thousand years by fighting madly against Nature : I am the first who has bowed before her, by studying attraction, the organ of her decrees . . . Possessor of the Book of Fate I come to dissipate political and moral darkness and upon the ruins of the *uncertain sciences* I erect the theory of universal harmony. *Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*” This was expanded in his *Théorie de l'Unité Universelle* ; the economic applications were made in *Le Nouveau Monde Industriel* (1829) and *Fausse Industrie* (1835-6).

He was not a socialist for he recognised differences of capacity and reward and would permit a modified and controlled private ownership of land and capital. He admitted a right of revolutionary violence but made little reference to politics ; possibly the memory of the

Revolution, which nearly guillotined him at Lyons was still with him. He was convinced that there was a God-like plan in Nature waiting to be discovered and that man reacted to attraction just as the planets. Labour therefore must be made attractive to man by a re-organisation of the whole economic system. State *coercion* is foreign to his theory of attraction but he would permit the use of force until men recognised their true affinities. He worked out a detailed schedule of the proportions into which production was to be distributed as between Capital, Labour and Talent after a minimum decent standard of life had been provided for everyone. He was more concerned with increasing production so as to eliminate want than with securing comprehensive equality and he stressed agriculture rather than industry. Large dividends were an essential part of his promises and this fact explains the appeal of his Utopia to his contemporaries.

But this is but half of the man. This "remarkable, original and entirely harmless ideologue", as he has been called, was a visionary who made the luckiest of guesses. Apart from his proof of the uselessness of armies, courts etc., and his plan of an almost feudal political hierarchy crowned by a decorative monarchy, he visualises the time when in a single day we could start from Marseilles, breakfast in Lyons and dine in Paris. He adds, to tickle our sides, that the journey will be performed "upon the back of a supple and elastic porter" which he calls "the anti-lion". Man's life will be prolonged to 144 years, "on an average"; the Panama and Suez canals will be cut and Industry will treble and quadruple by "the very certain and very general use of magnetism". He has the grotesque imagination of an Edgar Poe and the fantastic naïveté of a child. For him there are four historic apples. Two produced disasters (Adam's and Paris's); two were

conducive to inexhaustible progress. Newton's was the third ; the fourth was the one for which he saw a man pay fourteen sous in a Paris Restaurant and which he could have bought for a hundredth of the price in the place he had just come from. This led him to observe the industrial mechanism and so discover his theory of a series of industrial groups.

His complete Utopia is expressed in the detailed organisation of a group which he calls the "*Phalange*"—a group of five hundred families living in a single building, self-sufficing and mainly employed in agriculture. Each individual is to be given the voluntary choice of the part he will play in the community and larger rewards are allowed to unpleasant functions, just as William Morris visualises the dustman in a golden baldrick. The result, in his own immortal words, will be a "complete harmony between Talent, Labour and Capital."

There were a score or more attempts in France and elsewhere to achieve in practice this desirable Utopia ; but they broke down partly on the stumbling-block of human nature and partly on account of a deficiency of capital. In fact, his Utopia was out of date. It did not cater for the complexity of modern Industrialism and it lacked social purpose.

As a reaction to these dilutions of the existing system with the tonic of co-operation and profit-sharing a more positive Socialism made its way and in 1848 in France sprang the fully articulated Utopia of Cabet. Both Cabet's *Voyage to Icaria* and Robert Pemberton's *Happy Colony* were Utopias which were a practical call to men and women of their time to leave the old outworn economic society of Europe and to found a new one either in the New World or in the Southern Hemisphere. Both were essentially socialist in doctrine.

Étienne Cabet was the typical doctrinaire revolutionary

who failed in everything he attempted. Trained as a lawyer he abandoned law for politics, played an inconspicuous part in the thwarted revolution of 1830 as a member of the Committee of Insurrection, and was banished to Corsica. There as Attorney-General he criticised the government that had appointed him, was removed from office and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. His intellectual emancipation came when he escaped to London and fell under the influence of Robert Owen. Full of the schemes of New Lanarkshire and of an ideal co-operative commonwealth, inspired by Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* he wrote *Le Voyage en Icarie*. He returned to France in time for the 1848 revolution hoping to see his ideal put into practice. In a famous speech he advocated the transformation of France into a centralised co-operative society. No one paid the slightest attention to citizen Cabet's speeches or to his numerous pamphlets and he decided that only in the free air and secluded spaces of America could his commonwealth be established. A grandiloquent prospectus (planned before the Revolution broke out in Paris) recruited a number of enthusiasts all of whom had to accept the Communist Creed and to have read, learned, marked and inwardly digested some dozen books and pamphlets of which he was the proud author. Every would-be emigrant had to sign a Social Contract, sink all his money and possessions in the venture, give an undertaking to become a farmer and to marry and to provide a clean bill of health. This practical Utopia flourished for some years in Texas but a visitor in the seventies found the community living in "dreary poverty" and wretched log cabins. Nordhoff had to admit however that these Icarians "thought themselves prosperous when they were able to build themselves log cabins" and that the inhabitants still held to the principles of "a rational democratic Communism" for

which they had sacrificed their fortunes and their friends. Cabet himself had died in 1856, it is said in despair and of a broken heart, but in his book which was to be both a political pamphlet and the perfect prospectus there is to be found a prophetic vision that may cure many of despair.

The *Voyage en Icarie* ran through edition after edition and played a very important part in that fomentation of ideas which preceded and followed the Paris Revolution of 1848. It owes much to the men of '89 and with his *Credo Communiste* pointed the way to the *Communist Manifesto*. The *Voyage* was read not by the intelligentsia, not by the political leaders, but by the farm labourers of France who clubbed together to buy a copy and gathered round one of their number who could read.

Although it is written in the form of a travel diary kept by a young English Milord and although its seriousness is lightened by the insertion of a love story yet it is essentially the work of a man who thought out first principles for himself and who then translated them into a form which simple men might understand. The book is divided into three parts, first a description of Icaria, secondly an historical survey of the progress of democracy through the ages and thirdly an analysis of the principles of socialism. This analysis is a brilliantly written political pamphlet full of unanswerable and rhetorical questions. The historical survey ranges from Greece to the Europe of '48 and contains almost every known quotation eulogising Socialism. The description proper is a very different affair. It describes in minute detail the whole of the social structure, the political institutions, the customs, morals and manners of the people; meticulous, almost photographic accounts are given of the whole lay-out of a typical town in Icaria; the streets, the traffic, the

system of sanitation, the inside and the outside of the houses, the parliament chamber, the organisation of the factories ; we are told at what time the little children were taken for a walk in the afternoon and even a betrothal is described.

Icaria like so many other Utopias is a Fortunate Isle possessing all the resources necessary for its own self-sufficiency. The impact of the outer world is strictly controlled and the inventiveness of man has supplied Icaria with all the amenities that a "Victorian" Frenchman could imagine. Fastidiousness, an elegance of form and behaviour, optimism and an inspired enthusiasm are the chief characteristics of this, the first systematically and fully planned Utopia. Cabet fully believed in the benevolence and goodness of human nature and for him Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were possible in Utopia provided intelligence was added to benevolence.

Young Lord William Carisdall, a friend of General Lafayette, discovered on Cabet's table in Paris a copy of the grammar of the simple language of Icaria. So impressed was he by the simplicity and system that he decided to pay a visit to the strange country whose people had had the intelligence to construct such a logical tongue. His voyage is described in great detail ; Cabet takes great care to impress upon the reader the painstaking efficiency and general concern for the comfort and welfare of travellers and natives alike of every Icarian institution. On the journey we are introduced to some Icarians and given a foretaste of that trifling love affair that makes Lord William forget his young English fiancée for the charms of one of the most perfect women that romantic literature contains. In a series of expeditions William is shown the inner workings of the state and is introduced to the intimate customs and manners of the people. The diary form in

which the descriptions are couched enables Cabet to give a European's comments on this strange land.

What strikes the reader, above all, is the systematic uniformity, the elegance and comfort, and the general air of well-being and culture that pervades Icaria. The family is the basis of the state and each family inhabits a beautiful, light, well-planned house in a fine broad street with flowers and gardens ; in Icaria the city is a fairyland. As the family expands it is permitted to occupy the adjacent house which the occupier either vacates voluntarily or which (and here the first hint of coercion appears) he is forced to vacate by the magistrate. Within the house everything is planned for the convenience of the housewife and all the work is performed by the young persons who have been taught and trained to make themselves useful. The authority of the parents, though hidden under the garb of persuasion, is all pervading and no marriage is consummated without the approval of both the young people's parents. The position of women transcends even the principle of equality, for they are equally educated with the men, share equal political privileges and enjoy in the home an influence that is dominant. The founder of the state, "le bon Icar," recommended to his countrymen the cult of woman as if she were a divinity. No man might marry before twenty, no woman before eighteen and although the young people may talk and walk together it is always under the eyes of their mothers. The practice of virtue apparently comes easily to them for the whole of their educational system inculcates the principle of obedience to the laws of the state in general and to the wishes of their parents in particular. No inequality of wealth can frustrate the marriage of two lovers, for no marriage dowries are required : the state provides all. Divorce is permitted, but only when the families of the two respective parties desire it. Any

violation of the purity of the family is seriously castigated but celibacy is regarded as a suspicious act of ingratitude towards the state. The public nature of all their life, so Cabet would have us believe, makes seduction impossible and he draws a terrifying picture of the guilty party pursued by the unanimous hatred of the whole community.

Education, the basis of this social structure, is planned by a state committee which carefully studies all other existing educational systems in the world. It is prescribed by law ; it is free and compulsory ; it is universal ; it is complete. Up to the age of five children are educated by their parents at home, but special instruction is given to their parents and the law prescribes the precise form and amount of physical and mental training which they are to receive. The elements of sociability are inculcated from the age of three, when all the little toddlers in the same street are made to take a communal promenade under the care of some of the mothers. Between the ages of five and seventeen this domestic education is supplemented by state education and although the hours would seem unduly long to us to-day, yet the general character of Icarian education is surprisingly modern. All children rise at five o'clock and after housework, breakfast and a little preliminary study under the eyes of their mothers, they arrive at school at nine o'clock. There they stay until six in the evening, being provided with two school meals. Returning home they find their evening planned for them by law, their reading, their conversation, even their games. At school their minds are not overburdened by the weight of dead languages (translations by specialists provide the necessary culture), they must learn to read, write and carry themselves with elegance and they are all taught not only the elements of natural science and the symmetry of language but they are also

led to express themselves in design and in music. "Form" is all-important, for symmetry and harmony are the first principles of a planned society. Between seventeen and eighteen professional education begins and lasts for some five years. When the day's work is finished the young people are given more general education in literature, history, anatomy and hygiene. Moreover it is recognised that education is a life-matter and adult education of all types is provided for everyone. Pedagogy in Icaria is a science. All instruction should take the form of a game ; simplicity and clarity and an absence of prejudice must mark all teaching and teachers are chosen for their moral qualities and their patience. Teaching is the most honoured profession. All schools use the same textbooks carefully provided by the State Education Commission and although we should deplore the uniformity which prescribes only one book, *L'Ami des Enfants*, yet we should approve the care with which every word in the book was chosen for the cultivation of the youthful mind and the loving care lavished on the material production of the book. Great use is made of apparatus, experimental laboratories and the state museums. Everything is carefully explained to the child for nothing in the state may be hidden. His natural curiosity is satisfied and he presumably will be led to admire and commend the care bestowed on him and the utility that underlies every institution in the state. Finally the power of rational judgment is cultivated, for the finished citizen must be able to make mature judgments on everything concerning the welfare of the state. The school buildings are magnificent, the apparatus of learning and the teaching staff are all that man can desire and the purpose of the system is admirable. But individuality seems sacrificed to uniformity, and public shame at being different is used to crush rebellion. Discipline is rigid, hymns

to Honour are sung enthusiastically and the children neither spill ink on their clothes nor cut their desks. Little boys and girls are taught to regard each other as brother and sister and they cultivate *la pudeur* to safeguard their innocence ; no scholastic competition is permitted and the only emulation is to be elected as leader by their fellows ; laziness is treated with caresses, and a code of punishment, based on a forfeiture of pleasures, is adopted after discussion by the pupils themselves ; judgment is passed by their schoolfellows and thus is "morality in action" taught. A journal of education for teachers is published to keep them up-to-date. Altogether one is left with the impression that though the system may turn out good citizens, yet there is not a little of the element of priggishness about the products. Civic education begins for boys and girls at the age of eighteen ; the history of the nation and its organisation, both economic and political is carefully taught ; the constitution is learnt by heart with an American thoroughness and the rights and duties of citizenship fully apprehended. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one membership of the National Guard is compulsory. Thus the brotherhood of man, the equality of the sexes, filial obedience, industry and the capacity to make rational judgments together with the practice of social morality is taught from the cradle until at the age of twenty-one the status of full citizen is attained.

In economic matters Icaria is no less thoroughly organised. Fortunate in its economic self-sufficiency, Icaria is organised on the principle of absolute equality for all. When the Icarians were asked "What is your science?" they replied, "Brotherhood"; "What is your principle?" "Brotherhood"; "What is your teaching?" "Brotherhood"; "What is your theory?" "Brotherhood." It was an ideal which was going to work

out so perfectly that there would be no crime, no police, no jails, no poorhouses in Icaria. Every man would be his brother's keeper. This belief that the obliteration of private property would expunge evil from the hearts of men is a common delusion among Utopists. We have seen a similar idea underlying Cabet's treatment of morality. On the other hand there is no doubt that his economic system is efficient and in contrast with the existing state of affairs in the Europe of his day is very attractive. "We live with goods and work in common, with rights and duties, with benefits and burdens in common. We have neither property nor money nor buying nor selling. We are equal in everything . . . We work equally for the republic or commonwealth. It is she that receives all the products of the earth and of industry and who divides them equally among us ; it is she who nourishes us, clothes us, houses us, instructs us and which provides equally for all, all the necessities of life." All occupations are of equal importance and respect and all must work, men to the age of sixty-five, women to fifty ; but machines make the work light and the intelligent planning of industry makes working conditions agreeable. From seven o'clock in winter and six in summer until one o'clock men work for the state. The future, however, holds out prospects that with improved inventions the hours of labour will be reduced. Lord William pays a visit to several workshops and is charmed by the spectacle of hundreds of beautiful girls working with card-index precision in beautiful workshops, singing in time as they work and producing tens of thousands of the same article. Each year the state determines exactly what is to be produced during the coming year and where fashion or taste might vary expert committees are set up to choose the best. The state produces what is required in its factories and

shops, and it distributes the products to each according to his needs. There is no discrimination in reward between the fast and slow worker, between the talented or untalented. The assumption is that the educational and social system has provided equality of opportunity and that the inevitable inequality of men will thereby be almost eliminated. A list of professional vacancies is published annually and after examination a young man chooses his career. Every house is supplied with the necessary goods ; roughly speaking every household can have as much as it wants and the trials of a housewife are reduced to a minimum.

Government is completely democratic, both local and central ; the people are sovereign and representative assemblies debating in public legislate for the welfare of all. Representatives are excluded if they are absent once without cause and so well educated are the people that the chosen representatives really represent them. A wide use of the committee-system enables work to be done quickly and expert advice to be used. Centralisation characterises the governmental machine but the executive is strictly controlled by the assembly and the administrative president may be called upon to justify his slightest action before the sovereign people. A final safeguard of democracy rests in recourse to a popular plebiscite. Popular participation and public control are the chief features of this constitution ; even foreign affairs are public. Milord visits parliament and the reader is given an exhaustive account of the day's debate. What eloquence, what dignity, what sincerity ; what magnificent decor, what efficiency of procedure, what sagacity !

A simple cult of the Supreme Being (as the Architect of the Universe) reminds the reader that in religion as in politics Icaria is the product of the ideas of '89. No child under sixteen may be taught religion and

even then he is introduced to the subject not by a priest but by a professor of philosophy ; he may then make free choice of the religion he will adopt. The Age of Reason has dawned ; state and religion are separated, priests have no political or social power. Would-be priests must pass stringent examinations and finally must submit themselves to a popular election. At an early date in the history of Icaria the popular assembly decided by vote whether there was a God, whether he could be known, whether man was made in his image. The Bible was declared to be human in origin and to be full of shocking absurdities. Jesus Christ, although his divinity was denied, was held to be the first exponent of the principles of equality, fraternity and communism.

Just as religion and politics are made to fit into the simple scheme of the communal purpose so all their institutions are organised. Cabet's ingenuity and enthusiasm carry him far. National hospitals in addition to school hospitals and the general medical training which every woman receives are provided by the state. There are women doctors as well as women priests. All births take place at the hospital, particular attention is paid to the teeth and in the interests of science all corpses are anonymously dissected. Medical science has made vast strides and the deaf and the dumb are provided with suitable apparatus to overcome their defects. A perfect sanitary system and physical culture have made all Icarians beautiful. The censorship of all writing and other arts keeps their souls pure. The state consent is necessary for the publication of any work of art and committees of experts select the best. It is true that these committees are appointed by the representatives of the sovereign people but the elaborate description and analysis of the historical play which our traveller had the hardihood to sit through leaves one a little doubtful as to the desirability of communising art.

Only the most moral social sentiments can possibly be permitted and this social symbolism dominates even their festivals and their picnics.

Nothing is left to chance ; every detail and moment of life is organised and organised to a common purpose. Lord William's host proudly instructed him in the virtues of the system : " Have you also noticed the regularity with which the population move about ? At five o'clock everybody rises ; just before six every vehicle in every street is full of men going to work ; at nine o'clock the girls and women on the one hand and the children on the other fill the streets, moving as the law ordains ; from nine until one the population is in either the workshop or the classroom : between one and one-thirty every workman is going home to his family or to feed in the public restaurant ; from two to three everybody eats ; from three to nine the whole population fills the gardens, the terraces, the roads and the squares, the law courts, the theatres and every public place ; at ten o'clock every one is in bed and from ten to five every street is deserted."

The just comment on such a purposive uniformity is difficult. The reader is overwhelmed and were it not that young William had fallen in love with the lovely Dinah, would perhaps put the book down. Yet we all recognise the urgency of planning if social justice and economic prosperity is to be secured. Cabet's book, although it suffers artistically and perhaps loses for *Icaria* some of its appeal by reason of the monotonous sameness which circumscribes every *Icarian*, is the starting-point of many Utopias in theory and in practice and there are few who would deny the justice of his contentions even if they deride the efficacy of his methods. Freedom is a little stilted in *Icaria* and mothers are a little over-careful, but Lord William felt, and the reader will feel with him, quite at home in the middle-class

comfort and pleasant atmosphere of this reasonable Utopia.

Closely parallel to Cabet's *Icaria* was Robert Pemberton's *The Happy Colony* dedicated to the Workmen of Great Britain and published in London in 1854. It is divided into three parts, the first consisting of three dialogues between a philosopher and a learned friend, the second, an *Address to the Workmen of Great Britain* and including a Prospectus for the formation and establishment of the Happy Colony and a Dialogue between the worker's delegate and the Philosopher, and the third, a *Description of the Elysian Academy or Natural University*. It also contains a large map of the Model town to be established in New Zealand by the workmen of Great Britain.

The tone of the whole book is set by the rhetorical question at the beginning: "May I ask why man is not happy? . . . The cause is that every child is bred to *slavery*." The remedy is for the workers to found a Happy Colony under the sovereignty of Queen Victoria in an island of the Pacific, "in a land free from all complication, from all mortgages, imposts and National Debt; free from the burthen of all unproductive hands . . . where the land is open and ready to receive the best and most scientific system of dividing and laying it out . . . Hitherto the Labour Kingdom has been deprived of all that is beautiful; . . . But in this, our Happy Colony, it shall be founded on the creative laws and the divine endowments that God has bestowed upon man shall be developed and brought to light." Education is to be radically different from that of contemporary Britain, for "the Book System has destroyed every vestige of the natural system of oral instruction." Education is to be natural, for Pemberton believes in the perfectibility of mankind and his intrinsic goodness.

The economic system is to be founded on and serve

the interests of Labour only. "All truths must emanate from the people. The emancipating power must proceed from the labour kingdom . . . whereas the Kingdom of wealth constitutes the false principle and the oppression of mankind. It is the germ of every sin and error and the very root of all corruption, unhappiness and misery in every class of society. . . . Wealth is the tyrant of Labour and the destroying angel of the happiness of the human race." The author quotes with approval George Combe's *Constitution of Man* and refers both to Rousseau and to *Rasselas*.

The address to the Workmen of Great Britain opens in the rather highfalutin manner of a sincere man wrapt up in his own solution for all the evils of the world. "Fellow labourers—I rejoice in the highest degree to inform you, that the meditative and investigating spirit of philosophy, has at last discovered the divine power, which shall emancipate the workmen from the tyranny and slavery of the Capitalists. This divine power has been developed through the discovery of the philosophy of the Human mind, the results of full twenty years' study by the author. The spirit of Philosophy (that is the author) now calls upon the workmen of Great Britain to unite in forming labour societies—to establish the Labour Kingdom in the Happy Colony composed of the real productive classes." His is to be no trading Colonial Company with its swindles and inefficiency. In the Prospectus Pemberton announces that the plots of land to be granted are not to be minute in size and that the labourer-occupiers are not to be burdened with a debt charge or mortgage, for is it not an established truth that Land *plus* Labour equals Wealth. The first town, Queen Victoria Town, is planned with an inner ring of 50 acres with four Colleges each with conservatories, workshops, swimming baths, riding schools. Around this, in the second circle, are to be

the factories, public hospitals and gardens. Outside is a park the outer rim of which is 3 miles long. The details of government and economy are lacking but Creation and Love is to be the driving force and apparently the natural genius of labour will succeed where organised Capitalism has failed. Man can prosper if he is not thwarted at every turn by unnatural devices ; he will work, and without having recourse to force, be able to preserve harmony in society. What more would you ?

This practical socialism is not confined to Europe ; and in America, in which so many utopists had attempted to found working communities putting into practice the ideals of socialism, communism and co-operation, a fair number of Utopias were produced. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is Bellamy's *Looking Backward* which had a great vogue in England in the 'nineties. Closely parallel to it but of a much slighter form was W. D. Howells' *Traveller from Altruria*, but whereas the former imagines a man of the present having a vision of the future, the latter imagines a man of the possible future returning to the present with tales of the happy land in which he lives.

CHAPTER IX

" . . . the Golden Age lies before us and not behind us, and is not far away. Our children will surely see it and we, too, who are already men and women, if we deserve it by our faith and by our works."

Edward Bellamy.

TWO AMERICAN UTOPIAS: BELLAMY AND HOWELLS

It is an ancient prejudice that the Golden Age lies in the past ; rare is it for a man to see it in the present. Bellamy has hit upon the ingenious device of calling his Utopia *Looking Backward* with the intention of provoking his readers to look forward. In a very real sense Bellamy took his stand upon an estimate of his own Present. To him the certainty of the breakdown of the then existing capitalist structure of Society was equalled by the certainty that the future would bring forth some such Utopian transformation as he envisages in his *Looking Backward*. As he explains in his Preface he deliberately adopted the " form of a 'romantic narrative' . . . to alleviate the instructive quality of the book."

On Monday, 30th of May, 1887, young Mr. West of the city of Boston fell asleep ; he awoke in the year 2000, was charmingly received by the Utopian Dr. Leete and his wife and after a suitable interval fell in love with their daughter Edith who so strangely resembled his former fiancée. He was of course unsuited in every way to be a member of the New Boston but was allowed to earn his keep in Utopia by lecturing on the economic conditions of 1887. Indeed he was the only man who

could talk sense about them for, just as Marco Polo was discredited in his day, so was young Mr. West disbelieved when he described the society in which he had been so happy ; such stupidity as he described was unbelievable. Bellamy is sly ; to the admiring wonder of his hero, as he is shown the glories of the new civilisation, is added the complete incredulity of the men of A.D. 2000 at every detail of the society for which Bellamy himself wrote his book. The romance is a little slow and the wireless sermon of Mr. Barton in the Leete's Utopian drawing-room is a little heavy and some of the anathemas hurled at capitalist economics are a little old-fashioned, but the book is readable, the details of the new organisation of society are entrancing and the impression left upon the reader is that the Boston of A.D. 2000 is a very reasonable and agreeable place.

The first things that young Mr. West noted when he woke up was that the city was smokeless, that clothes had not changed very much and that women were lovely. This strikes the note ; everything is planned but human nature, with some of the burdens it is true lifted, had not altered very much. The new Boston is only a small part of a world commonwealth, apparently organised from New York or Washington, in which there are no wars or even fear of wars, in which all labour is organised but not coerced, in which government has been reduced to an economic and economical thing, in which inequality has been abolished and opportunities had been fully established for all.

The problem facing anyone who contemplates planning the economics of an advanced community is how to provide the necessities of life without grievously affecting the freedom and happiness of the individuals whose labour produces these necessities. Bellamy has nothing startlingly original to offer but he is fertile in imagination and he carefully surrounds the universal obligation to

labour with so many safeguards that the dangers seem destroyed. From the age of 21 to 45 everyone must labour and all labour is nationally organised. Everyone is to labour according to his natural aptitude and choice and great care is taken to discover the one and to facilitate the other ; each youth is given full opportunity of inspecting in action, after having been instructed in their principles, every type of occupation and industry and, lest all be attracted to one form of livelihood, compensating attractions are added. It goes without saying that conditions of labour even in the most arduous of occupations have been rendered almost idyllic in their hygienic pleasantness ; whenever the labour supply for a particular industry is lagging, then the hours of labour are reduced to attract more recruits and Mr. West is assured that if necessary, the hours would be reduced for a task that was particularly difficult or unpleasant to 10 minutes a day. Finally, a more material motive could be added by the state declaring that the task was one of special risk ; then the natural ardour of youth would respond and furnish recruits. These arrangements apply to the most technical form of employment. To supply the ordinary unskilled manual labour the simple expedient has been adopted of compelling all to participate for the first three years after education, an expedient that has been recently perfected in Germany ; Bellamy talks of " these three years of stringent discipline . . . and very glad our young men are to pass from this severe school into the comparative liberty of the trades." It is to escape from this disciplined monotony of hard labour that the young men spur themselves on to train for specialised work. Mr. West, with an approval to be expected of a nineteenth-century business man's son and heir, adds : " You have simply applied the principal of universal military service." Dr. Leete attempts to evade the philosophical issue by saying that this conscription of labour " is rather a matter

of course than of compulsion". It is of course true that even the human animal can be trained to accept what is customary without much violent objection and there is no reason to doubt the practicability of Bellamy's scheme. Once in specialised employment, the incentive to work is supplied by a competition that has no economic element. Everyone shares alike in the economic products and no matter whether he works ten hours a day as a manual labourer or two hours a day as a surgeon, his recompense will be the same. Power, political and social, prestige in the works and the mere impetus of technicalisation are the motives. All workers are graded according to their ability in producing and on this classification, with frequent regrading, is based the organisation of industry and the road to a political or business career. In a factory, although Bellamy is a little vague, apparently the most interesting jobs are given to the Grade I worker while the Grade III worker may even be denied the choice of what sort of employment he should undertake "and often has to put up with second or third choice, or even with an arbitrary assignment". This would ultimately have the effect of leaving the slow or less brilliant workers in the lower categories of labour from which they could not rise.

From this grading derives the whole government of industry. By promotion a worker is gradually elevated until he reaches the rank of "General of his guild", or what we would call Managing Director, of the whole national organisation of a particular trade. This General appoints to the ranks under him but is himself elected; here indeed Bellamy is provokingly ingenious for this election is not made by the workers but by the retired workers of that trade from among the existing superintendents or heads of the various branches. This election is no farce, because when a worker retires at the age of 45 he naturally retains a great interest in his guild and

keeps in social touch with his former colleagues in the various clubs for retired members. Thus, it is argued, is provided a body of electors with expert knowledge, real interest but no axe to grind. (It is some such body that has the deciding voice in the government of some of our universities to-day, although it is open to doubt whether the interest displayed in voting is ever representative of the whole). The next stage is the election of ten lieutenant-generals or heads of departments from among the generals of the guilds, by the same retired voters ; no one guild has enough votes to be able to elect its own generals without the support of others and so they avoid purely self-centred elections. Bellamy could not have had much knowledge of politics or of trade union organisation to have imagined that caballing and lobbying and private understandings would not have occurred. However, he slides over the problem in four lines. Finally, the President is elected from the ten heads of departments after they have been a number of years in retirement. He is elected not by the workers but by the rest of the nation. He is usually about 50 when elected and serves for five years, after which, if his Presidential Report is approved, he is elected by the Congress to serve on the International Council. There are several interesting features in this process. It is not the workers but the older retired population that elect the President. Why not the workers ? Because "that would be perilous to its discipline". The liberal professions moreover do not belong to the industrial army and so the doctors, the teachers, the artists and men of letters vote for the President but are not eligible. They seem to enjoy an illogical independence, for, with no expert industrial knowledge they have a major voice in the election of the great Industrial Boss, they are themselves exempt from the discipline and control of the industrial army and they

possess their own Boards of Regents chosen by retired members.

Mr. West was satisfied, but I want to know more ; I want to know how workers were graded, who did the grading and what were the criteria of good work ; I want to hear more about this system of promotion by the generals ; I want to ask whether retired workers would not get out of touch with technical improvements and whether they would not tend to elect moderate, old-fashioned, steady, slightly obstinate old gentlemen as Presidents. Would youth, and such a youth as Bellamy postulates, well-educated, magnificently trained, full of vigour, tip-toe with expertise, quietly allow itself to be so bossed ? Would they welcome retirement at 45 ? Bellamy appears to think, just because his new men have been provided materially with everything that they could desire, because everyone enjoys an equal share of produce and, above all, because private buying and selling are forbidden, that they will be impervious to those other motives of competition, competition for power, and that there will therefore be no difficulty in an amicable subordination of the workers to the organisers, no revolt of the experts against a senile government.

He is, however, both ingenious and far-seeing in the way in which he plans distribution and emphasises the salutary effects of his new system. Young Mr. West goes on a shopping expedition with Miss Leete and is amazed to find that instead of going to shops they have to go to a sample shop ; on their return home they find the goods have arrived, being dispatched from the central supply stores by pneumatic transmitters and the amount debited against their annual credit. Anyone can buy what he likes but if he accumulates too many possessions he will find he has no credit left with which to obtain a house large enough to contain them. Those who prefer fine houses and good living will be unable to afford other

amenities. Credit is neither transferable nor inheritable and if a man fails to exhaust his annual credit amount it is lost to him ; accumulation is impossible. But there is no need to save, as the credit is sufficient for all needs. Domestic service is eliminated by labour-saving devices and by the service of public hotels where each family unit may hire a private room and obtain good meals at exceptionally low prices. No individual may own, but any may rent, a state-provided house of the size he wishes. The houses are well-planned, elegant and furnished with a telephonic anticipation of wireless sets, by means of which a rather ponderous sermon and some serious organ music is heard by Mr. West ; both are relayed from national stations and are free to all.

The towns are excellently planned ; no smoke, light everywhere, covered footways, magnificent parks, public buildings, all make urban existence more than tolerable. Art is patronised by the public and the statues and paintings for their public buildings are chosen by public vote.

The foundation of the credit system rests on the excellent planning of the national economy which provides enough for all and by an international barter system which arranges for foreign imports. The demand for any one type of goods automatically regulates supply and the price of an article is fixed by estimating the number of days' work spent on its production. This is easy to compute as the labour cost, the upkeep of a worker, is the same everywhere. This seems to be an oversimplified economic book-keeping but it satisfies Mr. West. No expensive state services are required ; no national or local debts exist ; no armaments (for the world is at peace) ; no tax collecting ; a minute police force and judiciary (for men are pacific and reasonable) ; no great services are needed for the sick (for conditions have been improved) ; no rich live on the poor ; no financial

speculation exacts its quota of riches ; no domestic waste occurs by individualistic housekeeping ; no middlemen's profits reduce the public wealth ; above all, the planned distributive system with its absence of advertisement and competitive costs, free labour and capital for more useful work, together with the planned productive system which eliminates the wasteful alternation of crises of gluts and under-production, preserve a normality of uninterrupted production and plenty. Money economy has been destroyed and credit speculation can produce no fictitious crises in economy. Capital is used to the utmost simply because it does not exist. The surplus produced therefore is so great that all men live well and the public can afford luxurious surroundings and a real patronage of art.

All this is very pretty and instructive. It is true that the individual in such a planned economy is freed from all economic worry and from the intolerable uncertainty that must inevitably exist in an unplanned economy ; he has every opportunity of discovering the job he likes best and (if he is a good worker) of being able to do it and rise to a position of responsibility ; finally the incentive of economic competition is replaced by that of public service. On the other hand Bellamy's assumption that to have done this is to have done all to make men happy is unproven. Without a sound educational policy and without an ability to cultivate the use of leisure, economic security is valueless and of this there is scarcely a thought in *Looking Backward*. Education is free to all men and women and any person can graduate freely from the elementary schools up to the Universities. Every worker is an educated man. The basis of their educational system is physical education and from the age of six to twenty-one a full education is given to all. Of the details nothing more is known. Bellamy's intentions are good but we have no evidence

as to whether his ideas are sound. It is quite possible that what we should call a "Fascist" type of education would be possible under the system whereby every worker was induced to believe that his material and moral happiness was nothing and that a blind service to the community was everything. The only sign that this is not so is the reference to the existence of municipal local governments which have charge of public amenities. Presumably these are democratic in form but if so, they are unrelated to the industrial autarchy Bellamy has described and no indication is given as to the political training of the people or as to how the local councils function or are appointed. A few other innovations must be noted. The state prints anything but at the expense of the author. If the public buy his books, if the public give him a contract by means of a subscription order, if they guarantee him orders for his press articles, then he is able to live at ease. This is a nice compromise between private enterprise in authorship and public liberty of censorship; the public will apparently get what it wants and the craft of letters is encouraged. In law Bellamy sees little more than Samuel Butler had; crime is regarded as atavism for which hospital treatment is the only remedy. There are no professional lawyers or law schools for there is no law. Each criminal apparently pleads guilty at once; with rare cases when the individual has not this element of common sense and public spirit, his case is argued by judges. Judges alternate between sitting on the bench and acting as counsel; they are men over 45, appointed by the President for 5 years and are not re-eligible. They are amateurs and all they have to do is to be impartial and wise. As there is no complicated law of profits there is no need of expert legal wisdom. There is no parliament because there is no legislation. The purpose of the State is to produce

and the economic planning is done by the industrial hierarchy.

Women, however, enjoy a position that few countries 50 years ago permitted, although the subsequent developments in U.S.A. are in many respects anticipated in this book. Women are not exempt from service in the industrial army but they are only permitted to perform tasks suitable to their sex. They are industrial allies and are ruled by a woman general and officers, just as in law they are judged by feminine lawyers and standards. The expectant mother withdraws from the public service; she later returns and her career is not ended. A woman has the same public credit as a man; her children are bred and educated at the public expense. The result is that economic disabilities have been removed from her sex and women are consequently free and frank. There is complete equality of the sexes and it has become the custom for the young woman to propose marriage to the man. Love matches are the rule and Dr. Leete is led to assume that such will result in operating "the principle of sexual selection with its tendency to preserve and transmit the better types of the race." Such an assumption is unwarranted. One can readily approve the equality and freedom, the absence of filial dependence and the absence of material considerations in mating but it is more than a rash assumption that the race will be improved just because women take the erotic initiative. Another untenable assumption is that the best workers will always marry. "Celibates", he writes, "nowadays are almost invariably men who who have failed to acquit themselves creditably in the work of life," and he goes on to reveal his extreme ignorance of psychology when he adds that no woman would so defy public opinion as to marry such a man out of pity. Their feeling of duty in this respect amounts

to a sense of religious consecration. It is a cult in which they educate their daughters from childhood. Here is the germ of an American Fascism.

Such is the harmonious community that the year 2000 will see. How did it arise? Not by revolution, not by the efforts of the worker, not by democratic agitation; rather in spite of these factors. The followers of the red flag, explains Dr. Leete, hindered rather than helped the transition from injustice and incompetence to the perfect state. They were, he insists, subsidised by the opponents of reform and it was not until the rise of the "National Party" that a change was made. No details are given but one is led to believe that gradually without force and by a natural process of persuasion, class and political divisions were overridden until the National Party constituted the majority of the American nation. Then all was plain sailing.

Bellamy is a clever simpleton; he means well, and at first sight his Utopia is everything that could be desired. Under analysis however it becomes a meaningless planned economy without a soul. Young Mr. West marries Miss Leete after a nightmare in which he thinks he has returned to the Boston of 1887. The author concludes with a remarkable but childish metaphor embodying a childlike faith: —

"As an iceberg, floating southward from the frozen North, is gradually undermined by warmer seas, and becomes at last unstable, churns the sea to yeast for miles around by the mighty rockings that portend its overturn, so the barbaric industrial and social system, which has come down to us from savage antiquity, undermined by the modern humane spirit, riddled by the criticism of economic science, is shaking the world with convulsions that presage its collapse.

"All thoughtful men agree that the present aspect

of society is portentous of great changes. The only question is, whether they will be for the better or for the worse. Those who believe in man's essential nobleness lean to the former view; those who believe in his essential baseness to the latter. For my part I hold to the former opinion. *Looking Backward* was written in the belief that the Golden Age lies before us and not behind us, and is not far away. Our children will surely see it, and we too, who are already men and women, if we deserve it by our faith and by our works."

It is on just such a note of idealism that Howell ends his *Traveller from Altruria*. The book opens, however, on a very much more prosaic note.

When a professional novelist turns his hand to the writing of a Utopia he is apt to give us more story than description, more characterisation than explanation and in W. D. Howells' *A Traveller from Altruria*, this is aptly illustrated. In some ways the book bears the stamp of the American 'nineties in which it was written but there is a sufficient similarity between the American problems and those of the modern world to make it well worth reading to-day. Mr. Homos is the traveller from Altruria and he appears at an American holiday hotel on a tour of inspection of the strange American capitalism of which he had heard so much and which, when seen, seemed to him so ridiculous. He, himself, is a grave grand gentleman of uncertain age, of great charm, and of magnificent physique; he is lovable, he is child-like, he is reasonable, but he has no humour. We never see Altruria; we only learn of it from the words and deeds of Mr. Homos. His first action on arriving at the station was to shock his American companion by helping the porters with the luggage; at the hotel he was pleasantly familiar with the head waiter, courteous to the waitress, and at all hours of

the day and night he would help the boot-black to clean the hotel shoes ; obviously he was no gentleman. In the rather tiresome and broken conversation that ensues in the hotel lounge when Mr. Homos was surrounded by the attentions of the women and made the subject of conversation by the men, we gather a little more about the strange land from which he came and finally the typical Lady Bounty of the place arranged for him to give a public lecture. Then it was that Mr. Homos revealed himself in his true colours. In the first place he insisted that this should be no elegant gathering for fine skirts and striped trousers but that all who would should be allowed to buy tickets. The derelict farmers and agricultural labourers together with the servants and proletariat of the little health resort flocked in and at a great open-air meeting he spoke with historic clarity and prophetic vision of the past of Altruria and the future of America.

Altruria is not the lost Atlantis ; it is a very strictly Christian civilisation and dates back in its foundation to a period prior to the first Christian commune ; its inhabitants are apparently Hellenic in stock. Altruria had been rescued from the fate of American capitalism by purely constitutional means. Capitalism once it had been established had grown, had formed trusts and had finally spread its tentacles over the whole of the economic life of the country ; it had become "The Accumulation". Finally, so truly dangerous and pernicious had its influence become that by the normal process of democracy and by a ballot victory of the people it had been voted out of power. There had been no bloodshed and even the capitalists sensibly realised that opposition would have been useless. Then was depicted that new fellowship-socialism which characterised Altruria. It was in the Post Office that socialism was first applied, then it was extended to

transport and finally it comprehended the whole economic life of the community. Mr. Homos was picturesque in his details and significant in his generalisations. After drawing a little picture of the worthlessness of the factory-made cardboard leather shoe which was all the workers could buy, after showing the wastefulness of the system and its injustice, Mr. Homos with a sententiousness worthy of the American Declaration of Independence remarked "We renounced in the most solemn convocation of the whole Economy, the principle of the Saturday night shoe." Once the new economy had been established on a socialist basis the new socialist organism was given a new life and finally labour was devoted not to mere production but to the creation of unions in Utopia. There were no trades unions in Utopia; there had been previous disputes between the federation of labour and the federation of syndicates. Now, every citizen worked with his own hands, worked for a very short time each day and worked not for his own welfare but for others. He contributed by his labour to the welfare of the whole and regarded his contribution as his right rather than his share of the profit. "In fact, neighbourliness is the essence of Altrurism." As the factory system was gradually supplanted by individual craftsmanship on a rationalised basis then the cities began to decline and urban civilisation was replaced by a rural civilisation. The capitals existed only for certain specified purposes; they were the centres of administration, centres of education and of art. There was one for each Region and by means of express state trains every worker had access to these cultural and administrative centres. If a man displayed any artistic ability he might be released from manual labour by local vote. There was no ambition because there was complete economic equality. The community built dwellings for the

people and provided food and all that a man needed on the strict basis of equal treatment for every man without respect to his contribution. "The Home is the very heart of the Altrurian system." Family life was encouraged and parental and filial virtues regarded as second only to neighbourliness. The community was immune from the objectionable influences of other communities with less intelligent attitudes towards life. There was no commerce with the outside world but representatives were occasionally sent by Altruria to inspect that ugly world. Altruria was immune from the threat of war. Here Mr. Homos disappoints us. Once upon a time there had been a threat of war from a neighbouring power but so magnificent had been the response of the people of Altruria to the call for defence, so multitudinous were the ranks of the Altrurian workers in their spontaneous mobilisation that the enemy was overawed. War had been banished forever.

The details of this Utopia are difficult to visualise precisely, because the general rule allowed for many exceptions. If a man, for example, did not wish to feed in public then he might dine alone but he would have to get his own food. There were no servants, of course. But how communal feeding is reconciled with the stress upon the family is difficult to understand. "We have totally eliminated chance from our economic life." Of the heavy industries, communications, transport had been nationalised and great public services remained but the bulk of industry apparently was both local and domestic. How these two were reconciled again is not clear. Speculation had been abolished ; we are allowed to assume that the speculative danger which threatens to disrupt our modern economic majesty can be drowned in the ballot box ; how this is done we are not told. We only know that Mr. Bullion, the banker, was impressed by Mr. Homos and remarked of his own

American people, "When they have learned enough to begin by *voting* then we shall have to look out." Here is the moral of the book: let labour vote, not strike, and they will win the victory. There are some admirable remarks which relieve the rather slight story and description. "Exercise for exercise would appear stupid," remarks Mr. Homos, whose obvious fitness is a tribute to the reasonable refusal of the Altrurians to make fitness a cult. Mr. Twelvemough, the novelist, admirably states the economic dilemma as it appears to a man possessed of sufficient means to enjoy life comfortably. "We cannot let people suffer, for that would be cruel and we cannot relieve them without pauperising them." The novelist disappoints us in the midst of our very real excitement as to how this admirable people had created their admirable world. The altruism which exists as a panacea of economic discontent in the modern world has been turned by the natural intelligence of normal democratic mankind into Altrurianism.

"We are still far from thinking our civilisation perfect; but we are sure that our civic ideals are perfect. What we have already accomplished is to have given a whole continent perpetual peace; to have founded an economy in which there is no possibility of want; to have killed our political and social ambition; to have disused money and eliminated chance; to have realised the brotherhood of the race and to have outlived the fear of death." Mr. Homos is a man indeed, but it is all a little too good and a little too slight. Howells' vignette is very small beer, despite its intrinsic idealism, beside the heavy brew of Cabet.

CHAPTER X

For these Reasons there are not more useful Members of a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourse of good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find work for the Poor, add wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great.

Joseph Addison.

THE FIRST ZION : FREELAND

FIFTY years after Cabet wrote his *Voyage to Icaria* an Austrian economist produced a similar plan for the founding of a practical commonwealth based on a similar elaborate economic planning. Dr. Theodor Hertzka produced his book in German in 1890. This was followed by a series of abridgments and translations and, within a very short time, it resulted in a practical achievement. The International Freeland Society was founded in Austria and Germany ; it bought a tract of land in which to put into operation this planned Utopia and a Commonwealth was started in East Africa. The English translation published in 1891 was produced in order to encourage Englishmen to participate in the scheme. Later Palestine schemes followed and flourish to-day. Hertzka, himself, was unwilling to be regarded as a typical Utopist writer. But he finally decided that it was better to put his ideas into the form of a Utopian romance than to give them to the world in the rather arid form of an economic treatise or a business prospectus without that colour which would attract the ordinary intelligent person.

Freeland is essentially an economist's Utopia. "The solution of the social problem is not to be sought in the discovery of an *absolutely good* order of society but in that of the *relatively best*—that is of such an order of human institutions as best corresponds to the contemporary conditions of human existence There must be a correct solution of the problem of political economy. . . . If it is possible for the community to provide the capital for production without thereby doing injury to either the principle of perfect individual freedom or to that of justice, if interest can be dispensed with without introducing communist control in its stead, then, there no longer stands any positive obstruction in the way of the establishment of the *Freeland* social order." Hertzka was filled with an intense delight at making the discovery of what he thought to be the solution of this economic and social problem. So full of enthusiasm was he that he abandoned his more abstract investigation into economic theory. "Before my mind's eye arose scenes which the reader will find in the following pages—tangible living pictures of a commonwealth based upon the most perfect freedom and equality and which needs nothing to convert it into reality but the will of a number of resolute men. It happened to me as it may have happened to Bacon of Verulam when his studies for the *Novum Organum* were interrupted by the vision of his *Nova Atlantis*." Hertzka claims, moreover, for his book that "It differs from all its predecessors of that category in introducing no unknown and mysterious powers and characteristics but throughout keeps to the firm ground of the soberest reality. . . . Everything in my *Freeland* is severely real."

Freeland is a large and important book. The first part deals with the plan for founding a colony, then follows the actual description of the foundation with all the hardships and difficulties with which the colonists

would meet. The early organisation, the details of the economic structure and the principles of political development are fully described. Then the book breaks off and the reader is taken to a moment twenty-five years after the foundation of the colony when the population had reached the total of twenty-six million white and sixteen million black citizens. The reader is given a picture, attractive in almost every feature, a picture of Freeland in action. Finally, a vision of the future unfolds itself and the nations of the world consult the people of Freeland in an attempt to discover the solution of their individual problems and of the world problem of peace. The book concludes with an exhaustive account running to one hundred pages of the five days' debate held by the representatives of the world meeting in Freeland and the unanimous adoption of Freeland principles for the economics and politics of the world.

The book is ambitious but an air of sober reality governs both descriptions and debates and, although modern economists may quibble at the simplicity of the economic postulate, the Utopian reformer cannot ignore the book. There is a strange mixture of business acumen and idealistic vision running through the account of the early settlement. The International Free Society was founded at The Hague to construct a commonwealth "based upon perfect liberty and economic justice." The exploratory expedition was followed by a well-equipped, well-armed pioneer party which included scientific experts of all kinds. Africa had been chosen for its seclusion, for its distance from Europe rather than for any economic reasons. The presence of natives in large numbers which present such a problem to most capitalist enterprises or imperialist expeditions was turned into an advantage. A striking illustration of the sanity of the author is the native policy he suggests. It is true that there is first a reluctance and, at times, an

actual opposition to this new white man's settlement but Hertzka is determined to incorporate natives into Freeland on terms of equality. The place chosen for the first settlement was called Eden, a town was laid out, agriculture commenced, communications opened and mineral wealth discovered. Within a short time, colonists flock to the colony, public administration, with all the appurtenances of government, was set up and finally a measure of prosperity was achieved.

Freeland was based upon two principles. First, the principle of voluntary economic association, neither unrestricted private enterprise nor state ownership and, secondly, the full democratic principle of liberty, associated with an intelligent educational policy and an intelligent use of the expert in government. The initial capital for the public works, without which such a colony could not be created, was supplied by voluntary contributions. Wakefield's idea was adopted and from the contributions of the first batch of settlers, capital was devoted to the importation of other settlers. There was to be no exclusive right of property in land either by an individual or by the community, but for every person there existed the right to use the land under the control of the community. This right, however, was confined to voluntary self-government associations for production, the members of which shared the products according to their labour contributions. There was to be complete publicity in all business matters so that every member of any of these associations was fully cognisant of the exact purpose, prospects and profits of the concern. These were essentially co-operative associations of labour prepared to lend capital in the form of land and equipment to any individual member, such loans to be reimbursed in a given time. There was to be free entry and free exit into these associations. A man's share of the produce was determined by two

factors : first, the number of hours of labour which he had devoted to the concern and secondly, an additional percentage based upon the number of years during which he had been a member. This latter was to provide that incentive to continued effort which a simple hour-labour principle would not provide. In addition, a premium might in special circumstances be given to skilled labour. Non-manual labour was assessed on a labour basis. For example, directors might be assessed at an hour-value up to twenty-four hours a day. All would share liability if the association were dissolved ; all members attended a general meeting which was the sovereign body of the association and which elected a directing committee.

Hertzka is obviously seeking for that natural balance in the practice of economics which all economists have sought. He is convinced that such a system as he has described will provide a solution for all problems. Incentive was provided by the just share of labour in the products of labour, and continuity of effort by the premium on seniority. Labour was able to enjoy this co-operative system because capital was put at its disposal and the employment of capital and labour on the production of goods which were not wanted was prevented partly by the fact that the purchasing power of labour would be so high under such a system and partly by the fact that the fluidity of the system made possible the rapid concentration of capital and labour upon new forms of production. Finally, a balance was preserved by altering the rate of interest which labour pays for borrowed capital according to the alteration in the price of products. Society existed not to interfere but to advise ; full statistics on industry, agriculture and finance were published by society annually ; society was a central bank for all and all transactions were conducted by cheques on and through that bank ; society provided

public shops and fairs where buying and selling was done but there was no compulsion and individual members or associations might buy and sell where they would. Taxation was based strictly on income and took about a third of the net profits. It was spent on the provision of capital for new enterprises, on necessary public works such as communications and warehouses, the system of education and of maintenance for those unable to work and upon the statistical department and the Bank. There was no legal system to maintain, no army to equip.

The government system resembled that of no known political state. The device of election was employed but there was no Cabinet or Parliament, no parties or electioneering. The administration was divided up into twelve departments covering all the activities of the state ; education, art and science, statistics, postal services, banking activities, communications, warehouses, all these jostled side by side with sanitation, justice and the like. For each department there was a committee which appointed officials who did not enjoy permanent tenure. Any individual citizen might vote for the election of the committee of each government department but the general public opinion of the community condemned citizens who interfered in matters in which they were not well-versed ; the result was that each departmental committee was elected only by those citizens who were particularly interested and particularly well-informed about the matter. There was, it is true, a representative Assembly which could debate any matter but the general characteristic of government was that it was regarded as purely an administrative matter for the expert-minded—a very different thing from government by experts. Thus we have a series of functional elections with complete freedom of voting. Perhaps the best comment on the system is the observation that women tended to

vote in very small numbers in these functional elections but did vote for a department in which they were interested, e.g. the Board of Education. In spite of their complete equality in other matters they had never, Hertzka tells us, taken part in the Executive. All elected deputies were paid a wage equivalent to an eight-hours' piece of work.

The perfected economic system described in the latter half of the book shows a harmonious co-operation of producers living under limited restrictions but enjoying the greatest measure possible of private ownership. As for property, for example, free bequest and community between man and wife were permitted but there was no right on property in land apart from leasehold rights. The improved site value on any piece of land occupied by a citizen or his house did not accrue to the occupier but to the state, which enjoyed the right of expropriation after paying compensation. Every individual had a right to a house plot upon which he might build a house but he could not use the plot for any other purpose nor could he let the house; if he abandoned the house it would be occupied by another or pulled down. In the economic world labour was taken as the measure of value but there was theoretically freedom for any kind of enterprise. An amusing story is told of some forty-six American swindlers who arrived in the country prepared to take advantage of this freedom and of the apparent credulity of the inhabitants. They could, however, find no wage-earners willing to work for them because all the workers naturally preferred co-operative work in which they shared in the direction of the business and the distribution of profits; the swindlers found that they could neither swindle nor leave so delectable a country. As land was master-less there was no ground rent to be paid: the land was lent by the state. No real capitalism could arise; while interest was not

forbidden, the private loan of money at interest could not flourish because public credit was always available for any reasonable project and naturally workers preferred banding themselves in co-operative enterprises with public credit to borrowing private monies at private interest rates. As banking and statistics of business were all public there was neither swindling nor extravagance. The flow of labour of the more skilled or directive character was controlled by the state regulation of salaries for labour of this kind so as to attract or discourage candidates in any particular occupation. The provision of capital was apparently boundless but immoderate inflation was met partly by the necessity of the repayment of credit loans to the state and partly by the automatic adjustment of price to supply. Enormous public works schemes such as, for example, the great dam and canal scheme which was to link the Congo and Suez with the Nile, provided scope for labour co-operatives. By a fortuitous discovery enormous quantities of gold were placed at the disposal of the state thereby meeting the querulous economists' demand for a gold backing to all this paper credit. Commerce with the outside world expanded with the prosperity of the community and not only did Freelanders invest abroad but they both exported and imported. On the whole, however, the return from foreign investment and foreign trade was less than that to be derived from co-operative investment at home where there was no ground rent and no high interest rate, but certain goods not easily produced were imported and paid for in gold and exports such as that of wheat. There was, of course, no tariff and no protection for domestic industries. Finally, economic crises had been for ever banned. No over-production was possible in Freeland because there existed no capitalists to re-invest profits in production machines instead of spending them in consuming goods ; besides everybody

knew exactly what was produced and earned every year ; there could therefore be no unplanned production.

For those who could not labour there was an adequate maintenance scheme. The young, the aged and the invalids were all provided for generously and a general annuity insurance scheme provided for the future not only of individuals but of the whole state. All the burden was put on to posterity because, it was argued, prosperity would never cease to increase and posterity could therefore pay.

Freeland was not only an economic paradise but also a most admirable self-conscious community. In their educational scheme they displayed a sanity that is most attractive. Education for both sexes lasted from the age of six to sixteen ; the schools were graded into four types, the kindergarten, the elementary and the middle schools, while provision was made for adult education. Physical education took precedence over all other subjects in the curriculum ; education in the open-air was universal and there was a general free and easy coming and going in the class activities that contrasts most favourably with the barrack-room discipline of most state systems. In the elementary schools boys and girls were taught together by women teachers and only gymnastics and swimming were taught by men. Every other day there was an expedition into the country for recreational and educative purposes. The curriculum included the history of civilisation and of literature, mathematics and natural history and science. At the age of ten the children were separated into the male and female middle schools ; here the play method was adopted ; physique was more important than book-learning and shooting and household skill more important than arithmetic or geography. After the age of sixteen the girls were either taught at home or went to serve and learn in the household of some older woman or

else were trained at teachers' colleges. The boys proceeded to higher colleges where they learned the scientific and practical rudiments of the employment which they hoped to take up in the world. It was at this stage that education and military exercises coalesced; from the age of sixteen to twenty-two the young men exercised in companies under their own elected officers in physical feats and military manœuvres. These companies provided the nucleus of the defence system of the country. There were periodic Olympias where the competitions were mostly of a military character.

Apart from this emphasis upon military performance, the educational system of Freeland is attractive. Individuality was regarded as more important than mere knowledge and there was a deliberate refusal to exert any pressure on the children to indulge in too much mental work. The actual time spent in school and on homework was limited to six hours a day and this included the regular hour's gymnastics. Classes were small, only fifteen in number, and by the payment of high salaries, by the excellent training given in teachers' colleges and above all, by the public interest in education, the finest teaching staff was available. In these classes, held in the open-air, never exceeding fifteen pupils in number, never tied down to fixed bookish curriculum, the children were not forced into unnatural activities but were given scope for developing their own individuality and of enjoying themselves while they learned.

Special provision was made for orphans who were housed in little groups of ten under special guardians.

Thus was produced a community well-educated, physically fit and conscious of the value of education. For the Freelanders, libraries were not state-provided institutions where musty books could be borrowed for limited periods but were the centres of their social

life. They were the cafés, the conversational salons and the meeting-places of the general community. Travellers in Freeland were given a general impression of the dazzling vigour and health of the inhabitants; an aristocratic self-possession was combined with an arrogant fitness that was only partly physiological. The doctor, it is true, was a public servant and there was a multitude of health and sanitation officials but there were no hospitals because no poverty existed. Doctors were elected to the representative board of sanitation and so conscious of the importance of well-being was the population that there was no niggardliness in the public expenditure on health; the problem of malnutrition did not arise as all the citizens were well-informed and prosperous. Above all, the certainty of employment and of adequate remuneration, coupled with the extraordinary freedom of enterprise and activity, gave an almost irresponsible freedom of gait to these new Greeks in their sandals and their richly coloured garments.

Their social manners were as free as their economic life. The marriage contract consisted only of a reciprocal declaration; marriage was entirely free and, as economic considerations did not arise, was based on love. Divorce was permissible but not practised. The home, however, was the centre of the social life although the worries and the toil of housekeeping had been reduced to a minimum. Co-operative companies would build you a house, furnish it, supply it with power and lighting and even provide full service. The cleaning of the house was performed by machines and was put out to contract; every morning, before the household arose, efficient overalled employees of a Co-operative Cleaning Society arrived to clean the windows, polish the floors and brush the carpets. Within three minutes from pressing a button a personal valet or messenger boy would arrive. The whole house was air-conditioned

and most sanitary in construction. Delectable meals would be provided at a moment's notice. Indeed, housekeeping consisted almost entirely of pressing a button and paying the bill and even that was a pleasure as one felt that one was contributing to a co-operative association and helping to perform the necessary social task of consumption.

Life was on the whole urban or semi-urban, as the majority of the inhabitants preferred to have at their disposal these mechanical amenities. Cities were not permitted to overflow and desecrate the countryside with ribbon development ; all development was planned. The cities were the pride of the community and with their flowers, their statuary, their baths, their opera house, theatres and lecture halls, all undertaken either by voluntary associations or by the local authority, they were the centres of culture and the proof of its existence. This was a happy community full of beauty and free from care and although there was still a struggle with nature and although there was incentive to provide for the future, these Freelanders were perhaps more conscious of their duties than their rights. Their prosperity was assured and their higher tastes could be satisfied, but their most urgent desire was to spread the ideal of Freeland around the world.

An opportunity arose when England, France and Italy made an alliance to attack the Negus of Abyssinia who had recently become troublesome. They appealed to Freeland to co-operate but she attempted to remain neutral. Finally, under great provocation, she was herself forced to take action against the Negus and in a brilliant campaign by a few hundred enthusiastic young men armed with two hundred-ton guns and inspired by the most brilliant generalship reduced the Negus to humiliation and forced him to a bloodless peace. This nice little war convinced the world that Freeland

was the thing and when Freeland finally offered to finance the entire cost of the Congo-Nile-Suez Scheme, Europe, Asia and America were struck dumb with admiration. Their representatives met at the International Conference of Eden Vale and after five days debate in which the principles of Christianity, Economics, Arianism, Malthusianism and Distributive Justice were discussed, decided unanimously to adopt without reservation the principles of Freeland. Hasty, ill-advised schemes copied from Freeland were drawn up in the United States of America and in Russia. The United States declared the people to be the landlords of the country and paid compensation in full. Russia nationalised everything, enforced a thirty-six hour week with two hours' daily instruction for all workers and established one hundred and twenty thousand libraries throughout the land. But it was not until Dr. Hertzka's system of economics had been fully explained to them that these nations could find Utopia.

Perhaps the book protrudes a little too far into the future and perhaps its author takes too little notice of the natural badness of mankind, but in his stress upon the necessity of a thorough economic planning for the community, in his admirable treatment of education and, more important, in his conviction that only by a voluntary co-operation of workers can improvement be made, Dr. Theodore Hertzka succeeds in animating economics and has given to the natural desires of man a framework and a vision.

Starting from a purely scientific economic theory dealing with the balance between the production and consumption, he has produced in *Freeland* a description of a life which any of us might envy. It is perhaps in details that his real understanding of the social problem is best illustrated. The state, for example, provides free travel facilities for everyone; not only

can the citizen therefore move where he will to other employment or to enjoy a holiday, but the steamship lines will convey him and, what is more significant any foreigner, to and from Freeland without any charge. Men tend to change their occupation frequently and the Freelanders who have to work in offices generally take leave every year for a short time to perform some manual work. This is encouraged and is made possible by the general system of economics. Thus individuality is preserved and a balanced life made possible. But individualism is effectually subordinated to co-operation and when the Negus was about to invade the country, the Northern districts spontaneously mobilised and took action on the frontier without any instruction or help from the central authority. In fact, the rest of the country was scarcely perturbed by the threat of war, which they neither desired nor feared, as they were convinced of their individual superiority over the people of any part of the world and confident in the possession of superior mechanical equipment. These most prosperous and advanced people of the world had no imperialist ambitions because they were socially sane and felt internationally secure.

The sub-title of the book is, ironically enough, *Freeland—The Social Anticipation*.

Hertzka was more prophetic than he realised, for, from his ideas, and based upon his essentially constructive proposals, the economic experiments of Zionism in the new Home for the Jews have been based. Hertzka in his compromise between socialism and private ownership was so practical and, at the same time, so appreciative of the necessity of a social ideal if a social fabric was to be intelligently constructed that it is not strange that the young enthusiastic Jew should attempt to construct a new community according to the dream-plan that he had so carefully elaborated.

Cabet, with his belief in socialism, Fourier, with his compromise between co-operation and capitalism and Hertzka, in his anticipation of syndicalism, all provided charts for community experiments undertaken by groups of men in many different parts of the world. The Fourier phalansteries were never very successful as the necessary capital was not forthcoming. Pacific City was planned on the Bay of Topolobanbo just when Hertzka had finished writing his book. Sixty years previously a phalanstery had been set up at Condé sur Vesgres and a few years later at Citeaux. Of all the Fourier schemes, the most important was undoubtedly that set up at Brook Farm but is important less on account of its economic principles than on account of the high level of intellectual life. Some three dozen Fourier communities were set up in America, but only the North American Phalanx was successful from a business point of view. Others, founded in France and in South America (such as Victor Considérant's colony in Texas) were economic failures. Cabet is one of the few writers of Utopias who personally participated in the foundation of a practical Utopia. The place chosen was Nauvoo in the Mississippi Valley but his extreme poverty and the difficulty of obtaining the requisite capital in years of revolution made the project impossible from the outset. Later quarrels and secessions dissolved the community after Cabet's principles had been disowned. Icarian colonies hived off from the mother settlement, one settling at Cheltenham quite near and another at Corning in Iowa. This enjoyed a temporary prosperity and from the latter two new off-shoots sprang in 1878. Both of these, Icaria Speranza and New Icaria failed, the one of poverty and the other of old age. When the split had occurred, the young men had gone one way and the old another. The importance of these experiments lies in the fact that even in spite of internal dissension and the extraordinary poverty of the founders

yet some three generations of socialists had practised their socialist gospel in community life.

There have been literally hundreds of experiments at community life in America. The whole history of the Mormon migration and experiment is full of interest not only as an experiment which overthrew the conventional principles of family life but as a simple colonising experiment that successfully struggled with nature and emerged with a settled social structure and a very considerable wealth. Other religious settlements have been as successful. When Ann Lee led her Shakers to Mount Lebanon at the very moment that the Americans had decided to resist the tyranny of George III, one of the strangest of all experiments in social organisation was begun. The original sin of Adam was, according to the Shakers, sexual intercourse. Celibacy therefore was enforced and, strange to relate, enforced successfully for a hundred years. The community could only continue by virtue of recruitment from outside, but with their intense religious conviction, the simplicity of their economic needs and their willingness to work for the benefit of the community a strong social solidarity was bred. The Perfectionists of Oneida, founded in the same year as Icaria, provided yet another experiment in a multiple conjugality. The Mormons had finally been forced to abandon their sexual laws; similarly the Perfectionists were forced to annul their law which insisted that no marriage should last for more than a limited period and which permitted and indeed encouraged frequent divorce and re-marriage and the community had to decide between monogamy and celibacy. The Oneida community in its economic basis of profit-sharing by all workers and the exclusion from profit-making of all except workers was and is an economic success. Once again, however, the existence of religious conviction was an essential part of their success. There

are many more successful experiments of similar character such as that at Amana or the more modern Bruderhof which has moved from Germany to England.

Palestine has for many years been the seat of communal experiments of very different economic characteristics but common to them all is the feature of religious enthusiasm and of a feeling of social solidarity born of the ostracism and contempt which the outside world seems to pour upon the Jewish race. Religious or racial persecution is probably a very good basis for the foundation of a Utopia because it breeds in the young community the conviction that unless they are completely united and subservient to the interests of the community they may very well be exterminated. In modern Palestine communist, co-operative, profit-sharing, and capitalist communities have all been established. They are being augmented every year by new members and new capital. Every year they are becoming more and more rooted in the soil, becoming more and more prosperous and every year their intellectual and economic level is rising. Zionism received a great impetus from Theodor Hertzka and it is not surprising that the principles of *Freeland* are reflected in some of the Palestine experiments. Lord Macaulay remarked that he would rather possess an acre in Middlesex than a principality in Utopia and his sneer at the writers of Utopia has been echoed many times since. Utopists have been thought to be but writers of fairy stories. In Palestine, at least, Utopia is coming true.

Very different from these communal experiments in which economic co-operation is fused and infused by a very real democratic participation of every member of society is Mr. H. G. Wells' *A Modern Utopia*.

CHAPTER XI

. . . *This very remarkable man
Commends a most practical plan.*
Charles Inge.

THE UTOPIAS OF MR. H. G. WELLS

IF one were to ask any ordinary reader in England what writer of modern times was primarily concerned with the study of Utopias, the reply would undoubtedly be, Mr. H. G. Wells. If one were to ask Mr. Wells himself, what was the subject that most concerned him, he would undoubtedly answer that the whole of his literary career had been devoted to a series of literary excursions to the Utopia of the future. "I have a slow, constructive, hesitating mind," notes Mr. Wells in the introduction to his *Modern Utopia* and in his Autobiography he links together his imaginative fantasies and his more constructive Utopian writings. Mr. Wells, I think, flatters himself; his mind is not constructive but patently and patiently receptive of ideas expressed in a hundred forms and collected by him in a dramatic or pseudo-scientific form. The only book by Mr. Wells that can be properly called a Utopia is *A Modern Utopia* and even here the picture is blurred both by the inartistry of the dialogue form and by an evasion which characterises many of his descriptions.

Mr. Wells is permanently hypnotised by the picture of the muddle into which the modern world has fallen and he is convinced that a few gentlemen with an intelligence equal to his own would find no difficulty in setting

the world right were they given the opportunity and were they inspired by the necessary will-power. It is indeed in relation to this absence of will-power that so many of his books were produced and this explains his fantastic excursions into the hypothetical future. In *Star Begotten*, which has for its sub-title *A Biological Fantasia*, humanity is to be regenerated as a result of the invisible ray which Joseph Davis discovers to be proceeding from the more intelligent Martians ; in the *Croquet Player*, a social neurology is envisaged ; in *First and Last Things*, Mr. Wells confesses his faith and proffers a rule of life but offers no suggestion as to how faith may be achieved or the rule enforced. In *The Food of the Gods*, sheer physical magnitude is given to the young generation and, it is assumed, a more rational attitude to the social muddle would thereby be generated. Herakleophobia, or Boomfood, produces a race of marvellous children who defend themselves with magnificent heroism against the onslaught of the degenerate political world that kills Caddles because he would, in his childish stupidity, ask questions concerning the muddle. But here, as in all his other books, Mr. Wells has to provide a *deus ex machina* in the shape of Cossar and his children. The green vapour wave in *In the Days of the Comet* acts as a catalytic agent to change human nature from its stupidity to a wider rationality. In other of his writings, Mr. Wells is concerned primarily with a distortion of the existing social muddle as seen under the magnifying glass of the future. In *The Sleeper Awakes*, is seen a horrible despotism of capitalism magnified a thousand times : London, with its twenty-eight myriads of people, with its ever-increasing numbers of blue-clad slave-workers, with its legion of phonographs teaching the lesson that capitalism would teach the multitude and drowning popular discontent in a wave of state-suggestions, with its pleasure cities provided as

distractions for these purposeless people. Even here the directive skill is in the hands of a small council that rules the world and although the book is an indictment of this stupid despotism, nevertheless Mr. Wells can envisage no form of government save that of the despotism of the intelligent. Always is he dominated by this idea. The Grand Lunar in *The First Men in the Moon*, "that marvellous gigantic ganglion", with his hypertrophied brain-trust, rules an insect world in which every individual has lost his individuality and has been created for the performance of a single function. "In the moon, every citizen knows his place. He is born to that place and the elaborate discipline of training and education and surgery he undergoes, fits him at last so completely to it that he has neither ideas nor organs for any performance beyond it." Some are walking encyclopædic brains that take the part of books in the earthly world; "the profounder scholars are altogether too great for locomotion, and are carried from place to place in a sort of sedan tub, wobbling jellies of knowledge" that enlist the respectful astonishment of the scientist, Cavor. At the bottom of the social scale are the herdsmen who are happy in nothing save in tending the herd of moon calves and whose stupidity has been specially bred for that purpose. Both in the world of *The Sleeper Awakes*, and in the Moon, there is a horrid exploitation of the machine which Mr. Wells cannot rid from his thoughts.

A Modern Utopia consists of two quite distinct and almost unrelated parts; the first a description of the system existing in Utopia and the second a description of the Samurai. Utopia is a world state with an intensely decentralised administration. The world state provides only material communications and mechanical power on the one hand and acts as a central information bureau on the other. The economic system is based upon the freedom of every individual to find employment;

mobility of labour is provided for, and the state acts as a reserve employer of labour until such time as the individual worker can find work pleasing and profitable to himself. Workers are permitted and encouraged to form associations of production and to live a collegiate life with common dining-halls and kitchens. A necessary modicum of private property is permitted to every person ; all children are provided for by a system of insurance which will render them independent in the event of their becoming orphans. " All Utopians will be reasonably well-educated upon Utopian lines ; there will be no illiterates unless they are unteachable imbeciles, no rule-of-thumb toilers as unadaptable as trained beasts. The Utopian worker will be as versatile as any well-educated man is on earth to-day and no trade unions will impose a limit to his activities. The world will be his union." The relations of the workers to the various employing bodies are drawn up in conference between the Common Council of Wage Workers and the employers, but Mr. Wells, with that incorrigible optimism of his that flees from reality as often as it courts it, postulates the right of any very skilled worker to make a bargain with his employer for better terms. This, of course, destroys the protection gained by the collective agreement between worker and employer. Every Utopian writer tends to see the future in an over-simplified form and Mr. Wells disposes of all the difficulties of economics by visualising a common statistical unit for all economics in an energy-power-unit based upon the electric power generated and provided by the state.

In his treatment of the relation of the sexes Mr. Wells is more constructive and interesting. There is, of course, complete equality of the sexes. The procreation of children has become a " profitable privilege " but there are certain features of his marriage proposals that do not

appear so enlightened. Mr. Wells is a little vague, but the right to mate is in some way limited by law to those reaching a certain standard of fitness and intelligence. It is true that wives are paid, that motherhood is endowed and that a premium is paid by the state for children that are well looked after. The complete absence of any economic inequality between the sexes makes every match in Utopia a love-match and no mother is permitted to take any form of employment unless she can provide a substitute to look after her children. Mr. Wells, however, is charmingly old-fashioned. The chastity of a wife must be preserved while that of the husband is apparently irrelevant. If a wife is unfaithful she is divorced and regarded as a public offender; the man is free. This is to prevent a woman producing inferior children by mating with men without the necessary breeding qualifications. If a marriage remains childless after three or four years it is to be automatically dissolved. Every parent must insure his children. These marriage laws, enlightened in appearance, cover in reality a despotic discrimination. Without a combination of physical and mental excellence, no man or woman has the right to mate, much less, of course, to produce children. Finally, Mr. Wells would permit a "grouped" marriage comprehending more than a man and his wife. It is on a similar idea that Wells ends his *In the Days of the Comet*.

The social structure of Utopia is essentially, but not compulsorily, communal. The generality lead a club life; solitary houses are exceptional; industrial, artistic and agricultural production is pursued mostly in associations. Private morals are free but social decorum is essential. Special provision is made for health; playgrounds in isolated parts are reserved for children but the people of Utopia as a whole are "heedless of small pleasures" and seem to be pervaded by an unpleasant sense of social purpose. In an interesting

paragraph, Mr. Wells shows his appreciation of the dangers of an exclusive sense of racialism and he assumes that in a Utopia there will ultimately be a final miscegenation of all the peoples of the earth.

Above the whole community and penetrating every detail of the social life is the influence of the Samurai. This voluntary leadership of society constitutes for Mr. Wells the only method of salvation for any community. He is, and always has been, obsessed by the thought that the mass of humanity is stupid and that there is no hope of progress at its hands ; progress can only come from the enlightened few. The leaders of the new world must be primarily scientists, they will be drawn from the middle class, they will possess all the virtues, all the intelligence, all the wisdom, all the experience of the ages, they will be dominated by a desire to serve and a determination to rule. Only an aristocracy of intellect, only a despotism of the few, whether they are the Boom children, the Star Begotten children, the children of the Sleeper, the Air Guards, the Modern State Fellowship of *The Shape of Things to Come*, or the Samurai, can disentangle the spillikins of social muddle and injustice. It is true that no society can long continue without natural leaders ; Mr. Wells thinks that natural leaders can be deliberately trained and set apart. He rejects the Platonic suggestion of breeding a special race of guardians but emphatically demands that the Samurai must be drawn from the selectively bred part of the community. They are to be trained, tested and observed over a period of years and only then permitted to govern. Membership is voluntary but the tests are so severe that no weakling, no unbalanced person could slip through the meshes, and the control is so stringent that at the slightest sign of weakness or improper behaviour a member is degraded. Discipline is all-important and although Mr. Wells tries to see it as a

self-imposed discipline, he cannot conceal the silken strings of authority in the hands of the old wise men of the Samurai Inner Council.

The Samurai resembles a monastic Order in the vows which each individual has to take, in the discipline of the Order and in the primacy of the purpose pervading that Order. An education, Jesuitical in its thoroughness, a gradation of membership similar to that of the Society of Jesus, and an asceticism that is intended to strengthen the character and will-power, divorces the Samurai from the outside world. At regular intervals the members of this Order must make a pilgrimage into the waste places of the earth and with the minimum of equipment face the hardships of nature and find in solitary contemplation a renewed strength. The description of these finely-built, sinewy, bright-eyed men, dignified in their carriage, with words of wisdom on their lips and with a clear social vision in their hearts, is attractive. But it is all very primitive. It is all a little childish and Mr. Wells has adopted the over-simplified psychology of Plato. Man, he claims, is divided into natural types, some are born leaders and to these must be entrusted leadership of the world. The training and the testing, the supervision and the discipline are all accessories to this assumption; they are but necessary safeguards against possible deviations. The essential assumption is that some men are born to rule. The assumption, at least if history is any warranty, is probably false. To imagine that the real defects of social organisation, defects in social justice, can be cured or rendered unimportant by the existence of an Order such as that of the Samurai is an indication of the astounding simplicity of Mr. Wells. The Samurai are to be set apart, are to be divorced from the world, they are not to resemble ordinary humanity, they are above the foibles and weaknesses of human nature and to these men is to be entrusted the fate of

humanity. A vague religion in which God is replaced by Social Purpose is supposed to govern the Samurai. Without such a religion it is doubtful whether these supermen would permit for a day the further existence of stupid humanity ; they would wipe them out to a man. And yet this religion with its emphasis upon architectonic values, with its emphasis upon will-power and purpose is the one religion that would not tolerate human frailty. *A Modern Utopia* is, in fact, half-written. Had the story been completed we should have seen the complete extermination of ordinary humanity by this race of supermen who would then have lost their very *raison d'être*. Created to supervise silly mortals, they would inevitably abolish these mortals and they would then have no further purpose in life. They themselves are celibate, this perfect world would end—and perhaps a very good thing too !

Mr. Wells has had his admirers and he, too, could imagine himself as much a founder of a new community-life as Etienne Cabet himself or Theodor Hertzka. But while these two latter Utopists were convinced that it was only by the colonial method, by hiving off a small band of resolute men who cut themselves off from the old world in order ultimately to regenerate it, that Utopia could be founded, Mr. Wells and his followers believe in regeneration from within. Mr. Wells has never suggested going to the waste places of the world to rebuild society ; he fondly imagines that a few resolute men can accomplish the task by working within the old fabric. At one time Mr. Wells tried to turn the Fabian Society into a League of Practical Utopists who were to preach the new Gospel According to Mr. Wells and to become the Samurai of Socialism, not by believing in the inevitability of gradualness but by setting themselves apart as the chosen leaders of the New England. The Fabians refused to be martyred and preferred their

slower Fabian tactics. Mr. Wells left them in high dudgeon. But young men have always listened to him and from time to time form themselves under his inspiration, into imitation Samurai who are to found Cosmopolis here in Western Europe. Internationalism is to replace nationalism, selective leadership is to supplant democracy and the peoples of the world are to be instructed in the task of salvation. Unfortunately, they preach to deaf ears.

CHAPTER XII

*False, but no falser than the world it matches,
Love's daytime kingdom which I say you rule,
The total state where all must wear your badges,
Keep order perfect as a naval school :
Noble emotions organised and massed
Line the straight flood-lit tracks of memory
To cheer your image as it flashes by ;
All lust at once informed on and suppressed.*

W. H. Auden.

*And although Doctor Freud
Is distinctly annoyed
They cling to their long-standing fallacies.*

P.H.

TWO FALSE UTOPIAS : KENDAL AND HUXLEY

SINCE the war Utopia has taken on a new lease of life and as a result of the Russian experiment in what Mr. Sidney Webb firmly announces as a New Civilisation and as a result of the Italian and German experiments which the sane man denounces as destructive of all that civilisation means for him, Utopias and Anti-Utopias have enjoyed a new vogue. Every political and religious creed is as frequently misunderstood as it is discussed and every such creed seems inevitably to arouse the resentment of persons who either hold a contrary creed or hold none. If, by chance, a creed is translated into action then it is liable to be completely misinterpreted ; ridicule and criticism is poured upon it for reasons frequently puerile or irrelevant. If, in addition, the new practised creed seems by its very existence to

criticise the principles, if any, of a neighbouring way of life, then indeed resentment and criticism turns to hatred. Hatred breeds an intense perception and in the violent denunciations that follow every chink in the enemy's armour is discovered. It is of no avail that the attacked party replies or ignores the criticism; such hatred cannot be stemmed except by an equally fortuitous and irrational persuasion. Such an attacked creed is that of Communism and, just as Burke thundered against the Paris Terror which he feared and hated, so has many an outraged critic launched a verbal Odyssey against the Communist who is enemy to family, individualism and security.

It is in a remarkably clever and spirited form that John Kendal launches an attack on Communism in his *Unborn To-morrow*. In spite of an uninformed racial prejudice, some very shaky pseudo-science about racial miscegenation and the biological urge to breed, and a vague mysticism, the book is a brilliant *tour de force*. The reader is carried away by the precipitous tale, swept up in a wave of sympathy with the rebels against this ordered society of the future and it is only later when that sympathy has been cleverly aroused, that the full import of the book is revealed.

Young Herek is a Grade II man, a young scientist of tuberculous stock, and, as such, debarred from marriage. He is shown to us in rebellion against the all-powerful, all-absorbing, all-regulating State. By chance, he is thrown into contact with Rayel; she is a lovely creature, still at college and with an indescribable something that distinguishes her from her more robust, less sensitive fellows. In defiance of every state regulation and the conventional insensitiveness of the community she openly displays first her interest in, and then her romantic love for, the young man. He has been temporarily degraded for a fit of bad temper against his

immediate superior and he is relapsing into a state of nerves that is becoming increasingly general in this over-regimented community. They meet by chance in the deserted city just outside the walls of the New Town and there they meet an old renegade whose uncensored words wake the incipient rebellion that is already in them. They are discovered, they reveal their mutual love and then the State strikes. Kale, the great biologist, covets Rayel and saves Herek from more severe punishment by having him sent to the State Fisheries at Grimsby. There the north country fishermen are openly contemptuous of the new State and Herek is further incited to rebel. A smuggled note brings him to see Rayel who is distraught. Herek is discovered. He strikes Kale—the unforgivable sin—and is apprehended. Rayel pleads for him and agrees to marry Kale, but he tricks her. The young man is used as a biological experiment subject and when he is racked with pain, just before the final experiment, Rayel by a marvel of ingenuity rescues him. Then follows an Odyssey of devotion. They take to flight and finally after hairbreadth escapes, reach the Game Reserve in the Lake District where they live the old individualistic life on a deserted farm with a handful of similar refugees. The book closes with the young couple and their five children hearing the news that the New Communism is in retreat and that a peaceful majority vote has decided that those who choose may revert to a non-communal life.

The description of the New Communism is deftly given, not in a formal systematic fashion, but piece by piece as the story unfolds. We gradually learn how the world community is organised and how it came into being. It appears that about 1938 a Great World War was fought which was followed by complete financial chaos and the Great Epidemic. Then the organised Communistic State of Russia began to spread

its tentacles over the rest of the world until in this year of 1995 it controlled almost all the world. The last great stand of those who resisted this incorporation took place in America after the great war between Mercenaries and Cosmopatriots. Since then the State had receded from certain parts of the world, had for example, abandoned Australasia as not economically necessary or profitable to its purpose, and even talked about abandoning China. The author ironically makes the State threaten to abandon the inhabitants of England whenever they displayed a tendency to resist the dictates of the World State. Apparently there was, even in 1995, nothing like a whole-hearted acceptance of this Communist dictatorship, despite a systematic miscegenation of the races, wholesale deportations of refractory communities, the most stringent disciplinary action against offenders and the most thorough-going inculcation of state ideas that the world has ever seen.

Unborn To-morrow is full of those inverted slogans and shibboleths that make *Brave New World* so amusing, but they are more political in their content, more pointed and in most cases bear a closer relation to the underlying purposes of the State. Mr. Kendal, unlike Mr. Huxley, does not allow his sense of humour to override his given purpose of showing up what he believes to be the defects of an arbitrary and complete communism. His skill consists in the gradualness with which he displays his bias. "All for the State and the State for All" is shouted from the wireless and is chorused by the people. The highest praise that could be uttered was "You are as healthy as the State". "The State be served" is the everyday salutation. There is even a hymnology and a creed with all the appurtenances of religion put to the use of the State.

"The assembly-hall was already well filled when they took their place. The polished floor and domed ceiling

reflected the soft invisible lights. The hostel organ boomed out the opening bars of the evening choral :

All for the State and the State for all,
We answer the summons and haste to the call
Gladly we offer the best we can bring,
Grateful and joyous our homage we sing !

“ The voices rose and fell in the rhythm of the liturgy, the organ accompanying them with deep majestic chords. At the close the whole assembly stood at the salute, then the opening chords of the Evening Finale were struck and everyone joined in.

We sing the glory of the State,
The dawn of better days.
Our utmost now we consecrate,
To finer, purer ways.
Our wills and rights we here renounce,
To serve the higher end”

Each day everybody is awakened by the wireless
“ Good morning, everybody ! Fine day. Rain later.
Up and out ! The State and the Community need you.
Right foot . . . raise ! Left arm, swing ! Round, round,
round, round ! Left foot . . . raise ! Right arm, swing !
Swing it ! Swing it ! *Swing it !* ”

Automatically the two sprang to their morning drill.

“ Every man for himself and All for the State.” The citizens are classified as first, second and third grade men, each with their function proportionate to their intelligence and social spirit, each with the appropriate privileges and badges. The competitive spirit is carefully eliminated ; social placidity and obedience are the supreme virtues. “ What are any of us but State guinea pigs ? ” rebelliously cries the young man and the phrase is meant to be both a criticism and a description. “ Life was too well regulated to leave much scope for serious offences.

The school psychologist as well as the school doctor knew so well how to deal at the outset with the most trifling irregularities." Sanatoria have replaced prisons. Irreconcilables are painlessly despatched.

The author is impressionistic in his technique and he prefers the reader to gather an impression rather than to have an institute closely described. The majority of earlier Utopists had described at inordinate lengths the new cities, the splendid buildings, all magnificently planned. In this book such details are taken for granted, but of course the new cities are magnificent: fine buildings, perfect housing. Every possible luxury, every possible hygienic device is at the service of the citizens: sun baths, airy rooms, baths, communal service, communal meals, communal entertainments, and athletics. The whole emphasis is upon physical well-being. Mr. Kendal has adopted the whimsical attitude of Butler's Erewhonians and made of it a grim purposeful thing. Mental health is all important and bad temper is not so much regarded as a social misdemeanour as a crime against the State. The treatment is scientific, there are special doctors whose task it is to combine psychiatric treatment with State espionage. Every discontented person is a potential rebel and is treated in the most up-to-date psychological and dietetic fashion and at the same time made to feel that he is unsocial; every such case is immediately reported to the central authority. The book opens with Herek losing his privileges, being temporarily suspended from the scientific work in which he is so absorbed, deprived of tobacco, of merit coupons, of travel passes, as a punishment for a fit of bad temper which is regarded as a heinous offence. Every suggestion of independent thought is suspect; individual thought would, it is felt, inevitably lead to criticism of the State and, although the rulers feel no fear of overt rebellion, and although they are so strongly entrenched and have

so many weapons at their disposal, yet criticism is considered a danger. The safety of the whole regime depends upon the rapid breeding of a new generation of mankind from which the virus of individualism, of psychological doubts, of racial prejudice, in fact everything that distinguishes one man from another, is eliminated. The ideal man is a healthy animal, endowed with intelligence it is true, but an obedient intelligence that responds to every nuance of the suggestive voice of the State and who live and breed according to the State's demands. "My health and my will belong to the State ; guard both : a good citizen never spits."

Breeding is the purpose and the criterion of State action. Here it is that the author gives more than a hint of an unscientific streak that never disfigures Mr. Huxley's transparent brilliance. For Mr. Kendal the only races that will not willingly fit in with the Biological Stud Farm are the Nordic races ; the Slav, the Latin, the Mongolian peoples make excellent citizens and it is significant that the villain of the piece is Kale, the Slav Professor who lusts after the heroine in real melodrama style, who is ruthless enough to be prepared to destroy his rival by making him the subject of scientific experiments and whose only redeeming feature is a disloyalty to the State which employs him and in whose name he acts, a disloyalty revealed by his wilfulness and his temporary sentimentality.

Unfortunately for the State of the United World, despite its Index of prohibited books, which includes Thackeray, Galsworthy and Dickens but, of course, not Shaw and Wells, its regimentation, its festivals, its watchful eye and scientific statistics, a strange reluctance to breed begins to be observed. More stringently are the bonds drawn. The children are segregated from their parents, the State provides suitable

mates for the young women as soon as they graduate and even though every opportunity is given for a restricted but individual choice, still the birth-rate falls. No one can understand it : the figures are kept carefully hidden but rumours begin to fly and everyone talks about it. It is then the hero and heroine discover the explanation when by chance they find in the ruins of the deserted city of former days an old renegade who has survived the hunt, who still tends his wife's grave and who still worships the old God in the ruined church. "Life," says the splendid old man, with a crack in his voice, "Life is more than safety. It is meant to be lived to the last pangs with all its keen joys, its anguish. You," turning to the young couple in whom he sees the new Destruction, "You have liquidated God Himself rather than see the inequalities Nature has herself decreed. You took all the glory, the romance of life, when you took the divinity out of man and left the physical only. You made all weak for fear the strong might exploit the weak . . . You betrayed humanity when you taught it to fear want, hunger, pain, dependence with comfort, equality with the lowest, rather than liberty with all its agony and achievement with the highest." And he concluded on a prophetic note. "Life will not be denied ; and your house has been left unto you desolate." This theme is elaborated throughout the book. Rayel, the lovely young heroine, in whom "Race and breeding were evident in the slender harmony of her beauty, the perfect carriage of her head" exemplifies it :

"It's the unforgivable sin. You have killed life, you and your State, life unending. Instead you have made us beasts that perish, for you have killed our souls. That is the unforgivable sin. And that is what you have done. And this thing, this love that you tell me is shameful, this something here in my heart, it is life. It is divinity. It is . . . why, it's God."

She dropped her voice, awestruck and horrified, for the thing had been uttered against her will.

"It's . . . God. It is love. Why, now I see. You made the State God. You robbed us of our natural instinct to worship, to love each other ; instead you diverted these instincts to the State, and what you have given us in exchange has failed to satisfy us. That's why we are dying. Dying like the God you destroyed.

"A flood of light dazzled her. This new knowledge lifted her even above the range of her needs. This was the vision without which the people perished, this strong wine of God, of hope eternal. She did not tremble now. Her voice was steady, not raised in passionate protest ; her eyes shone extraordinarily bright. A glow of radiant colour flushed her face, not the fever light he had seen when he first came in, but a serene splendour. She smiled and spread out her hands with infinite relief, like one oppressed with nightmare, now brought to the comfortable light of day, to the sunlight, serene and cheerful, health-giving and good."

Melodrama of the highest order is linked with a pseudo-scientific explanation of the failure of the Utopians to breed according to instruction and the whole is scattered with phrases chosen deliberately to discredit the present Soviet regime. It is clever. The officials, with their G.H.Q. in Moscow, enjoy privileges denied to others and ironically enough, while no ordinary parents may do more than occasionally visit their offspring—it is in fact, bad taste even to recognise one's children—these officials have their children living with them in almost filial domesticity. Slavs are regarded as better citizens than Nordics and power gradually drifts into their hands. God is "liquidated" ; irreconcilables are segregated in "Reservations" ; Russian is the compulsory language. The full armoury of innuendo and prejudice is employed by our superior Nordic indivi-

dualistic author to identify every evil of this over-regimented Utopia with Bolshevism. The final reward of the State is a free pilgrimage to Lenin's tomb and even that joy, we are told, soon wanes. Finally the Resistance movement spreads, Individualism triumphs and the young couple live happy ever after.

The book is worth reading. Some of the characters are well drawn ; the love interest is sustained ; there are some fine descriptive passages, and the melodrama, with hairbreadth escapes, incredible heroising and the final triumph of virtue, never flags. The moral is : " You can no more manufacture a synthetic civilisation than you can make synthetic food." What if you can ?

The natural patriotic prejudice of his English reader is summoned to the help of the author.

" Something caught in Herek's throat ; a wave of passionate, of unbearable emotion swelled his heart. This was England ! These green lush meadows with the lazy cattle knee-deep in the grass ; these wide peaceful trees ; the misty blue and golden splendour of the morning ; the keen, almost suffocatingly lovely scents of this spring garden all moved some new and potent emotion in his heart.

" This was England ; he belonged here ! It was as if the warm earth of his motherland had spoken in audible tongue. He forgot his State-trained horror of such narrow nationalism ; the very heart in him was drawn to his land with a kinship stronger than reason. It roused a strange riot of untutored feelings that warred with his trained community emotions. Just as that garden lying at his feet could have belonged to no other spot on earth, just so was the stirring of his heart ; the very blood in his veins called out in response to the claims being made on him. This was England and it had been desecrated, made common to all men, a public land ; forgetting that each land bred her own children true to her needs, making

them after her own image, blending them with the climate, just as trees and flowers were blended, crops and beasts, each best fitted to the claims of the soil. But the State has uprooted nations, just as it had uprooted families and God. He slipped down from the timber, scaled the wall, and dropped into the beauty of the garden."

What if England is not like this?

Unborn Tomorrow owes a large part of its appeal to the characters of the young couple who are its heroes and whose young idyll contrasts so melodramatically with the ruthless communism of the World State. No such sentimentality is to be found in a book that is an almost complete parallel, Mr. Aldous Huxley's sophisticated *Brave New World*.

"John also laughed, but for another reason—laughed for pure joy.

"‘O brave new world,’ he repeated. ‘O brave new world that has such people in it. Let’s start at once.’

"‘You have a most peculiar way of talking sometimes,’ said Bernard, staring at the young man in perplexed astonishment. ‘And, anyhow, hadn’t you better wait till you actually see the new world?’”

With these words Mr. Aldous Huxley introduces us to the second part of his book. The device of inserting a savage, tainted with all the emotional sensitivity and unsocialised independence of the old world into this brave new world is in itself a clumsy device. But Mr. Huxley is determined that we shall not miss the point and in any case like Mr. Wells he never can resist the dramatic. The biting satire of the description of the brave new world ends in a tragedy which in effect leaves the impression blurred. "COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY" is the World State's motto. "CALVIN STOPES AND HIS SIXTEEN SAXOPHONISTS"

is the electric sign at the Westminster Abbey cabaret. "Ford's in his Flivver, All's well with the World" is the muttered prayer of the D.H.C.; "Everyone belongs to Everyone Else" is the hypnopaedic proverb; conditioned breeding and hypnopaedic instruction are the major instruments of social stability.

After the Nine Years' War and the great Economic collapse, the machine-gunning of eight hundred Simple-Lifers at Golders Green and the massacre by poisonous gas at the British Museum, the new World State is set up. Its object is social stability.

"Those poor pre-moderns were mad and wicked and miserable. Their world didn't allow them to take things easily, didn't allow them to be sane, virtuous, happy. What with mothers and lovers, what with the prohibitions they were not conditioned to obey, what with the temptations and the lonely remorsees, what with all the diseases and the endless isolating pain, what with the uncertainties and the poverty, they were forced to feel strongly. And feeling strongly (and strongly, what was more, in solitude, in hopelessly individual isolation), how could they be stable?"

There used to be something called Christianity . . . something called Liberalism . . . freedom to be a round peg in a square hole. All this has been changed by laboratory experiments; the method of breeding in test-tubes has been discovered; no longer is there any need of parentage, of the family, indeed of human mating at all. By experiment has been discovered the art, if indeed it can be called an art, of breeding Bokanovsky groups of identical twins in test-tubes; thus individual variations can be eliminated and batches of, I suppose you would call them, human beings, batches in which each unit responds in an identical manner with that of all other members of the group. Finally, by experiment has been discovered the art, and indeed it was an art, of

inculcating, into the embryo, ideas and habits. This is coupled with the science of conditioning. With such knowledge, the scientific creators of the brave new world cannot resist breeding types and separating types so produced, each in a functional group clearly distinguished by physical, mental and even psychological characteristics. The clever ones cannot resist breeding the multitude less clever than they but more useful to them than the more intelligent. The optimum population, as his lordship, Mustafa Mond the Controller, explains, is analogous to that of an iceberg, one-ninth above the line of intelligence and eight-ninths below. Thus the world is divided into Alphas, Betas, Gammas down to the simple Epsilon. All the units in each grade are identical in appearance ; this gives them a feeling of solidarity. The units in each grade are acclimatised in the laboratory-nursery to certain conditions ; to depart from these later in life is extremely distasteful to them. The lift-boy, for example, can bear no other life ; those destined for manual labour have been purged of any innate love of nature lest they waste their time either in holidays in the country or in aching for a sight of the countryside. Only a minute few of the Alpha plus type is bred and even they are distrusted if they are *too* able.

Education consists of inculcation and of training for the predestined function. No time, however, is wasted in school because all the necessary instruction can be given by hypnopaedia ; as the children sleep, the insistent murmur of the official radio mutters little mottoes and prescribed proverbs which automatically sink into their sub-conscious and become a part of them. The economics of this sane community are simple in the extreme. By means of scientific technique and the use of specially bred manual labourers any quantity of goods can be produced as required. The only question that arises is the method of consumption and consequently all

the lower grades are perpetually being encouraged by all the artifice of state advertising to consume more and more. As, however, all the necessities of life and a very considerable amount of what we call luxuries are provided by the state, the only solution to this economic problem is to encourage in the people a voracious appetite for harmless luxuries. Government is equally simple. At the head are the experts, the Alpha double-pluses; below them stretch a hierarchy of Alphas. All the other grades are self-governing in a purely mechanical sense; they automatically accept the situation in life to which "our Ford", the founder of this civilisation, has called them and recognise in their superiors the Powers-that-be that are ordained by "our Freud" as he sometimes chose to call himself. If by any chance, some strange novelty obtrudes itself upon the notice of one of the lower grades, a riot naturally breaks out. For such an emergency the world state possesses two completely effective weapons; one is the use of the hypnopædic radio which can charm a maddened throng of miners into an acceptance of whatever orders are issued by the Central Bureau; the other is the use of *soma*. Soma is a drug which, taken in small quantities, stimulates the erotic feelings in a harmless sort of way; if it is sprayed into the air by the government soldiers it calms the emotions and can quell a riot; if taken to excess it causes painless peaceful death.

When the workers' day is done, they find at their disposal every facility for recreation: sport, feely-feelies, (super cinemas which give visual, audible and tactile sensations) and every opportunity for flirtatious intercourse which the state encourages. After all, the workers have to do something when they are not working.

Mr. Huxley cannot resist the temptation to be mildly blasphemous; the sign of the T is the laboratory sign that is placed on the test-tubes containing male embryos

and is apparently derived from a truncated cross. In his description of the religious service the brotherhood teaching of Christianity is translated in terms of social assimilation ; the Arch-Community-Songster of Canterbury, the first solidarity hymn, the loving cup of strawberry soma which is drunk to the imminence of His Coming and finally the erotic rhythmic delirium with which the service concludes to the words of " Orgy, Porgy, Ford and Fun " and to the tune of the tom-toms, are the means whereby these chemical Utopians, these animated formulae put on a simulacrum of real life. Such blasphemy is necessary to such an existence ; every community in which there is a planned procreation and a pre-determined function for every individual must invent an hypnotic religion which can be used by the citizens themselves to hypnotise themselves into abandoning all thought of individual action. No individuality can be permitted and the best means to prevent any individual divergence from the socially necessary mode of existence is by erecting into a convention and a religion the duty which they will be compelled to perform whether they like it or not, whether they know it or not. Rebels and the ultra-individualistic, the chemical sports, are sent to island refuges where they may live as they choose. Into this puppet show comes a Savage, a survival of the old individualistic world, a Savage with a love for his mother and a feeling for beauty. Poetry and art have been dead in this new world and the taste of them which the Savage brings sends one of our Utopians, young Bernard, off his head. He always had something a little strange about him, perhaps his test-tube had not been rocked the requisite number of times or perhaps the temperature had by some mistake varied during his conditioning period. " Alcohol in his blood-surrogate " is the popular verdict. Anyhow, Bernard is different ; he begins to think for himself, he observes the Savage

and begins to compare the old and the new world. He is despatched to Iceland. The Savage remains to fall in love with one of these animated female dolls. Lenina, with the naturalness that the state enjoins offers her pink young body to the savage ; doffing her malthusian belt and stepping deftly out of her zippicamiknicks she automatically falls into the sentimental mood required. The Savage, with poetry in his blood, hates her. He hates the whole community and finally is driven mad by the unreality of this world of puppets.

“ Utopias are realisable. Life is marching towards Utopia,” quotes Mr. Huxley in his dedication. But it is necessary to know to what kind of Utopia mankind is marching and Mr. Huxley suggests with all the modesty of a successful novelist that to postulate a future world planned on scientific lines, planned to avoid waste and planned so that every individual performs an allotted function, planned so that the community not only survives but grows larger, is in itself not sufficient. Unless there is individuality, unless real freedom is permitted to the units of a planned economy, unless room is made for perhaps the wasteful luxuries of life, art and beauty and real feeling, then a planned Utopia is meaningless. Man does not live by bread alone and in fact requires some sustenance of a spiritual kind. Brave New World is not very new and there is no opportunity for real bravery. It is not so much a Utopia as a nightmare and a warning to all who would plan a Utopia.

CHAPTER XIII

*How small a part of Universal Mind can conscient
Reason claim !*

Robert Bridges.

THE IMPERIALIST UTOPIA: THE HESPERIDES

YET another skit upon the Russian experiment appeared in 1936. As usual, the technique of inversion is used, but in Mr. John Palmer's *Hesperides* the form is a particularly attractive one. The author calls it, in his subtitle, "*A Looking-Glass Fugue*" and in it there is more than a hint of the logic of the Red Queen. At the very end of the exciting story one of his characters asks:

" ' Tell me Malpas, is your earth but a looking-glass satire upon this world of ours ? ' "

" ' That,' I said, ' is merely your local prejudice.' "

" ' You mean that it might just as well be the other way round ? ' "

" ' Very possibly,' " I concurred."

Basil Strangeways is not inaptly named; one early summer evening he mysteriously descends upon his former friend, Doctor Peter Wykeham, in his quiet Sussex garden. He asks to be invited to supper with a curiously shamefaced urgency that sets the scene. He has invented a time machine, more credible in its opalesque spherical shape than the disappearing tricycle of Mr. Wells, and with it he has travelled to the civilisation of the Evening Star. He persuades Peter to return with him. There Peter finds a community in which the social habits and the moral code of the world, strangely inverted, have been made to accompany an Imperialistic

exploitation more complete than any this world has yet seen. After innumerable adventures he returns home with an adorable wife determined to avoid the peril of the mass which he sees threatening mankind and in a world of mad-shirt parties to preach Liberty against the discipline of the Fasces.

The planet Hesperus, owing to its astronomical inclination always presents one side to the sun. The centre of the globe is therefore arid, while on the extremities are snow and ice. The inhabitants of the temperate zones are able to exploit the interior by the threat of cutting off the water supply. The men of the interior are left in a more or less primitive tribal economy governed by governors on a Roman model. In the outer region an eugenic state with a planned economy has been perfected. Citizens are bred according to formula, each grade for a particular purpose ; all are ordered in their public duties by a central autocratic council. Every material luxury and every mechanical device is at the disposal of the State and of the citizens of the dominating race, but their every act is prescribed. A fictitious popular monarchy exists in the symbolic election of a lowest-grade citizen who embodies the idea of communal service. He is chosen by lot, has no function and only one ceremonial act, the fictitious sweeping of the Palace Steps with a feather duster. The first-class or grade of citizens are the administrators, the second are the technical experts called in to advise, the third the teachers, the fourth the technicians, engineers, architects and economists, the fifth the foremen. The sixth and seventh classes are different ; they are standardised drones, the former the clerks and the latter the manual labourers. Varying degrees of initiative are allocated to the first five grades but the rest possess nothing but an ecstatic servility and a delight in the unwavering repetition of a necessary function. At first sight this seems to be a

slave state in which the lower grades are slaves to be exploited by their masters, but it soon appears that all are slaves, slaves to the system to which they have been bred ; each grade is incapable of escaping from its functional fate. There is even an odd inversion : in the great centres of industry, such as Menin, the lower grade citizens receive deference from the upper grades in recognition of their essential services. This is a simple derivation from the system of state breeding. The lower grades are bred as an act of piety ; they are uniformly beautiful and healthy ; they have no physical deformity, no distinguishing characteristics. Euthan had discovered the biological technique. He had abolished private ownership, purged humanity of diseased persons, abolished the family, compelled and regulated communal mating, educated children apart from their parents. Then came Didon who, by the refinement of dispensation, reintroduced the intelligence and individuality that Euthan's system had eliminated. He gave to certain selected individuals a dispensation from the law to choose their own mates. This had been necessary as even a special Ministry of Propaganda had failed to stimulate breeding under Euthan's communal system. The dispensation system is superbly droll because it is based upon hypocrisy not dissimilar to the legal fictions upon which the British and other unwritten constitutions are based. Members of the upper grades are permitted to exercise a personal preference in mating provided that they do so discreetly ; even a limited family life is permitted. This was preserved as a class privilege ; the general uniform multitude would have resented or at least been shocked by such a violation of the Founder's Code. Even the privileged classes themselves, who breed freely, with marked improvement in intellect and numbers, still preserve the social fiction that passion, affection and family feeling is bad taste.

Dr. Peter is at first bewildered by a social code that seems to contradict everything he has accepted in the world. This feeling of being a visitor to a mad world is reinforced by the behaviour of the inhabitants ; in a state where public service replaces private effort everybody acts strangely.

In Menin there is no night ; the citizens never retire to sleep at the same time ; they work in shifts. They have no interest in life other than the function for which they are bred and, when free from labour, they wander aimlessly upon the great dam that dominates the whole of the great economic life of the community. All power is hydraulic and upon the water supply depends the domination of the rest of the planet. The only poem Peter ever discovers is an ode to The Water Tower.

“ O Water Tower !
Carrying velts to the sky,
Father of Pipes and Mains,
Father of Power,
Thou singest on high ;
Let the grass be green on the plains,
Let not the cities be dry.
O Water Tower ! ”

All life-actions that do not bear a direct relation to the necessary functions are regarded as a little discreditable. To sleep is to deprive the community of possible services and people therefore pretend they never sleep. When they retire to bed they give some excuse and withdraw to isolated darkened cubicles and never willingly obtrude upon another sleeper. Similarly eating is shameful and the formula by which one announces one is about to dine is that one wishes to be excused. Reading is also regarded as an un-social act except the reading by the upper grades of necessary technical books. Except for compulsory pornography no books and no press exist for the masses ;

the destruction of books had been the necessary preamble to a communal breeding of uniformity. Holidays are regarded as days of mortification. In such a community based on utility, the artist is properly subordinated and he is not allowed to practise openly. Only "perverts" can obtain access to artistic productions and they first have to obtain a medical certificate. But an odd thing happens. By some freak these Hesperians who have been taught to despise art, manage to preserve some feeling of beauty and Peter wonders "whether it was by sheer accident or conscious design that the crystal dome, with the light thrusting this way and that in a tangle of shafts and falling like a cataract upon the floor beneath, was in the result so lovely a thing. I never saw any of those who passed beneath it pause or give it any attention. I imagine that for them its æsthetic value merely heightened the feeling of devotion to the common cause with which they passed to their several duties." Finally, any public display of real feeling is held to be disgusting ; on the other hand sexual mating is an honourable duty but it is severely dissociated from real passion. The result is that friendliness is taboo, and any young couple discovered in conversation immediately observe the proprieties by flinging themselves into each other's arms. To satisfy the craving for friendship and paternal and filial affection which cannot be entirely destroyed, licensed houses are permitted. These Houses of the Red Pennon exist in all the larger cities for those unfortunate persons who have no other outlet for their personal affections. It is in one of these houses of ill repute that Peter meets Mona. Curiosity leads him to investigate, and his nostalgia for ugliness, for some individual differentiation from the uniformity of the healthy multitude, for a real living personality, makes him soon fall in love with

her. Perhaps the most curious of all institutions are the Tabernacles of Pornography. Attendance is a communal duty. Although Peter is excused the duty of communal mating on the obvious ground that he is no fit person to breed, being stunted and unsocially-minded, as indeed any inhabitant from our world must be, he has to put in a formal appearance at these Sabbatical exercises. He is clothed in a specially ostentatious garb which covers him from head to foot, he has to put on a mask and is given a silver bell to ring. A mixture of ostentation and secrecy governs the formal behaviour prescribed. Each person is given a disc and shown a numbered cell where a person of the opposite sex waits. Indulgence in pornography is regarded as a social act. Every citizen has to belong to a club. Clubs have been formed as part of Didon's system of dispensations as a controlled outlet for natural instincts. The citizen is not supposed to have, much less to enjoy, any private time.

How is this communal code enforced? Originally drastic measures had been necessary; recalcitrant citizens were despatched under convoy to the great Ice Barrier where they marched to their doom; many indeed were overcome by the inner conviction of sin against the Community Life and went to death singing. The later code of Euthan retained the practice but covered it with hypocrisy by inviting sinners to remove themselves. Stimuli in the form of books and works of art which refer to the abandoned individualist past or suggest rebellion have been suppressed, the mating compounds are established and it seems as if the system is accepted without question.

But Peter soon discovers that among the upper grades, underneath the cloak of conformity, there is growing up a real nonconformity. More and more people are frequenting the Houses of the Red Pennon

to play with children or take pleasure in eating and drinking, to talk and be friendly, to buy and give presents—artists who cannot resist the urge to paint, young people who want to play games. In the Tabernacles of Pornography Peter meets the same reluctance to conform and most of those who come, come to talk and be friendly. Mona refers mysteriously to the Sign of the Wheel, and Koimta in the Tabernacle tells him of the growth of the “Friendlies” as they call themselves.

Suddenly Peter is snatched off by his friend to journey by the pneumatic express into the interior. There he learns the real secret of the Wheel. The natives of the interior have never been exterminated as Euthan had intended but, provided they continued to breed the required numbers of manual workers, they were left pretty much alone. The immense distances between the settlements and the intense heat precludes anything save a very loose government and the natives preserve family life, keep their religious books and extol the private virtues. They are, however, at the mercy of the central government, which can cut off their water supply. Any overt sign of rebellion is immediately reported and steps taken to prevent the infection.

Peter and Strangeways with their party arrive just when matters are coming to a head. Here it is that the author becomes brilliant. He pictures a struggle between a government which possesses no material power of coercion and a race which has lost the vital energy to disobey. The central government cuts off the water supply and the rebels from the interior, led by Kaipax, concentrate upon securing control of Edena, a town on the Great Barrier. The small garrison forces of the state are shut up in the citadel but they are armed with primitive weapons which they have never used. For generations there has been no fighting; both soldiers and citizens

have come from the same breeding system that stresses community and eliminates the competitive and aggressive instincts. Neither side can fight. Kaipax sees his men mount the ramparts, sees the axe glitter as it rises to strike and then sees the Hesperian soldier throw away his sword and bare his neck to receive the axe. The battle proceeds as on the music-hall stage. The rebel tries to summon up enough courage to strike but fails and after the third attempt throws away his axe and hurls himself from the rampart. The Hesperian soldiers follow up their advantage and expel the rebels by the simple process of offering themselves to the slaughter until the enemy run away rather than kill. Kaipax himself stops the rout by actually shedding blood.

At the next assault, upon the great Barrier, clever tactics almost defeat the rebel chief. The soldiers are ordered to avoid conflict and discredit Kaipax by preventing him from killing anyone. They almost succeed ; Kaipax rushes to the attack, dashes hither and thither anxious to kill, but the enemy evades him. Even his followers become uneasy ; something terrible is happening as they watch. They want to laugh ; and for thousands of years they have never been amused. Then comes a cataract of laughter. But it is also victory, for Kaipax, mad with rage, lunges forth and whips off his opponent's head which rolls away downhill. Even Kaipax is astonished at the ease of the trick and at the oddness of a man without a head. Everyone laughs ; the tension is broken : Kaipax is still a hero for he has made himself ridiculous. But he knows that only force can ultimately decide and turns to Phrastos the preacher. Under his religious frenzy the thousands of natives march on the Wall and take the Citadel by storm, killing with a mad instinct that has been dormant for centuries ; finally the central mains are captured and the government threat destroyed. The govern-

ment capitulates. But Hesperus is so preposterously reasonable that Kaipax can say : " It is a victory, my friend. But now we must live it down." The rebels have, by fighting, hurt themselves and are accorded the magnanimity due to a successful enemy and adequate compensation ; they demand and are granted as a minimum programme certain immediate reforms of the communal system.

The Code of Euthan is repealed ; and the dispensations of Didon permitted to all. The old and new orders are to live side by side without coercion. Theontas, the statesman, wisely sums up the new principle of politics which recent events have discovered. " Prohibition keeps more things alive than it can destroy . . . If there is anything you would effectively discourage, make it compulsory. Even the mating compounds might come into favour if they were forbidden." The heady fervour of that religious madness that led to the massacres on the Barrier dies away at once ; Phrastos declares that the end of the world is come and that neither he nor his religious devotees will further meddle in politics. Peter cannot quite follow all this, until he realises that " these people really desired a solution of their difficulties. They were absurdly honest and quite ridiculously consistent. Kaipax also had conspired for liberty, desired liberty for all . . . " And so the discussions for a solution of the affair proceed rationally and amicably.

The scene closes with a ceremonial adoption of the new order ; Dikas the artist is commissioned to commemorate the Shame of the Great Barrier by a design on the bronze fountain and he makes it a caricature of mirth. Communal service and the Ministry of Propaganda are abolished ; but nobody knows how to make love. Peter, the worldly one, has to tell how they manage on earth. It all appears too

stupid to be true but these reasonable Hesperians decide to try to combine business with pleasure and associate passion and companionship. The bulk of the people however have yet to unlearn their communal subordination and they wander desolate, being driven almost mad by the unaccustomed freedom. Peter can only suggest social calls and ballroom dancing. He is perhaps to be excused a little trifling of this sort as his Mona is to return to Sussex with him. In Sussex his mind turns back to the strange people he has met :

“ My mind has gone back to Theontas, anxiously watching the progress of his revolution ; Dikas the man of fancy, bringing back songs and shapes and colours to his people ; Phrene and Kaipax leading their young generation back to love and laughter.

“ But they have far to go. I think of the teeming crowd beside the water and of the moment when I longed suddenly for my own thwarted unhappy kind. I have seen a strange race in rebellion against its fetish—setting out at the eleventh hour to recover its freedom, when the discipline of community was like to destroy it. Freedom and governance . . . liberty and control. Must they go ding-dong down the ages, antinomies not to be reconciled ?

“ I had clearly seen the peril of community and felt all its implications for ourselves. For it weighs upon us increasingly in the tyranny of herds, governments, nations, sects and parties, in the standardising of our emotions and minds, in the synchronising of our pleasures. The people of earth are being driven to the doctrines of Euthan—organisation, censorship, assembly. Man stands in peril of the mass. He is exposed each minute of the day to the relentless order ; Conform or Perish. To preach liberty at this moment on earth or to suggest that there is wisdom in the eremite excites derision. It is our present instinct

to live for work or pleasure where the crowd is thickest, to wear with our neighbours the black or brown shirt or the red, and I cannot forget that Euthan, saving his people from anarchy, enforced a discipline which was worse than the estate which he removed.

“And I know that, for those who live under the fasces, the time comes when they are found to be no more than a bundle of dry sticks.”

* * *

What is the most striking feature of these criticisms of Communism is their superficiality. It is, however, of little use to go to the exponents of Communism themselves if one wishes to discover the real ideal underlying the expressed objects of Communism. This is true of Fascism as it is of Communism and what is generally regarded in Europe to-day as the conflict or at least the contrast of two contrary ideologies, is really the struggle between two imaginative fictions. Neither the reality of the experiments being conducted in modern Russia, nor in the revitalised Italy of Mussolini and the Germany of Hitler, nor the creeds expressed by their founders and prophets bear more than a very slight resemblance to the essential Utopia in the minds of those who support any of these comprehensive social creeds. It is, for example, possible to argue that Communism does not lie in the practice of the government of Joseph Stalin, but that the reality is to be found only in the ideas which Marx, Lenin and Stalin, that trilogy of prophets, have expressed in their writings and speeches ; that Fascism or the principles of the corporative state are not to be found in the regulations of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany but in the sacred words of the Leader. It is undoubtedly true that practice does not coincide with the expressed ideal, but neither in the

practice nor in the ideal expressed in words is the intrinsic Utopia. The Utopia of the Bolsheviks is not comprehended by a succession of Five Year Plans, by the class struggle or the dictatorship of the proletariat, it is only to be found in a far off future state of complete social happiness. It is in these political experiments and political ideologies that is best exemplified the truth that Utopia is nowhere; it is a state that can never be reached but exists only in men's hearts. The same is true of Fascism. Fascism does not consist in the life-work of Adolf Hitler or Benito Mussolini, in the purge of the 30th June or a triumphal march on Rome, nor even in the foundation of the third Reich or the establishment of a second Roman Empire.

It is possible to piece together and discover this Fascist Utopia, from the utterances of the leaders and more particularly from the propaganda used by their agents. The ultimate reality for every good Fascist lies not in the integrity and development of the individual but in the soul of the people. Every racial stock, so it is argued, is distinguished by certain marked physical and psychological characteristics which in course of time, if the untoward restrictions of the past are removed, will spontaneously express themselves in action. There is not only a physiological Aryan or Roman type but, what is more important, a spiritual attitude. The Fascist man must be a warrior peasant springing from the soil which has been fertilised by his blood and by the blood of his forbears and which will be cultivated and protected by the sweat and blood of his descendants. The Spirit of the Folk will breed a race of Leaders and from this aristocracy an almost divine Leader will always appear as a symbol of the essential unity and pre-eminence of the people from which he has sprung. He will not only be a symbol but a very real and living authority. His word will be law and

his mind will be that of the people. This people will breed and multiply and fill valleys and overflow into the plains and a dragon's crop of soldiers will spring up from the furrows. A mighty peasant people will multiply and irresistibly carry all before them. A native art and culture will arise, different from all the preceding spurious cultures ; the urban culture of a leisured few living in the sheltered cities will give way to the culture of a people living a free life in free air. Noble mothers will breed a noble race of sons who will find happiness in a blind reproduction of their kind. No alien race, no alien culture will be permitted to mar the divine symmetry of their virile paganism.

Mr. Wells has remarked that every future Utopia must be dynamic, must be kinetic. The Utopia of Fascism is indeed dynamic. The Utopia envisaged by every good German or good Italian is a world in which every race has been exterminated by, or subordinated to, the few chosen races who possess this dynamic quality of reproduction and virility. Gone are the ideals of pacifism, gone is the degenerate art of the artist, gone is the individualism of the intellectual. Utopia consists in perpetual preparation for war and perpetual preparedness to fight. In fact, Utopia consists in a struggle for existence, a struggle that can never be ended. The Utopian world of Fascism is a world in which Fascist states, armed to the hilt, dominated by the same concept of a fighting stock, perpetually fight, the one with the other, for the privilege of being the victor.

By the side of this fighting ideal, the Utopia of Communism is insipid. Bread and butter is for the Communist what blood and soil is for the Fascist ; international pacifism replaces Armageddon ; co-operation of all for all succeeds the struggle for existence. The Utopia of Communism is a world state in which

all the workers of the world have forgotten that they are workers, have forgotten that such a thing as the *bourgeoisie* or the proletariat could ever have existed, have ceased to struggle against exploitation and enjoy the fruits of the earth in a state of cultured leisure. The individual is more important than the community to which he belongs, and which provides him with every necessity of life, every pleasure that man can desire and every opportunity for self-expression. Government has ceased to be necessary and every individual automatically finds scope for his highest endeavour. Aggressiveness has been eliminated by centuries of co-operation or sublimated in the excitement of functional creation. Mankind possesses an innate ability to live an harmonious life and to expend its energy in the creation of useful and beautiful things without coercion or material incentive. Science has revealed to these Communists of the future sufficient of its secrets to enable them to employ the machines of the factory without becoming their victims. So perfect is the social structure that there is neither exploitation nor the fear of exploitation; so admirable is the practice of social morality that men and women are able to live lives of equal opportunity and to enjoy the blessings of companionship and mating without having to sacrifice their individuality or their material satisfactions. Every individual is cultured and politically conscious, able and willing to perform essential economic services for the community and at the same time participate in the administration of the political and economic life of the community. The ultimate resources of nature have been tapped and the innermost recesses of human nature explored.

Just as the Fascist Utopia can only be expressed in an endless self-destruction so the Communist Utopia can only be expressed in a never-ending state of satis-

faction. Reduced to its ultimate absurdity neither Utopia is very attractive, but the fact should not prevent us from perceiving the intrinsic Utopia behind the conflicting ideologies and the immediate mechanism of those who proclaim them.

The writing of Utopias may be but an escape from the world of reality, from the childish pursuit of the impossible by the impotent ; but even if we ignore the undoubted inspiration which springs from many Utopias it is nevertheless incontrovertible that the insipidity of the Communist Utopia is in the great line of Utopian tradition, while its more masculine competitor has, as yet, found no prophet. It is possible to discover in Plato's eugenically-bred guardians, in the communal authoritarianism of More and Andreæ, in the leadership of Mr. Wells' Samurai, faint anticipations of Fascist exclusiveness and divine might. It is possible but it would be absurd.

CHAPTER XIV

This Individualism is man's true Socialism.
Robert Bridges.

*Why go and imprison oneself in a city,
for no end but just to be bored by the mob.*
Henrik Ibsen.

MY UTOPIA AND WILLIAM MORRIS

WHAT is your Utopia? Have you at any time attempted to write one? Or at least have you not at some time thought of what you would write if you had the time? I suppose that everyone at some time feels a longing for a better world in which to live and I suppose that men of all ages must have had a similar feeling.

Mr. Wells in his *Modern Utopia* asks himself a series of rather academic questions as to what a Utopia in these modern times ought to be and he assumes that every modern Utopia will be of a certain kind. Let us see what, according to Mr. Wells, are the requisites of a proper Utopia. In the first place it must be kinetic, dynamic, that is, there must be a life in the social structure which will enable it to adapt itself to new circumstances. But, Mr. Wells goes on, it is not playing the game properly to change man's nature in so radical a way as to make the man of the future appear in fundamentals different from the man of the present. Mr. Wells, of course, frequently breaks his own rules, but he would justify what he has done by saying that we know that man is changing rapidly and that it is therefore justifiable in writing a Utopia to accelerate

the process of evolution. A modern Utopia moreover cannot confine itself to a little sheltered island such as, for example, More or Bacon or Campanella envisaged, but must comprehend and in fact requires for its effective functioning the whole of the planet. It must be a picture of a world state and, if necessary, relations with the rest of the Universe may be undertaken as in *Things to Come*. Mr. Wells then asks, what are the ideal conditions for the development of human nature. There are many. In the first place there must be a general liberty, a freedom to come and go, a variety of local conditions and environments that will stimulate in man tolerance and adaptability. Sameness is for Mr. Wells what drabness is to us. In the second place education and above all scientific research by whole army corps of students and experts are essential. Bacon's *House of Solomon* is to be the laboratory of human experience and the place where social experiments are born. Every individual in Utopia must be well-educated in order that he may lead a full life. There must be both a nucleus of individual property, property in tools and personal possessions at least, and a communal life in which the social virtues of collective action may be engendered. The biological needs of society can only be served if scope is given to the sexual impulse, but this impulse must be canalised so that no threat to the stability of that society is possible. The economic basis of society must be planned, and although Mr. Wells prefers to see a compromise between individual enterprise and collective control yet he would argue that, whatever the form, planning is essential. Finally, a natural leadership must be discovered and given a framework in which to function.

Mr. Wells is a little didactic. He never can rid himself of that urge to teach which early displayed itself in his writings. The writing of Utopia is not

the writing of a sermon, not the teaching of a lesson ; it is an art and every Utopia should be artistic in form. What then are the requirements of this form of art ? First of all there must be a convincing introduction of the reader to the new world which he is visiting. Plato provides no such introduction ; he is purely doctrinaire and after convincing his readers that certain conditions are desirable he leaves them with the assumption that they can be created by the simple exercise of will-power. Morris adopts the trick of a dream of the future dreamed by a Londoner of his day. In *The Dream* by Mr. Wells the trick is inverted and here we have a memory dream by Sarnac, an inhabitant of the world two thousand years hence. He looks back and sees what we are now seeing but he sees it with the eyes of the future, and by implication we are left with a picture of the future. The artistry is good and *The Dream* is one of Mr. Wells' most delightful books. Bellamy in his *Looking Backward* adopts the same mental approach but projects a Bostonian of 1880 into the future by the rather awkward device of a trance. Even Hudson in his *Crystal Age* is fumbling. His hero falls into a quarry and finds himself in another world. The older writers of Utopias found a simpler method which was perhaps more artistic. They told their stories as if they were real stories, stories of travellers who had discovered new lands. This is true of More, of Bacon, of Campanella, of Andreæ and of d'Allais. The same technique is employed by Cabet much later. Mr. Palmer in his *Hesperides* steals Mr. Wells' time machine but makes it so convincing a machine that one is struck by the mathematical possibility of the whole thing. Whatever the trick we employ we are forced to bridge the gulf between two ages. To-day it is difficult to imagine any other than the mathematical method. To describe the new world

as Mr. Aldous Huxley does without bridging the gap is inartistic.

If the reader is to be convinced of the reality of the Utopia he is visiting and if he is to be charmed by it then he must meet interesting people. A large part of the unreality of More's *Utopia* and of most of the early writers is due to this absence of personalities on the stage. The introduction of live people comes but slowly. The introduction of the love element in *Icaria* is a little forced, and in any case it suffers from the stilted conventions of the age. Lord Lytton has had more experience and the love interest is sustained by a pretty consistent characterisation of the hero and a lesser but equally interesting characterisation of three or four of the chief characters. It is in William Morris's *News from Nowhere* that some of the most interesting personalities of the modern Utopian world are to be found. It would not indeed be an exaggeration to say that it is his emphasis upon the necessity of personality that the excellence of *News from Nowhere* is to be found. Morris saw humanity, not as a whole but as lovable units and his Utopia was created so that interesting and pleasant human beings could live therein. Mr. Kendal's *Unborn To-morrow* employs the love interest with great effect but for the most part his Utopians are villains. This is melodrama, and melodrama is an exaggeration. Mr. Kendal is not being fair to the officials of the new world state. Mr. Huxley does not err in this direction and the chief official of *Brave New World*, despite his ruthlessness, is a reasonable creature with much that is attractive about him. In his hero, however, Mr. Kendal has a living character whose doubts and failings are brilliantly portrayed while in *Brave New World* almost all the other figures are lay figures; even the old mother and the savage himself are personifications rather than persons.

Thus the reader of a Utopia will expect to be provided with a convincing introduction and to meet with interesting characters. He must also be given a good guide. The older Utopias were wont to provide a talking Bædeker who was an intolerable bore. Mr. Mallock's Sermons, even Hudson's speeches, and those of the Father in *Looking Backward* will never be tolerated by the modern reader. As for the hundred-page report of the International Conference at the end of *Freeland* it is quite certain that most readers skip what is, after all, meant to be one of the most important parts of the book. Even Butler's incorrigible perversity begins to pall and the long sermon of Professor Hanky will send more than Mr. Higgs to sleep. Nowadays we tend to use the more artistic method of permitting the traveller to see for himself and of encouraging him to pick up the necessary information by listening to people talking in cafés, by observing the ever-moving neon lights or by listening to the wireless. This must not be overdone.

If the form must be artistic then even more must the social structure be realistic. The modern reader is insatiable for details. He will not be put off with vague phrases. He is conscious of the simple political truth that it is in matters of detail that governments distinguish themselves and he will want to know the exact method of governing, the sort of people who constitute the governing class; he will want to know how justice is administered and upon what principles; he will not be satisfied unless he knows the exact way in which the economic system is arranged and he will expect a reasoned exposition of the principal economic assumptions of the community. He will be interested in the description of family life if such exists and in the variety of amenities which the new society can offer; but these things will interest him less than the

major outlines. He will take for granted the glorious vision of the city of the future with its towering blocks of buildings admirably planned and lit, the remarkable mechanical inventions that enable the man of the future to build a city overnight or to irrigate a desert. The reader will expect these things but he does not want to hear very much about them. He will assume that the man of the future will be more intelligent in these matters as in the clothes he wears and in the decorative arts he tolerates. Finally, the modern reader will not be satisfied unless the author reveals a psychological insight into the workings of human nature. No intellectual description of the rights of women and of the structure of the family will suffice; he will expect the author to treat him as an intelligent man and draw a picture of a society in which an intelligent man and woman live side by side, able to enjoy a natural companionship and with a freedom for individual development and taste as yet unknown in this humdrum world. He will expect a heightening of the good things of life and a gentle subordination of the nasty things. In fact, the reader of any Utopia will not expect too rational a picture. He wants to be deceived a little and you authors must pander to his imagination and his desires.

Government is necessary perhaps but the less of it the better and what there is must be evenly spread. It is useless to ask him to accept the government of the Samurai or of the inspired Aeronauts of Mr. Wells. He will prefer the gentle anarchism of *News from Nowhere*. He is, however, not going to be deceived by any democratic machinery and unless you can convince him that there is a spirit in the world which makes possible a real absence of government and makes possible an easy choice of leaders he will write you down as a fraud. In the Law Courts he will expect

a very paternal but at the same time a very popular form of justice. He does not want professional lawyers just as he does not want too much law. In economics he will desire a freedom for himself to own a few harmless chattels and he will recognise the necessity of living under some economic restrictions in order that there shall be no danger of economic exploitation on a large scale. He will not even demand a high standard of living. What he resents is the lack of equality of opportunity. These principles can be applied to his attitude towards education. It is a mistake made by most writers of a Utopia to provide an educational system such as Plato would provide for his philosophical kings. The average man does not want to be educated to that extent.

So much for the matter of approach. So far we have enjoyed describing, criticising and from time to time poking fun at the writings of our elders and betters. The time has come to descend from our pedestal and to enter the fray. I suppose it would be an evasion to point to a Utopia that has already been written in order to answer the comment that every reader must, rather aggressively, be making by now, namely, "It is all very well setting up like skittles a score of Utopias drawn apparently at random from the hundreds that have been produced. It is all very well suggesting to me what I must do if I would write a Utopia, but what is your Utopia?"

No student of Utopias can evade the question by pretending that he has not at some time or other thought in Utopian terms. Even if the conscious mind has never articulated in a formal shape a Utopia, it yet remains true that every man has somewhere in the dim recesses of his mind, a Utopia. What is mine? I would suggest that I can best describe my Utopia by

a negative approach. Just as I am convinced that man does not want to be over-educated so I am convinced that he does not want to be over-regulated or indeed over-fed. If history is any guide, man is easily satisfied with a modicum of the material benefits of civilisation ; he is more concerned with his immediate circle and with his personal emotions and needs than with the wider issues of internationalism or with the more complex problems of the adjustment of the solitary unit to a great social organism. Man in fact desires to be left alone. Man must, however, live in a community. The size of this community is, I think, a most important consideration if his happiness is to be ensured. It must be a small community. Large communities not only bring in their train a host of administrative problems and the possibility of great stresses, but, from the point of view of, shall we say, the onlooker from Mars, they make possible, and in fact breed, mass hysteria which is bad for men. Man is a social animal but too great a society can only be kept together by the periodic use or generation of mass hypnotism. Some form of magic is perhaps necessary and inevitable but if it is magic with a universal appeal such as, for example, religion or a principle of universal application such as permeates the ideals of communism, it is bound sooner or later to demand a sacrifice of the individual to the community. My Utopia would therefore be a small community or a number of small communities each more or less self-sufficient, each modest in its material attainments and each with a little social magic all its own. The Fascists have recognised and organised the essential aggressiveness of human nature and my Utopia would be no equable community in which passion did not exist, in which a divine wisdom permeated every relationship, but it would be a wholesomely talkative, quarrelsome com-

munity in which the rebel would rebel and the bully attempt to bully. If the community I envisage was small, was self-sufficient and was, relatively speaking, isolated, a *modus vivendi* would, I am convinced, emerge. It is possible that that anathema of communists, capitalist exploitation, might threaten to disrupt the community; it is possible that an aristocracy of blood might arise; but I believe that a community in which the individual is regarded as of more importance than the community itself, would be able to deal with these menaces. It is not possible to contend that any coercion from above can solve the problem of the social relationships of man with man or of man with woman. If the principle of individuality is accepted with a full realisation of the value of the individual then an adjustment will be made. The instinct to mate and the instinct to procreate will remain. If a fuller realisation of the psychological implications of human nature is attained then the worst forms of aggressiveness and selfishness will be avoided.

Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, has expressed very forcibly some of the points I am making, although Gonzalo believes in a benevolent despotism which I deplore as much as I distrust:—

Gonzalo. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
 Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,
 Bourne, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
 No occupation; all men idle, all;
 And women too, but innocent and pure;
 No sovereignty,——

Sebastian. Yet he would be king on't.

Antonio. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gonzalo. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Sebastian. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Antonio. None, man ; all idle ; whores and knaves.

Gonzalo. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

William Morris is frequently regarded as the socialist thinker who betrayed his principles in a sentimental romance which escaped from reality. His *News from Nowhere* certainly bears the imprint of the age in which it was written. Indeed at first sight it appears nothing more than a picturesque embellishment of the legend of Merrie England but the book displays to my mind a psychological insight into the realities of the problem of human relationship that exists in no other Utopia.

News from Nowhere has a significant sub-title : " or an epoch of rest being some chapters from a Utopian romance." The whole book is an ode to beauty, to the beauty of an England purged of the horrors of industrialism and economic conflict, to the beauty of a simple brotherhood in a community that after the fierce Civil War of Emancipation was achieved by men and women who preferred the country to the town, simple domestic industry to the highly organised factory and the calm of a leisured existence to the bustle and scurry of a money-making economy.

The book is written in the first person by a man who after an evening's discussion as to the future of England awoke one morning to find himself in a completely changed England. At Hammersmith he met the New People and amid the charming countryside of the Thames

valley he was shown the life of a New England. London has been pulled down, industrial England obliterated and instead of living in towns the people live in scattered hamlets or small market towns that were a part of the countryside itself. Decentralisation, almost indeed the elimination of any central organisation, is the chief characteristic of the new state. One might almost say that no state existed. "Let me tell you," said the old man, "that our present parliament would be hard to house in one place, because the whole people is our parliament. . . . It is true that we have to make some arrangements about our affairs . . . and it is also true that everybody does not always agree with the details of these arrangements; but, further it is true that a man no more needs an elaborate system of government, with its army, navy and police, to force him to give way to the will of the majority of his *equals*, than he wants a similar machinery to make him understand that his head and a stone wall cannot occupy the same space at the same moment." Government in fact had almost ceased to exist, for international amity had been secured and no longer did the state require the highly centralised administration to organise an army and navy. Social reconstruction had bred such a pacific and law-abiding frame of mind that no legal system or police were necessary and so simple had the economic structure become that very little regulation was required to make it function efficiently. "Now tyranny has come to an end, and we no longer need such machinery; we could not possibly use it since we are free. Therefore in your sense of the word we have no government," remarked Old Hammond. There were no politics for "it is clearly not easy to knock up a political party on the question as to whether haymaking in such and such a countryside shall begin this week or next, when all men agree that it must at latest begin the week after next, and when any

man can go down into the fields himself and see whether the seeds are ripe enough for the cutting." The effective government of the New England was carried on by the decisions of all the neighbours living in a little commune. Whenever any disagreement to a proposal of new work to be done was evident in the informal discussions of such a "Mote" the matter was postponed until a later meeting; then, "if the division is a wide one, the minority are asked if they will yield to the more general opinion, which they often, nay, most commonly do. If they refuse, the question is debated a third time, when, if the minority has not perceptibly grown, they always give way." Such a system can only flourish in a community in which all are assured of a comfortable and pleasant livelihood and where the interests of all men are identical.

Such a community exists in "Nowhere" for the people own the prime and indeed the only source of wealth, the land. Commercialism had been banished with industrialism and the cultivation of the fields and handicrafts alone remain. William Morris in company with the majority of the writers of Utopias is firmly convinced of the benevolence and goodness of humanity and in *News from Nowhere* he is assuring us that when Mammon has been destroyed unselfishness will spring up. The "Guest," awakened from another age, pertinently asked "'how you get people to work when there is no reward of labour and especially how you get them to work strenuously?'

"'No reward of labour?' said Hammond gravely. 'The reward of labour is *life*. Is that not enough?'

"'But no reward for especially good work,' quoth I.

"'Plenty of reward,' said he—'the reward of creation. The wages which God gets, as people might have said time ago. If you are going to ask to be paid for the pleasure of creation, which is what excellence in work

means, the next thing we shall hear of will be a bill sent in for the begetting of children.'

" 'Well, but,' said I, 'the man of the nineteenth century would say there is a natural desire towards the procreation of children, and a natural desire not to work.'

" 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'I know the ancient platitude—wholly untrue ; indeed, to us quite meaningless. Fourier, whom all men laughed at, understood the matter better.'

" 'Why is it meaningless to you ?' said I.

" He said : 'Because it implies that all work is suffering, and we are so far from thinking that, that, as you may have noticed, whereas we are not short of wealth, there is a kind of fear growing up amongst us that we shall one day be short of work. It is a pleasure which we are afraid of losing, not a pain.'

" 'Yes,' said I, 'I have noticed that, and I was going to ask you about that also. But in the meantime, what do you positively mean to assert about the pleasurable-ness of work amongst you ?'

" 'This, that *all* work is now pleasurable ; either because of the hope of gain in honour and wealth with which the work is done, which causes pleasurable excitement, even when the actual work is not pleasant ; or else because it has grown into a pleasure-*habit*, as in the case with what you may call mechanical work ; and lastly (and most of our work is of this kind) because there is conscious sensuous pleasure in the work itself ; it is done, that is, by artists.' "

Morris is not unique in wishing to see the supercession of industrialism by individual craftsmanship and it is more than likely that such a change would evoke a pleasure in work itself that would do away with the necessity of providing any other incentive. He is unique however in his own artistry which makes his ideal appear one easily achievable by ordinary humanity. He convinces us not only by his honest recognition that so

stupendous a change was reached slowly and painfully but more especially by the delightful pictures he paints of these handicraftsmen at work. Amidst the merry bustle of the haymaking in which all the rest of the community had joined, one group of artists had refused to leave their work and were assiduously engaged upon the building and embellishment of a lovely house. Their pertinacity and refusal to join in the communal work of harvesting had earned them the nickname of The Obstinate Refusers. Morris also perceives with unusual clarity the importance of beauty in the ordinary activities of life ; he realises that to make and to be surrounded by beautiful things is a very great incentive to mutual tolerance and sociability. One of the earliest incidents in the book is the little shopping expedition on which Dick took the Guest. The incident was employed to draw a pretty picture of these charming Utopians intent upon the ordinary activities of life, to illustrate the actual process of the distribution of goods and to point to the part which beauty played in the social economy of the people. The Guest discovered to his astonishment children serving in the shops, a free and wide choice of purchasable goods, a pleasurable variety in the goods themselves and a display of artistic excellence in the most ordinary thing sold. He emerged from the shop with a pipe and pouch, the one beautifully carved and the other gaily embroidered, and found he had nothing to pay.

Lovableness is the dominant trait in every one he meets and the author unobtrusively hints, at every fresh revelation of the innocence and charm of his people, that emancipation from the old system has liberated all the better instincts of mankind. He is not however blind to the passionate elements in man and in the story of a village murder illustrates both the attitude of the society towards marriage and the primitive legal system which suffices such an innocent society. A young man

had attacked his rival in love and had been killed in self-defence. The survivor and indeed the whole of the little community were profoundly upset by the affair. No legal action however was taken against the "murderer" for no such legal machinery existed. Crimes of property were non-existent, crimes of passion were few, and normal standards of conduct had become more elevated. If an offence had been committed against another the offender is not punished but is left to a natural remorse which almost invariably produces a voluntary acknowledgement of sin and an atonement. The Utopians have recognised that punishment is no remedy, that the "criminal" is likely to be cured by gentleness rather than by harshness of treatment and that where this is impossible no useful purpose can be served by punishment. Love apparently is unrestricted by any formal bonds or conventions and a young couple might separate only to come together again without any of the paraphernalia of legal process. The natural psychological balance of these Utopians prevents any excess and the complete freedom of choice both before and after marriage makes mating natural and usually permanent.

It is indeed this psychological liberalism of Morris that distinguishes his Utopia from all the other mechanistic Utopias in which either material considerations or intellectual culture predominate. The book is peopled by real living persons who are as attractive as they are differentiated, Clara and Dick the young lovers, old Hammond of Bloomsbury and Ellen with whom the Guest mysteriously falls in love. All are real persons and yet all are used symbolically, the young lovers to illustrate the freshness and naturalness of the normal Utopian, Hammond to tell the story of the transition from the old to the new order and Ellen to point the way to the vision which inspired Morris. Many other characters flit through the pages each introduced by the author with an

artistry that hides the reason for his introduction. The dustman, with his gorgeously embroidered coat, illustrates the dignity of manual labour and the equality with which such an occupation as his ranks with any other. Little children love to play at keeping shops and Morris puts them behind real counters to show his contempt for the futility of a commercial system which forces adults to do what children can do better.

Hammond's description of the great change makes fine reading and is good economics. The change did not come peaceably but after a civil war precipitated by a strike of the oppressed classes, a massacre in Trafalgar Square, a general strike, boycotting, looting, and finally the victory of the workers to whom the greater part of the soldiers deserted, prepared the way for the destruction of the old order. What will appear to us to be almost a prophetic passage is that which describes the formation of groups calling themselves, "the Friends of Order". These were bands of well-to-do young men who organised themselves in military fashion to break the general strike and to defeat the workers. After a short time the government made use of their services and attempted by terrorist and shock tactics to make up for their numerical disadvantage. In these the modern reader will see a prophecy of Fascist methods.

News from Nowhere, lacking as it is in doctrinaire first principles, avoiding the mistake of over-elaboration and above all in the naïveté of the story-telling is the most delightful of Utopias. The romantic element is offset by the brilliance of the characterisation and the slightness of the sketch reveals the light touch of a master who felt deeply. In his *Dream of John Ball* Morris had announced the guiding principle of his Utopia; the 14th-century priest, the natural leader of peasants of England, is made to exclaim, "Fellowship is life and lack of fellowship is death; fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell;

and the deeds which ye do on earth it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them." Morris may be called an anarchist, he may be dismissed as an unpractical man obsessed by mediævalism and unappreciative of realities, his Utopia may be dismissed as a fantasy born of the weakness which has led many to attempt to escape from the harsh contradictions of the existing system, but Morris practised what he preached, was a fighting leader of the workers and was convinced that in them was to be found as much nobility, as much love of beauty and as much subtlety as in any man.

The Guest wakes in his dingy house at Hammersmith. Yet, adds Morris, "if others can see it as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream."

Such is the dream of William Morris. I may myself be accused of having evaded the question as to what my Utopia is, but I would rather have written *News From Nowhere* than almost any other book in the English language.

*If we really want to live, we'd better start at once to try :
 If we don't, it doesn't matter, but we'd better start to die.*
 W. H. Auden.

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